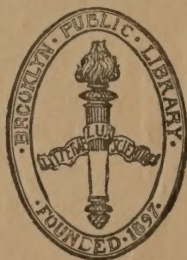


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MY LIFE AND ADVENTURES

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My Life and Adventures

By
EARL RUSSELL

*With a Photogravure Frontispiece
and Eight Half-tone Illustrations*

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My Life and Adventures

CHAPTER I

RAVENSCROFT

MY earliest recollections are connected with Rodborough. I am told that I was born on the 12th August, 1865, but of that I have no recollection. Rodborough Manor was an enormous house bought by my grandfather Lord John, and lent to my father, Viscount Amberley. It was on one of the sides of the Stroud Valley overlooking the valley. I remember nothing of the house itself except one very large empty room in it on the ground floor, which had a particular fascination for me. I suppose it must have been an unused reception-room of some kind. I do remember, however, being able to see the smoke of the trains in the valley from the railing separating the garden from the meadow. Even at this early age this used to interest me profoundly. I also recollect that there was a sort of ridge along which we used to walk to a Catholic Convent in which my mother took some interest, and I remember very well the sealskin jacket she wore, because I used much to enjoy rubbing my head and face against the soft smoothness of it. I seem to recollect also a sort of path ending in a kind of little wood a few hundred yards from the house, where a tiresome old woman used improperly to tether her donkey, and I think it was this same old woman who on one occasion sold my mother a hen which was warranted to have the virtuous habit of not laying on Sundays. After purchase it was discovered that the hen extended the same strict principles to the majority of the Roman Saints' Days. In the year 1870 my grandfather decided to sell Rodborough and my father was turned out and had to seek a new dwelling of his own. From subsequent information and correspondence I have read I gather that he was rather sore at this uprooting.

My remembrances of Ravenscroft begin properly enough with

a very vivid recollection of watching the vans from Rodborough coming to the front door and unloading their furniture. Ravenscroft was an isolated house on the high ground above Tintern, three miles away, and one mile from the village of Trelleck. Rather small and narrow I thought the rooms when I revisited it in later years, but at that age I had no such feeling. It had been bought for £5,000, and the Duke of Beaufort's woods extended a long way at the back of the house. In 1874 there was a great fire in these woods, and I remember working with my father and dozens of other men to put it out. As the soil was peaty and caught light and smouldered, this was a very difficult job, and the fire lasted three days altogether. In front of the house was an open iron railing, and beyond that our meadow, bounded on the far side by a stone wall and a public road. Across the meadow and a plantation of some forty acres which also belonged to my father ran a public footpath from Trelleck to the top of Llandogo Falls. Along the front of the house ran a walk passing through a rockery and a very small bit of wood to a log summer-house from which one could obtain a not very good view of the Wye Valley between Llandogo and Tintern. When we first came there the place was very unfinished, and I helped my father, or thought I did, in making the little square garden in front of the drawing-room, the rockery, and I think the log-house. I think I must always have had an engineering kind of mind because, although I was only eleven when I left the place, for twenty years afterwards I could have drawn accurately every part of the house and every path and landmark in the grounds, and I think that even to-day, forty-five years afterwards, I could make a plan which would only be inaccurate in two or three very small details. Little did this young couple think when they came to their new house so full of enthusiasm, planning and carrying out their alterations, and looking forward to a life full of activity and interest, that in so few years both of them would die in it.

It might be well to describe the house in some detail. The front door had an extended outside porch over which I rather think my father later erected a small conservatory. You then entered a long and narrow hall, and immediately on your left a door opened into a small sitting-room. Half-way down was the principal staircase leading to the first floor with a small landing half up it. Just beyond the staircase was a door leading to the kitchen and back stairs. Half-way down the hall on the right a door led into a long narrow room of which one end was the dining-room and the other

end a sort of sitting-room where later I generally had my lessons. At the far end of the hall facing the front door were two doors, the left one going out by a small passage to the verandah, and off this passage opened my mother's store-room and what house agents euphemistically describe as the usual offices. The right-hand door led into a drawing-room set at right angles to the dining-room and opening by two French windows on to the verandah, and by a third on to the gravel walk at what I suppose might really be called the front of the house. On the first floor the room immediately above and corresponding to the drawing-room was my father's study; above the dining-room was the principal bedroom, in which I also slept for several years. Opening off this above the front door end of the hall was a bathroom, and over the little reception-room first described the day nursery, beyond which was the night nursery. The first floor had a largish landing from which you went up five or six steps to my father's study and on the left to a spare bedroom. Over the door which led from the hall to the kitchen was a corresponding door leading to a nurse's bedroom, and, later on, to a new room which they constructed for me as my bedroom and sitting-room with a separate staircase leading direct into the garden. The kitchen was of the old type, stone flagged, and had a big door which I think opened into the kitchen-garden. I do not seem to have any clear recollection of where the servants slept, perhaps because I never knew. A considerable stable with yard and coach-house adjoined the house, and was reached from the front door by going up about five stone steps and then through a little door in the wall of the stable yard. At the back of the stable and the kitchen was a large kitchen-garden, a place of great personal interest to me when fruit was ripe. It was not actually enclosed but surrounded by a hedge of laurel. On the house side of this hedge I remember three beehives. There were also wild bees which had a nest of their own under the roof above my father's study. For some days every summer there was a very curious fight between these two sets of bees; they used to fly about stinging each other in the air and the dead and dying used to fall in numbers on the gravel path.

I lived at Ravenscroft altogether from July, 1870, to 1876, that is, from the time I was five until I was eleven years old. I cannot at this distance of time very clearly sort out my recollections, but the majority of them relate to the time before my mother died in June, 1874. My sister Rachel belongs to this period, but I cannot truthfully say that I have very clear recollections of her

now. My Aunt Maude tells me that I was always very protective and devoted to her, and that the affection between us was very great. I have still a curious little photograph, taken in St. James's Park, of myself wheeling her in a toy wheelbarrow, and both of us dressed in astrakhan caps.

I was kept far more in touch with my parents than was common in those days, or even now, and I spent a very considerable part of the day with one or other of them. At the same time there were maids and, later, governesses whom I dimly recollect flitting across the scene. I believe some of them found me unmanageable, but I still seem to remember a German one and a Polish one of whom I was very fond. The most important member of the household was Mrs. Williams; her husband was the gardener, and I believe she had acted to some extent as my foster-mother at the time when I required these attentions. I imagine the couple had been with my parents from the date of their marriage, and, although both Welsh, they were always very devoted both to their employers and to the children. I remember very well the figure of old Williams, rather typically Welsh, with an untidy beard and a rather excitable manner. Mrs. Williams with great regularity produced numerous other children, all female, in addition to the one whose early death enabled her to afford me the necessary sustenance, but she always remained to me the devoted nurse of Greek tragedy. The two elder of the children, Kathleen and Polly, about one or two years younger than me respectively, are the only ones whom I remember at the time. In accordance with the democratic ideas of my parents they were permitted to play and go about with us on terms of complete equality. There was, at any rate in the earlier days, a groom, but I remember nothing about him. This was the simple and rather isolated household in which I grew up, and I recollect hardly any incursions from the outside world except Sandybobs as I used to call him, an old Cambridge friend of my father's, and devoted to my mother. Indeed from letters which he has recently thought fit to publish it appears that he had the good taste to be in love with her, a condition of things which I am sure never gave my father any cause for anxiety. However, I remember him as the cheery, active, gambolling friend of my young days, always very kind to me and always hailed with shouts of delight on his visits. At that time he was a comparatively briefless barrister: he has since become better known to fame as a bookbinder and printer under the name of Cobden-Sanderson. Although, of course, at



FRANK AND RACHEL, 1870

the time I did not realize it, even in those days he was rather unbalanced. For some reason which I cannot explain, for she was as great a fool then as she has remained to this day, there lingers in my mind a recollection of one visit from my first cousin H——. No other visitors have left a sufficient impression for me to recall their identities.

Almost the only neighbours with whom we were on visiting terms were the Gallengas, who lived at the Falls of Llandogo. He was in some way associated with the plots of Mazzini, and had had to fly from Italy in consequence. The principal member of the family I remember was a boy two or three years older than I who pursued my bare legs with bits of puzzle monkey tree to my annoyance and discomfort and quite futile rage.

At the beginning of this period I used to sleep in a cot placed at the foot of my parents' big bed. My mother used to give me instruction in the morning at the other end of the big bedroom which was used as a sitting-room, and somewhere about the time when I was seven or eight I remember that one of the tasks I did was to observe and pick the wild flowers of the country, fasten them on to a sheet of paper, and write on the sheet of paper in my own hand the botanical name, the common name, the properties and the habitat of the flower. I have often wished that I could find the considerable manuscript book which these leaves had made, but I have never seen it since. I have no recollection of learning to read and write and think I must have managed to do it without much difficulty, although there are people who say I cannot write even now. On the other hand, I recollect my brother learning to read much later at Pembroke Lodge out of a book called "Reading Without Tears," which certainly did not justify its title. However, he has made up for it since. I have been told by my Aunt Maude that I could read at five, and I do remember as a fact that I had read the whole of Walter Scott's novels for my own amusement before I was eight. In fact I learnt swearing from them and used to say 'zounds and 'sdeath without having the least idea what they meant; except when German governesses inclined me in preference to Potztausend and Donnerblitzen. I used to read enormously, everything I could lay hands on, and I do not think any books were forbidden to me. I remember that I used to wake up in the middle of the night—this was later when I had the new room that was built—and read for an hour. And I further remember that, as I was allowed no candle, I constructed an ingenious

apparatus for myself of a sort of dish of candle grease with one of the little floating tin wicks that I found in Price's night-lights. One night, however, I must have gone to sleep unexpectedly and the apparatus was discovered in the bed with grease all over the bed clothes, which put an end to that dangerous habit. It was this same curious night reading that got me into the habit, which I have never lost, of walking about the house in the dark with great confidence. If I wanted a book in the middle of the night I used to walk down to the drawing-room in pitch darkness, knowing the way perfectly and without any trouble or any apprehension. Nor have I ever been afraid of walking in the dark, probably because my childish mind was not allowed to be filled with ridiculous stories of ghosts, bogies, and the like, by ignorant nursemaids. One curious faculty is with me to this day and I have never discovered anyone else who seems to possess it with the same degree of certainty. It is that of knowing in the dark when I am coming to a shut door at least two or three feet before I reach it. I never fail to feel a sort of oppression in my forehead on nearing the obstruction, and as a very convenient practical result have never bumped my head against a shut door in the dark.

My early recollections are concerned with the making of the little square garden beyond the drawing-room verandah. It had a wall about four feet high on the left hand which made a right angle turn, gradually sloping down towards the front walk, and was practically enclosed in a little square. This was quite wild on our arrival and I remember my father and mother and Williams all working to get it into shape and tidying it and making the beds and planting fuchsias, one of the earliest garden flowers with which I was acquainted. Meanwhile I pottered round with my little wheelbarrow, treated quite seriously as one of the working party. What I most vividly recall in connexion with it is the discovery and killing of a snake, probably not dangerous, but to me as to most people all snakes are terrifying and repulsive. I think the impressions made on the plastic mind of youth go so deep and are so ineffaceable that no number of palimpsests serve completely to obscure them. Certainly it was this particular little square garden that I most clearly visualized when I read Kipling's account some thirty or forty years later of the mongoose's fight with a cobra in "Rikki Tikki Tavy."

The next work I remember was the construction of the rockery, and this was a considerable labour, occupying, I think, quite a year.

It was a perfect circle about 50 to 60 feet in diameter with four entrances, very large slabs of the local sandstone for the back shelving gradually down to the gravelled centre. You came in by a broad walk from the drawing-room window and the opposite exit led through a short wood to the Log House. On the right hand through another small piece of wood to the meadow and ultimately to the top of Llandogo Falls, and on the left hand to a little sort of half-concealed stone cave where my governess and I used very often to sit for work or play in later years. Along the walk to the right I recollect on an occasion when my father had sold some oak trees being very much interested in the white peeled stems whose bark had been carefully removed for the local tan-yards of Tintern.

I remember nothing of the construction of the Log House except that my father was bitten by one of the large red ants whose great swarming heaps are a characteristic of the Monmouthshire woods. I do, however, remember frequently sitting in the Log House after it was built, sometimes at a sort of picnic tea and sometimes by myself, and I have a water colour of my Aunt Maude's depicting me as Little Boy Blue with yellow hair sitting on the top of the steps gazing over the Wye Valley. For I had forgotten to say that this was not an ordinary summer-house level with the ground but was raised on piles so that the upper part was some ten feet high. From near the Log House a mossy path wound round the woods near the Duke of Beaufort's boundary, and came out at the kitchen-garden.

The meadow in front of the house contained many fine old trees with gnarled and knobby trunks where I used to spend many happy hours with my German governess listening to stories of fairies and elves with whom we peopled the trees. At the far corner of the meadow near the top of the Falls was a cottage belonging to a man named Richards, who I think was in our employ as cowman or under-gardener. The Falls of Llandogo deserve a word of description and had a great fascination for me in my youth. The stream which feeds them is an insignificant little brook, but sometimes has quite a lot of water in it. Just beyond Richards's cottage it enters the steeply sloping wood through which it tumbles in a series of cascades bright with the rich vegetation of the Wye Valley down to a stone trough just above the village of Llandogo, after which it runs quietly into the Wye. A few hundred yards above Richards's cottage this same brook made a deep quiet pool in the meadow where I used to bathe, and about a hundred yards above

that again was a wide place where sheep washing used to take place. Close to this was the cottage of an old Welsh woman, who was quite a character and always feeding her donkeys in our wood, but she entirely won my heart by gifts of bread and butter with thick brown sugar. I used in consequence often to visit the cottage. The man wore and the woman made those blue smocks embroidered with white cord which were then the normal wear of the peasantry, and have since become fashionable among simple lifers. I believe Cobden-Sanderson wears one to this day when he desires to be impressive.

So far as artistic or æsthetic tastes are concerned, the Russells had some, the Stanleys none. My father had a harmonium in his study on which he used to play for his own amusement; my mother painted in water colours as one of the accomplishments of a young lady, but not well and never kept it up after her marriage. I am primarily a Stanley, and the only sign of anything in the way of artistic inclinations that I have inherited is an appreciation of literature. I cannot sing a note—on the whole I dislike music and singing—although I enjoy in my own way Gilbert and Sullivan, a violin solo or an organ recital. I have never cared about painting, and have no appreciation of colour, although in recent years I do find myself enjoying a Turner sunset or sunrise (but I mean the real thing and not the painted one), and even a violet-grey landscape. I like etchings; in fact, I think probably any artistic sense I have is that of an engineer rather than an artist, as I have a clear appreciation of line, and in music of time. Even in literature, while I adore Virgil and “*In Memoriam*” I cannot bring myself to like the modern formless poets.

My mother also thought it right that I should not be ignorant of the domestic arts or as incapable of looking after myself as an average man is. For this reason during a long period of at least two years I tidied my own room, made my own bed, emptied my own slops and laid my own fires. As a result I have always been rather impatient of being valeted and have retained the capacity for making a better fire than any housemaid—not that that is anything to boast of.

I seem to have said nothing about my father and mother. My mother was Kate Louisa Stanley, the daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley and still more Lady Stanley of Alderley who started life as one of the Irish Dillons. If I mention my mother first it is I suppose because I am a Stanley in appearance and largely in tem-

perament, although I have inherited from the Russells bad eyes, some sense of art, a certain capacity for speech and writing coupled with a certain inherent ineffectiveness and hesitation which prevent my being good at games, taking any interest in competition, and blustering my way through life with the superb assurance and self-satisfaction of the true Stanley. My brother on the other hand is a Russell in appearance, physique, artistic qualities, but certainly not ineffective, although perhaps with a touch of the Russell instability. My grandmother Stanley was a competent woman, and I shall have much more to say of her afterwards. Of her daughters two became countesses and my mother would have done if she had lived, one became rich though untitled, and one, Maude Stanley, died unmarried, the support of her mother's age and the beloved confidant of the whole family. The career of the sons was rather less according to plan: the eldest of the sons who inherited the title, picked up some half-breed Spanish woman somewhere and married her three times at least, although it was not until after both his death and hers that it was finally discovered that none of these marriages had been legal. Luckily she had no issue and therefore it was not necessary to raise the question officially. The second son, Lyulph Stanley, was making a career for himself in the House of Commons, but in a moment of exuberance when the Irish members were complaining that there was no sport for them in Ireland and nothing left for them to shoot, he hurled across the House the single word: "Landlords." This lost him the Irish Vote in his constituency at Oldham, and he never returned to Parliament until he entered the Upper House after his brother's death. He directed his activities to the London School Board, of which he became the permanent Chairman, and where he did an enormous amount of useful detail work due entirely to his great driving power. The natural apathy of men, or perhaps let me say the apathy of the natural man, instinctively resented this; and when Mr. Balfour's Bill handed education over to the County Council, the L.C.C. refused to make him an Alderman, and I have little doubt that all the London schools have suffered in consequence. Like so many men in the House of Lords he now disguises himself under an alias as Lord Sheffield.

My Uncle John, whom I do not remember, if he had lived would no doubt have been carried to fame by his wife as successfully as Lord St. Helier subsequently was. Algernon was put into the Church, at that time one of the natural careers for a younger son;

but at an impressionable age was swept along by Newman and the Tractarian movement, and when I remember him was a full-fledged Roman ecclesiastic looking the part to the life. Later he became a Monsignor and is now a Bishop *in partibus* in the confidence of the Vatican. Such was the very much alive and progressive family with a mania for doing things, an admiration of Jowett, and an eye to the main chance, from which my mother emerged at a very early age to marry my father, himself barely out of the undergraduate stage. The seething Stanley impetus survived in my strenuous education and over the Nottingham Election, but then subsided into a degree of peacefulness alien to the family tradition.

Let us glance for a moment at the environment of the other parent. My grandfather was Lord John Russell, twice Prime Minister, who died as Earl Russell. His first wife was a widow, Lady Ribblesdale, with children of her own. By her he had two children, Lady Georgiana and Lady Victoria, my half-aunts. The first married a very uninteresting hunting squire, and is still living in Hampton Court Palace at the age of 83, having lately published a book of her reminiscences. The second married Montagu Villiers who had a cure of souls at Adisham in Kent, and subsequently became well known in London as the High Church Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. After Lady Ribblesdale's death my grandfather married Frances Maria Elliot, daughter of the Earl of Minto, my grandmother, better known to her political contemporaries as Lady John. The eldest son, John Russell, afterwards Viscount Amberley, was my father. There was another son, Willy, whom I dimly remember when I was eleven. The only daughter, Mary Agatha, lived with her mother till her death, and therefore resembled my aunt Maude Stanley, in remaining unmarried. The other son, Rollo, lived at home at Pembroke Lodge during the greater part of my youth, but ultimately married a very pretty woman who died after her first child. He then married a Miss Joachim, a woman of severe aspect who survived him: she was a relative of the violinist. The general atmosphere of P. L. (as Pembroke Lodge was always called in the family) is a subject of which I shall have a good deal to say later when I had the misfortune to be exposed to its full force. For our present purposes I may sum up by saying that it was timid, shrinking, that of a snail withdrawing into its shell, full of high principle and religious feeling of the same kind that surrounded Queen Victoria (quite genuine I believe in the case of my grandmother). At every point it recoiled as the

young ladies with the vapours who swooned in Victorian novels used to do from the touch of real life and anything so vulgar as facts. Religion might occasionally be spoken of with bated breath and in a hushed curate sort of voice, but sex, birth, swearing, trade, money, passion, were subjects I never heard mentioned. Nothing could have been more complete than the contrast with the Stanley atmosphere and I imagine that the relations between the two families were chiefly political. How my mother ever found the necessary courage to face it I cannot think, but no doubt she discovered in my father a passionate idealism coupled with a pathetic helplessness which aroused both romantic love and that maternal passion which exists in every woman worth the name. Certain it is that so far as my observations went they were absolutely devoted to each other spiritually, mentally and physically, and acted and reacted upon one another with the happiest results. They were married on 8 November, 1864, and I was born on 12 August, 1865, in strict accordance with the best English traditions of family duty.

Well even now I have not really said anything about my parents, but only described the environment from which they came. My father was pure Russell, short, black hair, not very strong, not very good sight; artistic, and deeply religious. Family resemblances are curious things: my brother at thirty was the image of my father as I remember him: I have been told over and over again that I am the image of my grandmother Stanley, and of my uncle Lyulph at my age, and yet I have a photograph taken at the age of twenty in Salt Lake City which anyone who knows him would swear was Bertie. My father went to school at Harrow, when Dr. Butler was headmaster; I have read his journals—they ooze religion, but are undoubtedly genuine in their expressions of feeling. He then went to Cambridge, and there began his life-long friendship with Sanderson. I doubt if he enjoyed his school life. I don't think at any time of his life he quite got over the P. L. manner, the combination of shrinking and assertiveness, due to nervous self-consciousness, and a lack of the Stanley thick skin. I cannot remember how fond I was of him so I suppose I must have been much fonder of my mother, for in her case I remember it passionately to this day. I think he was sometimes morose but that she could always cheer him up. Apart from early and agreeable memories I remember him chiefly as occupied with the book he was writing, "*The Analysis of Religious Belief.*" I remember

some months were passed in London in Weymouth Street, when he was studying Hebrew and I remember him at work writing and reading in the study at Ravenscroft. My mother on the other hand was always active, sane and normal, keeping her household in order, keeping her husband cheerful and up to the mark, and looking after and teaching her children. I have a vivid recollection of her early morning visit to the store cupboard with Lizzie Williams to give out the stores for the day. Although she did not write she had great outside activities of her own, was an intimate friend of John Stuart Mill, an early pioneer of Woman's Rights, in touch with Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, and occasionally spoke at meetings. Incidentally also cheering up Sanderson and preventing him making love to her. I do not know when or how they both lost their belief in revealed religion but certainly at eight when I was old enough to remember, they were both agnostics, and I do not remember ever being taken to church or having the name of God inflicted upon me.

CHAPTER II

EARLY RECREATIONS

I HAVE already mentioned the assistance I gave or supposed myself to give my father and mother in the clearing of the little square garden outside the drawing-room windows, in the construction of the great circular rockery, and in the building of the log-hut. By way of exercise I used to take walks with my governess, to wheel my sister about in a wheelbarrow, or to drive her about in a little goat carriage in which we went sailing gaily about the country roads quite unchaperoned and quite unprotected. My parents must have had great courage and confidence to allow this, and judging from my own feelings these days as to what small boys are likely to do, I cannot help thinking that my mother must have been very glad each time we returned safely. Later I had a pony which was called Fenella, and I remember that I used to ride her bareback. I have a distinct recollection of setting out for a ride one day on my bareback pony in a snowstorm clothed literally only in a shirt and a pair of trousers, for one of the things I was encouraged to do was to run about barefoot. Although I remember having chilblains occasionally I ascribe to this early training the excellent circulation of my feet which prevents them from ever being cold, their natural shape which makes my dealings with a bootmaker difficult, and my freedom from the various ailments of the foot from which other people seem to suffer, the flexibility of my muscles and the sure-footedness which results from it. I also have a vivid recollection of another ride on my pony which was less pleasant, for in swinging too fast round the corner into the stables I shot off his back and brought up my poor little head against the stone wall. I was carried screaming into the house by Williams, whom I have mentioned before, but I do not think the effects were serious. One of my regular duties was to take the letters in to the post at Trelleck every afternoon on my pony. The Post Office was kept by the grocer who also sold treacle, and I well remember my vivid interest in his bags with puzzle pic-

tures upon them in which you had to find the donkey, find the dog, or find the horse. I do not know if these diverting things still survive in the country, but at that age the excitement and triumph of success in solving the puzzle were very great.

I was very fond of animals but I do not think I had a dog of my own at Ravenscroft. There were however two dogs; a white Spitz of my mother's called Argus which used to accompany us on our walks, and which had the extraordinary and unusual accomplishment of picking ripe bilberries off the bilberry bushes and eating them. There was also a large black dog called Bosun, probably a mongrel retriever, a good bit larger than myself, with which I was on the friendliest terms. I had, however, from time to time cats of my own, always called Mischa, and I recollect more than one tragedy. On one occasion I was proudly wheeling a wheelbarrow in which some large stones had been left and in which I had put three of the current kittens, when the wheel struck a root or something, and the barrow overturned and one of the kittens was crushed to death between two stones. On another occasion I had put a collar and a piece of string on my favourite cat, and, as is the way of all cats, it suddenly rushed out. I discovered it three days later hanging dead by the neck from a laurel bush. I think few people realize how desolating tragedies of this sort are to the young to whom they appear so final. Since that day I have sometimes put a collar with bells on it on a cat to save the birds in the garden from being eaten, but I have always been careful to see that it is weak enough to break with any strong effort: this sometimes comes expensive in collars. My love for dogs and cats has never changed, and at this date I am surrounded and loved by two absolutely perfect little Maltese terriers who understand everything, and a beautiful and devoted cat—all four of us being on the best of terms with each other. Indeed the cat comes running when it hears my motor horn, and goes for long walks with the dogs and me in the country.

Another task in which I remember helping my father was in connexion with a larch plantation of some forty acres close to the house through which he made an avenue bordered with spruce. I had to cut these down the other day as the rocky soil no longer gave them sufficient foothold to stand against the wind, but I well remember their planting half a century ago.

I have no recollection of ever receiving any early lessons in mechanics, nor can I think that any member of my ancestry inspired

me with my love for all kinds of machinery. Of course every boy always loves engines, and it may merely be that in my case the impulse was not checked, but starting with watching the trains puffing from Rodborough when I was about four I have never wavered in my devotion to engineering. My father had outside his study window a pulley which he had rigged up with a cord and basket for hauling up wood, in which I always took a profound interest. On my seventh birthday Sandybobs gave me one of those little vertical steam-engines, and it was my great joy to be allowed to have this puffing round on such feast days. My triumph, however, was a little water-wheel which I made for myself. At the back of the house a small stream ran in wet weather, and I got Williams to fix a wooden trough in this of the V shape. Placing the water-wheel in the trough so that it was under-shot with the axles resting on the edge of the trough, the wheel as it went round worked its way up stream. I am not at all sure that I did not write a thesis on this as a means of using the down rush of a stream to take you up it. I find the following among the scientific books given me in my youth, and I know that I thoroughly digested and appreciated them at those dates: "Wonders, Events and Discoveries," given me on New Year's Day, 1873, by Lizzie Williams, when I was seven-and-a-half; "Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century," given me when I was eleven-and-a-half by my grandmother Stanley, who about two years later also gave me Ganot's Physics. Preece and Sivewright's "Telegraphy" was acquired in 1878.

Away from the house there was some real engineering to be seen at Tintern. I used to ride down on my pony to Murray's Iron Works here which had two parts: an upper part consisting of a rolling mill worked by water power and a lower part driven by steam consisting more of a general engineering shop. At the rolling mills white hot billets of iron were passed through rollers again and again until they became about No. 7 iron wire which in a state of dull red heat was wound on to a large wheel by hand. I found it fascinating to watch the man withdraw the gleaming billet from the furnace and send it slithering across the floor to where another man with tongs picked it up and put it in the first roller—and then to watch it going quicker and quicker and growing longer and longer until finally it came out as wire. On rare occasions I was allowed by the boy in charge of the hand-wheel to help in turning it. These mills were of such importance that when the Wye Valley Railway was built they had a special iron bridge put across the river for them,

but for many years now they have been derelict. Incidentally I remember the survey of the valley for the railway and the look of the red flags above the trees gradually giving way to the road beds and cuttings for the line. There were also nearer home opportunities for seeing the ordinary threshing machines at work, and I very seldom failed to be present when threshing was going on, and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion was allowed to handle the regulator and ease off or increase the steam according to the amount of corn passing through. I was expected to occupy myself occasionally with useful work, and whether as a stimulus or as a reward or for what reason I know not, I was apparently paid for it as the following letter shows:—

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,

RAVENS CROFT, Nov. 5, 1873.

Thank you for the wallet that you wished to give me, but we are not yet sure if I am going. I take away barrowfuls of leaves and I get 4d. for 16. I get a farthing for each barrow. I did twelve yesterday for 8d. I have got 4s. and 6d. and will soon have 5s.

FRANK RUSSELL.

I did not mind spending the money that I earned on treacle or on mechanics, but I remember an occasion when my parents went to some fête in the grounds of the Abbey at Tintern and would not pay the shilling to let me in: I indignantly refused to pay it with my own money and stood outside howling, but this is the one and only occasion that I can recollect on which I ever thought they did not treat me justly.

I was very fond of fruit, and Rachel and I used to spend many hours round about the kitchen-garden eating pears and apples. I do not think we were ever forbidden to take them, but perhaps it was only because old Williams was very indulgent. I have already mentioned that one of my chief recreations, and an unusual one for a young boy, was reading to please myself, and without check or supervision.

Even in these early days I used to travel, for I recollect being with my grandmother Russell at a villa in San Remo near the beach in 1869. My recollections are dim, but I seem to remember lizards running about the wall and dropping their tails when frightened, but I do quite clearly recollect the operations for making the railway which is now the main line from Ventimiglia to Italy. I used to have journeys on the trucks carrying the earth from the excavations.

CHAPTER III

EARLY EDUCATION

I CANNOT remember learning to read and write and so can say nothing of how I was taught. I can see a picture of myself now sitting on my mother's bed in London—I suppose it must have been the Weymouth Street time—laboriously tracing on paper the capital letters on the outside of Colman's mustard tin and other similar advertisements with large block letters. I also remember doing the old copy-book exercises "Honesty is the best policy," and the like. At the age of eighteen to twenty I wrote a hand which was beautifully clear, although quite undistinguished; now I fear while remaining undistinguished it is not much better than an ordinary journalist's handwriting, and there are foolish and froward people who have the audacity to impugn its perfect legibility. I think almost my earliest reading was Edwin Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes," the pleasure of which was of course much enhanced by the beautiful pictures. My copy was given me by my grandmother Stanley in 1872, and for about thirty years I lost it, but one day received it mysteriously by post, how or from whom I have never discovered. I have been told that I could read at the age of five; it does not sound credible; but I have told how I read for my own amusement at the age of eight. I used to help myself to Scott's novels from the shelf on the drawing-room wall where they stood and the same volumes now repose in my library.

The first definite lessons which I remember are those which I have already mentioned in connexion with tracing and writing the description of flowers, under my mother's guidance. We always had German nurses and governesses, and in those days I knew German as well as English. My brother knew German before he knew English. I do not know when or how I learnt French, but it was certainly later and with difficulty as a foreign language, never with the fluency and freedom of the German acquired in infancy. All I do remember is that such French accent as I have I learnt from being made to

read aloud to my grandmother Stanley and severely rapped on the knuckles with a heavy paper knife each time I mispronounced a word. I also remember that when I first went to Winchester I found myself knowing French much better than the English master who was trying to teach it me. Italian was a language which all the Stanleys knew well and frequently used for conversations at the dinner-table among each other: unfortunately all I learnt of it was what I picked up on my numerous visits to Italy, and, although just enough to travel with, when I tried to tackle the language seriously the other day I found how profound my ignorance was. Greek my father taught me and his first lesson was in a letter to me at Pembroke Lodge giving me a portion of the Greek alphabet to learn: this must have been about 1873.

I remember very distinctly later at Ravenscroft reading the Gospel of St. Luke and having to bring one verse of the Greek Testament prepared each morning. Also my indignation when later I was put up to two verses, and my father arguing with me and pointing out that it was not too much as there was one verse in the New Testament which consisted solely of the words "Jesus wept." As a consequence the beginning of that Gospel remains impressed for all time on my mind "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand . . . most excellent Theophilus, etc." I am the more surprised to have no recollection of learning Latin, and I begin to wonder if this was left till the later stage of my tutor, Mr. Holl.

Nor do I remember anything about mathematics although my letter to Rachel shows that at that date I clearly appreciated vulgar fractions.

March 1, 1874.

MY DEAR DEAR RACHEL,

I want to come back so very much. Kisses:—Bertrand $\frac{200}{2}$,
 you $\frac{800}{2}$, Mary Jane $\frac{100}{1}$, Fräulein Strauss $\frac{1000}{1}$.

Wish you a happy birthday. How is playhouse getting on. Tell Fräulein Strauss to write to me. Her name seems to be known at the Hotel d'Italie by a german housemade. Thanks for your picture. I liked it pretty well.

I send to you, Granny, Uncle Rollo, Aunt Agatha, Fräulein Strauss, Mary Jane and Bertrand.

Send you two plans :—1 of Selkirk. 2nd of Royal Pond.

No particulars at present.

Your loving,

FRANK RUSSELL.



Trade Mark.

P.S.—I went to a ball at Lady Paget with Princes and Princesses.

I went to the Carnival, stood on a balcony, and pelted the people with little things like peas made up of some seed in the middle, then sand and round the outside mortar. We saw some cars with dressed up people and brilliant lights.

I can get 8 oranges for a 1d.

We came here by sea and had a young lady under our charge. We slept in berths.

There are brigands here and mama thinks that she will be in a cave with them to-night if she went outside the town.

Palermo.

Nor do I remember Euclid. I think most of this must also have been the work of tutors, but I do remember that when I first went to Cheam I was not only invariably at the top of my mathematical class but always got extra full marks, i.e., the maximum being four. I was always marked five. Geometry apart from Euclid I am quite clear that I never did before my time at Winchester, but there I was very much fascinated with it. I do remember however that I myself taught his first Euclid to my brother which he lapped up eagerly, laying the foundation of his mathematical genius, and using that genius later to destroy his foundations.

I quote the following from Lady Georgiana Peel's book of Recollections :—

“ There was a ring of prophecy in another letter from Sydney Smith, saying that Euclid would run a bad chance if a Russell contradicted him.

“ My nephew, Bertrand Russell, has now done so, and maintains he has good reason; this is what he says in his book ‘Mysticism and Logic’ :—

“ “ The right methods employed by modern geometers had

deposed Euclid from his pinnacle of correctness. It was thought until recent times, that, as Sir Henry Savile remarked in 1621, there were only two blemishes in Euclid, the theory of parallels and the theory of proportion. It is now known that these are almost the only points in which Euclid is free from blemish. Countless errors are involved in his first eight propositions. That is to say, not only is it doubtful whether his axioms are true, which is a comparatively trivial matter, but it is certain that his propositions do not follow from the axioms which he enunciates. A vastly greater number of axioms, which Euclid unconsciously employs, are required for the proof of his propositions. Even in the first proposition of all, where he constructs an equilateral triangle on a given base, he uses two circles which are assumed to intersect. But no explicit axiom assures us that they do so, and in some kinds of spaces they do not always intersect. It is quite doubtful whether our space belongs to one of these kinds or not. Thus Euclid fails entirely to prove his point in the very first proposition. As he is certainly not an easy author, and is terribly long-winded, he has no longer any but an historical interest. Under these circumstances, it is nothing less than a scandal that he should still be taught to boys in England. A book should either have intelligibility or correctness; to combine the two is possible, but to lack both is to be unworthy of such a place as Euclid has occupied in education.'

"A note was added in 1917:

" "Since the above was written, he has ceased to be used as a text-book. But I fear many of the books now used are so bad that the change is no great improvement."

"I am more than glad that I never attempted to learn these first eight propositions of Euclid. It was not considered a suitable study for young ladies by early Victorian educationists, though I never heard of the correctness of his propositions being questioned by even the most advanced don at either of the Universities." *

Apart from actual learning and accomplishments my moral and ethical training was founded chiefly on Miss Edgeworth. It was a very fascinating coincidence that she had written a book

* "Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel."

called "Frank," and I naturally read it with avidity, and had my attention called to the many and detailed prohibitions and instructions for the young to be found in that volume and in Edgeworth's "Early Moral Lessons." As to the sanctions I suppose both my father and mother were unbelievers at this time. Certainly I never recollect hearing of God or being bothered with the theory of divine rewards and punishments. If living in conformity with the supposed laws of an imaginary deity and doing or not doing things because they were pleasing him was no part of my training or of the sanctions put before me, neither were the lesser, more changeable, and less ultimately defensible sanctions of doing things because they were pleasing to father or mother used as a motive. I do not mean to say that my parents were so unnatural as never to make use of the ordinary expressions of approval or disapproval, but I do mean that never, absolutely never, was "do this to please mother" or "father orders it" offered as a sufficient motive for any action on my part. I can scarcely think that I was ever taught anything like a full ethical code of moralities or duty to the community as an incentive because I think if I had been I should still remember something of it, but I do not doubt that the exhortations addressed to me were based upon a general rather than a personal view. Nor was this general view merely the code that such things were not done or that such and such actions were not becoming to a gentleman, but it was always reasoned. I didn't tell lies as far as I can recollect because my people succeeded somehow in implanting in me a distaste for telling lies and a dislike for the sort of people who told lies, but I know they gave me no theological reasons for this. Nor do I remember any definite ethical ones, probably because they were of so simple a character as to be adapted to my young understanding, and I am quite sure that it was not put on the basis of ultimate personal profit. The great Maria was a very suitable coadjutor for my parents, because she also makes no reference to divine sanctions, but relies solely on moral considerations. I shall never forget the intense shock I received at my private school when having got hold of a novel called "Helen," by Miss Edgeworth, it was confiscated by the headmaster on the ground that it was an improper book for me to read. Maria, the friend of my youth—Maria, the severe preceptor—capable of writing an improper book! the thought was annihilating. No doubt in later years my regard for Maria Edgeworth would have been increased by this circumstance, but at

that time and in the priggishness of youth, it gravely diminished her glory.

I probably had some more advanced training in self-control and self-discipline, for at a later stage I remember reading Rousseau's "Emile" aloud with my father and mother, probably when I was a little over eight, but I think it must have been in an English translation. How much I understood of that remarkable book I should hesitate now to say. Among my earlier lessons on punishments and self-control perhaps the greatest impression was made upon me by the story of Rosamund and the Purple Jar which has remained clearly before my mind ever since. I cannot have been the unendurable prig that I sound like, for I distinctly remember that I used to steal apples from the orchards of the farmers round about, and was duly beaten when discovered. I don't know that my truthfulness extended to making a voluntary confession although it did to not telling lies about it. I expect I stole jam on occasion, but all I recollect of this sort is helping myself to my father's medicine of which he took about six drops at a time. As it contained arsenic it is perhaps fortunate that I am still alive to tell the tale. My Aunt Maude also has told me since that I was a very naughty boy, while my grandmother Stanley whom I dearly loved, told me that I was an unwashed, ill-bred, impertinent little child dressed in rags. It would appear therefore that the education which so entirely satisfied my parents and myself and is so agreeable in the retrospect, was not equally pleasing to the conventional when they were brought into contact with its results.

As an illustration of my parents' methods I will relate the episode of the treacle. As a matter of education and experience I was told on my seventh birthday that I might do exactly as I liked all day. What I did like was to throw myself upon my pony, ride to the village of Trelleck a mile away, and purchase from the grocer with my own money a quantity of treacle. I carried this home and continued to consume it with a spoon until the stage of repletion was passed, and by the afternoon after some discomfort, the final stage of regurgitation *per os* was reached. Thus early was firmly impressed upon my youthful mind that there were natural laws quite apart from the commands of parents which no one could disobey with impunity, however great his measure of freedom appeared to be. Incidentally I have never been able to endure treacle from that day to this.

I have been told that I had a very naughty and passionate

temper when I was a small boy, but I don't remember this. I had some kind of brain illness as a result of which the doctor gave orders that I was not to be overworked, and not to be contradicted, according to what my Aunt Maude told me later, and this possibly helped to develop obstinacy and naughtiness. I remember one occasion when my father beat me on my bare flesh with the prickly side of a hair brush, which looks as if I must have been very naughty.

CHAPTER IV

TRAGEDY

AT some date which I am not able to fix, but it must have been when I was about seven and a half, there entered into our life a man called Robert Spalding. I do not know who he was, but I think a student of some Scotch university of scientific attainments, and I believe it was Sanderson who brought him to the notice of my parents. His nominal position was that of tutor to me, but he also became the friend and confidant of the household, and exercised a sinister influence over it. My first very definite recollection of him is at the age of about eight when we spent some weeks or months alone together at a farm house on the river Dee. I suppose that we did lessons, but the only recollections that survive definitely are of his scientific experiments. One was to cut the heart out of a freshly killed salmon and stand it by itself on a dish, when it continued to beat for an incredible time—my impression is more than twenty-four hours. The other was to take eggs which were just hatched, and see how soon the chicks began to pick up crumbs and feed; the answer was at once, as soon as they were released from the egg, with no more delay than kittens show in seeking sustenance from their mother. Another experiment was neatly to decapitate a wasp, when it continued with its legs to clean the place where its head ought to be.

At Ravenscroft Spalding occupied two rooms which had been the day and night nurseries. I was at this time in the new room which had been built for me, with a separate staircase to the garden, and Rachel was, I think, in the passage room adjoining. He was a consumptive in a rather advanced stage, with hollow sunken cheeks, a sallow complexion and rather long black hair, and I was much intrigued by a little wooden tube which he always kept in his mouth to breathe through—why, I do not know. I did lessons with him, but on the whole I do not think I liked him. He was not the type to attract children, and I dare say he found me a spoilt and tiresome boy. He used to beat me—I dare say

I deserved it—but the result was that I spent a good many of my waking hours on the roof in order to escape him. At this age I could and did run over the roof like a cat—of course bare feet were a help. By the way it was while I was staying with him on the Dee that I was first trained to go barefoot in accordance with the Scottish custom, and I have a very acute recollection of an occasion when endeavouring to save my tender feet from the hard road by walking on the grass I ran a large rusty hairpin into one of them. With progress my feet became indifferent to hard surfaces.

Rather before this, on May the 18th, 1872, my brother Bertie was born, and I remember being taken up by Lizzie to have him presented to me when he was about an hour old.

On more than one occasion I went abroad with my parents, but the only one I can recollect distinctly must have been about 1873, which must, I think, have been a long journey. I can recollect their calling my attention at some inn in or near Paris to the remains of one of the bombastic French proclamations still posted up in connexion with the Franco-Prussian War. Travelling in those days was not the luxurious affair it is now, and I remember my mother making Liebig's beef-tea with an etna and methyated spirit in the railway carriages.

It was on an earlier occasion when we stayed at Avignon with the great John Stuart Mill and Helen Taylor. I am enabled to fix the date by a letter of my grandmother's, who wrote on December 1, 1869 :—

“The Amberleys had been ten days with Mill at Avignon—a good fortification, I should imagine against the wiles and blandishments of priests of all degree to which they will be exposed at Rome . . . Little Rachel is as sweet a little bright-eyed lassie as I ever saw, hardly saying anything yet, but expressing a vast deal.”

There must have been a later visit in 1873. It is no doubt deplorable, but all I remember about the great philosopher is my interest in the cunningly devised open gullies for running away soap suds from the washing.

The next stage is at Rome, where I have a vivid recollection of the Hotel d'Italia in the Via delle Quattro Fontane. At this hotel I naturally made great friends with the waiters, and tried to speak Italian, and I recollect as a great treat being allowed

to go up and down in the little service lift from the dining-room to the kitchen. Adjoining the hotel was the Palazzo Barberini, where we had the run of the grounds, and I spent many pleasant hours watching a spout of water and the channels it ran away in. One day when I was alone in the grounds a terrible adventure befell me, unfit for relation in these pages. I also spent much of my time on the Pincio, where a merry-go-round of horses was the principal attraction. I remember that, like any other street gamin, I used to steal rides about the town on the back axle of the Roman cabs. I remember seeing the Capitol, the Two Wolves, and the Forum in the days before it was excavated. I also have a most vivid recollection of the Santa Scala, and joined the devout Catholics in ascending the staircase on my knees. Also, I remember, San Pietro, where I duly kissed the great toe of St. Peter; and the impression which that wonderful open space with its buildings made even on my youthful imagination. I think, though I am not quite sure, that we also had an audience of the Pope. What impressed me more, however, was the fact that one could buy oranges in the street for eight a penny. I often did.

The scene next shifts to Capua of which my chief recollections are a rope walk, very exciting to my mechanical mind, and walks with my father in the neighbouring hills during which I had great pleasure in rolling stones down the mountain side and seeing them bound along for very great distances. Also a sense of great heat, and the pleasure of the cool colonnades in the town itself.

Then follow the Bay of Naples with the ascent of Vesuvius, and then by boat to my beloved Capri, where we spent months in the Hotel Quisisana. I always delighted in Capri, and I enjoyed staying in the hotel with its bowling alleys covered with pergolas, but what I principally recollect are the ruined Baths of Tiberius. Here we used to bathe every day, and here I learnt to swim in the Italian dog fashion, taught by my father and mother. I have a vague recollection of the Blue Grotto.

It must have been about this time that we went on to Palermo. The journey there is impressed upon my mind by the fact that I slipped on a wet coil of rope in the bow of the ship and gouged a large piece out of my left shin against a bit of iron that was sticking out. The scar remained visible for twenty years or more. Looking at my letter to Rachel on p. 18 I do remember the Pagets at Rome, and the Carnival, and I remember hearing about brigands at Palermo. My complete identification with my parents is shown by the delicious

phrase for a boy of eight and a half "*we* had a young lady under our charge." My only personal recollection of Palermo apart from its beauties is that of being chased by a crowd of street boys for my oranges, and taking refuge in one of those large drains which in characteristic Italian fashion open upon the beach. The horrid little boys blockaded me for some time, but they did not get my oranges. It is clear from the letter that Bertie was not with us here.

At last we returned from this long, varied and wonderful journey, and then began that series of tragedies which changed my whole life. From Calais to Dover I remember that I had a pain in my throat so bad that I could not swallow any food. On reaching London it was pronounced to be diphtheria, and I was at once isolated and put under the care of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the only woman doctor at that time, whom my mother called in, true to her feminist principles. I was devotedly nursed by my mother and my Aunt Maude, and have no recollection of any of the details of my illness, only of the blessed day weeks later, when at last I found myself able to swallow some gooseberry fool. I got quite well at last, everything was destroyed or disinfected, and home we went to Ravenscroft. Alas! the precautions taken had been insufficient, and in a short time my sister Rachel was down with diphtheria, and my mother nursed her devotedly, but this time caught it herself, and died in three days, on the 28th June, 1874. Only a few days later, on the 3rd July, Rachel died too, at six and a half. Mercifully Bertie was still out of danger at Pembroke Lodge, and so he escaped. With my mother there passed away that bond of love and spirit of sanity which had so far directed and guided this strange household. Something died that day both for my father and for me which could never be replaced.

I have no recollection of my personal feelings at the time; I think I must have been just stunned and probably found it impossible to realize that I had lost the mother I adored and the sister I loved, for ever. . . . I remember very well the arrangements for the funeral, which were peculiar. In the wood between the house and the rockery a vault was constructed in which the coffins were placed, with a little ornamental square of garden above it. I well remember old William making a little model of this to show how it would look. A memorial inscription was written by my father commemorating the complete unity of thought and spirit between him and his wife, and was engraved on a marble slab.

Contrary to most inscriptions in graveyards, I do not believe there was a word in this which was untrue or exaggerated.

It is easy to imagine the depth of the depression into which my father fell, when all incentive to life and effort had been removed. Spalding became more than ever an evil influence, and my father's temper became a little uncertain. In particular, I remember this in our last lonely visit to Italy, so different from the one that preceded it, that he found it almost unbearable.

My grandmother Russell wrote to him from Pembroke Lodge on March 28, 1875 :—

“ I find it is far, far more difficult to bear grief for one's children than for one's self, and sometimes my heart has been like to break as I have followed you in thought on your long dreary journey, and remembered what your companionship was when last you went to the sunny South, to so many of the same places. You have indeed been sorely tried, my child, and you have not—would that I could give it you—the one and only rock of refuge and consolation, of faith in the wisdom and mercy of a God of love Kiss my two precious little boys and keep us in their memory. Is Bertrand as full of fun and merriment as he used to be? Poor pets! they look to you for all the tenderness of father and mother combined in order to be as happy as children ought to be.”

On this journey I recollect Bertie being at Capri with us and annoying me by singing out “ I say ” all day.

My father still sat as a Magistrate at Trelleck Petty Sessions, and I remember his once taking me with him to the Quarter Sessions at Usk. I lived a very lonely life and spent more of my time than ever on the roof or riding about the country on my pony. My only companions were Lizzie's two eldest daughters who were a year or two younger than me. There was also a governess or nurse, but I think she chiefly had to do with Bertie.

There was a great barn that used to interest me, and a wall near it over the pump that I sat on, and I used to eat ripe laurel berries, but they never killed me as they are supposed to do. The chicken house had the usual sliding door for the chickens to go in through, and in those days I was able to worm myself through it. When I contemplate my present bulk it seems a miracle.

Sandybobs still occasionally visited us, and I looked forward

with joy to his coming for he always romped with me, and his energy and spirits gave me the liveliest pleasure. Possibly my Aunt Maude may have visited us but I do not remember it—certainly no other visitors young or old came near the house. I think the only thing that kept my father alive was the desire to finish his book “*The Analysis of Religious Belief*,” and when he had finished it he just lay down quietly and died, nominally of bronchitis, on 9 January, 1876, just eighteen months after my mother. I remember seeing him at the very end, when he could hardly speak, and his last words were: “My poor boy, now you are indeed an orphan.”

I kept a diary at this time of a sort and in it I find this laconic entry: “Father died in the morning. Went sliding in the afternoon.” This is not as callous as it sounds; the month was January; the weather was cold; the house of death was no place for me, and as my walk took me past the peat bog outside our plantation with its frozen holes of water, the exercise of sliding was merely the natural way of warming myself and did not disturb my solitary communings. In truth it meant no more than a slow and solitary walk of reflection would have meant to a man of sixty. I knew I had lost my father, I supposed in some way it meant the break up of the home I had known, but that really had come to an end with the death of my mother and the subsequent eighteen months had only been a sort of dream-like waiting. And a break up it was: within a day or two Sandybobs came down, the Aunt Maude came down, capable and efficient as ever, but none of my father’s relations; I suppose poor Uncle Rollo had a cold, or thought he might be going to have a cold. Spalding was more or less in charge; it appeared that he and Sanderson were the executors, and they faithfully carried out my father’s wishes by laying him alongside his wife in the vault in the grounds. A year or two later the Russell family succeeded in removing the three coffins to the family vault at Chenies—a horrid, haughty, aristocratic charnel-house, from which I trust my executors to preserve me. There was much packing and dismantling and arranging at the end of which Bertie and I were carried off to London by Sanderson with our governess. Then there ensued a conflict of which I did not learn till later, between my father’s wishes and those of his family. He had directed that the two surviving children should be brought up as agnostics, and that Sanderson and Spalding should be their guardians. To both highly placed and pious Victorian families, the Stanleys and the

Russells, it was unthinkable that a future Earl should suffer such a deplorable education ; moreover Sanderson was flighty and Spalding was certainly of erratic disposition. An action was commenced, and Sir Horace Davey was retained. Sanderson showed fight. In the midst of all this came such an upset and such a hullabaloo ! I was lost at Swiss Cottage, and Sanderson was convinced the Russells had kidnapped me ; after half a day's frantic excitement at police stations and elsewhere, it was discovered that my governess had merely lost her way in London, and I was restored to the militant arms of Sanderson. In the end the defence collapsed, and Spalding was squared. Bertie and I were made wards of Chancery, my grandmother, Countess Russell, her brother, George Elliot, and her son, Rollo Russell, were appointed as my guardians. Spalding died not many years afterwards. It was fortunate for me that I escaped the tutelage of Sanderson, for he was always a wayward man, with an ungovernable temper and quite unfit for responsibility. In later years he was most difficult to live with, and at his present age of eighty he still remains violent and unaccountable. It was less fortunate that my other grandmother, Lady Stanley of Alderley, was not also appointed a guardian, for in that case I should have had a happier boyhood, and a better upbringing.

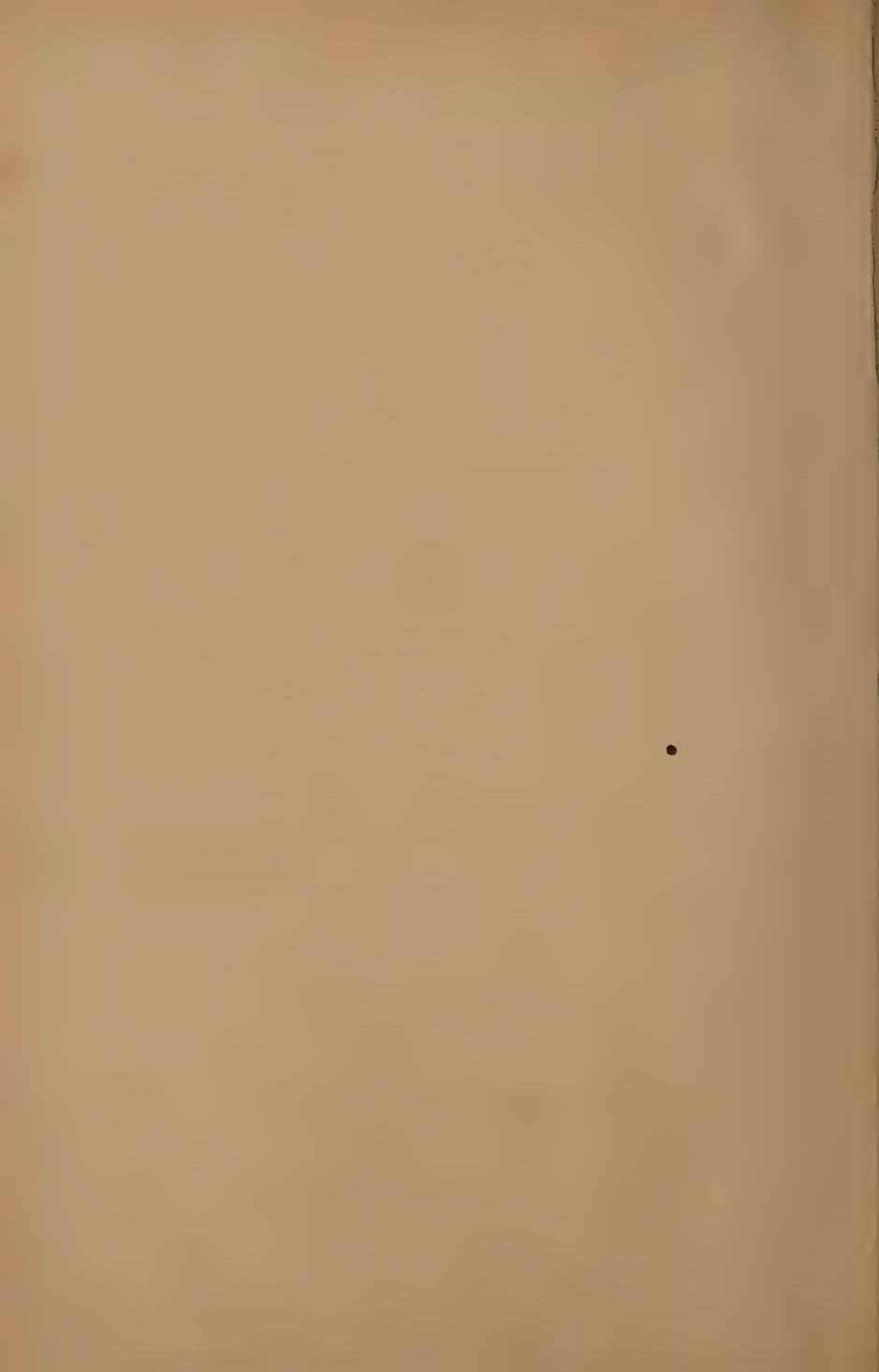
So it happened that about the middle of 1876 at the age of eleven, I found myself installed with my brother at Pembroke Lodge.



THE EARL RUSSELL. IN 1877



THE DOWAGER LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY. 1888



CHAPTER V

PEMBROKE LODGE

THE household at Pembroke Lodge consisted of my grandmother Russell, better known as Lady John, who ruled over it, and my grandfather, then in extreme old age and a bath chair, with an old round face surrounded by a fringe of grey hair, very different from the *Punch* pictures of his prime, of his son Rollo Russell, his daughter Agatha Russell, myself and Bertie. I had a young man called Holl as tutor, who had taught me at Ravenscroft during the six months before my father's death, and there was a succession of governesses whose names I don't remember. We lived in the old nursery at the far end of the low rambling house and played in the grounds. The servants who were at least as important to me were Mrs. Cox, a very old, very angular, and very severe Scotch housekeeper, but full of kindness—she often gave me sweet biscuits and Turkish delight: McAlpin the old Scotch butler, who was devoted to me, and used to allow me to help him in stamping the letters for the post: the footman, John, who cleaned and trimmed the innumerable oil lamps in use and astonished me by his ability to throw a stone over the very top of the tall poplars outside the house: a very fat cook called Mme. Michaud: and my grandmother's lady's maid, Canning, who sometimes allowed me to play with her sewing-machine. There was also a gardener, Vidler, and his wife, who lived in the lodge at the entrance gate, and there must have been people on the stables, but I do not remember them. Pembroke Lodge is a long, low, old-fashioned house in two storeys, situated in a long narrow piece of ground fenced off from Richmond Park, and standing on the top of Petersham Park, so that on that side it looks over the river to Kempton, Surbiton and Windsor. It is a royal residence and had been given to my grandfather by the Queen, and was by her continued to my grandmother on his death. The grounds had wonderful oak trees, on the grass under which there was a beautiful flush of bluebells every spring. There was an artificial fountain with a revolving jet where I used to bathe:

there were many summer-houses : an aviary, a bowling green, two rose gardens, and a more or less untouched slope of small trees and undergrowth called the wilderness. Peeps and vistas had been cut in suitable places, and near the stables there was a mound of earth called King Henry VIII Mount, because tradition had it that from this mount the uxorious Tudor watched for the signal of Anne Boleyn's beheading, telling him that he was free for his next experiment. I can testify that you could see the Crystal Palace from it and the fireworks on a night of Brock's benefit, but we generally used it for the innocent purpose of rolling down its slope. The house had a porch of double doors leading to a hall lined with Hansards : off this was my grandfather's study afterwards used by my Uncle Rollo. Then there was a very big drawing-room leading through a small passage-room called the West Room to the dining-room with a strange paper of birds and trellis work. The drawing-room was furnished in the Victorian manner with a glass chandelier, round tables with flower vases and photograph albums on them, settees, inlaid Moorish occasional tables, china cupboards, and glazed chintz chairs. On the communicating door between this and my grandfather's study the heights of the children were marked with pencil on their successive birthdays, and I remember that I grew seven inches in two years. Over the drawing-room a corresponding room was my grandmother's sitting-room, and adjoining this was her bedroom. Up another little stair was my Aunt Agatha's sitting-room : on the landing opposite her bedroom was the best visitor's-room where in earlier days I used to wake up in the morning and find that my mother had brought me biscuits, almonds and raisins, or something else attractive from her dessert overnight. From there the house was shut off on either floor by a swing door beyond which were my Uncle Rollo's bedroom, my bedroom, and in a long rambling passage extending the whole length of the house the bedrooms of the servants. On the ground floor was the housekeeper's room, and the butler's room, both sacred apartments, the butler's pantry, an enormous stone-flagged kitchen with a smoke-jack which much intrigued me, a huge scullery, a larder and a dairy. Under the day nursery which I have mentioned before, was the Servants' Hall, where in my grandfather's time I have seen the full ritual assembly, with the butler at the head of the table and the housekeeper next to him, tailing off to the under housemaid, the lowest grade of servant allowed in the Servants' Hall, and with the old stately withdrawal of the upper

servants to the Housekeeper's Room for dessert. In later years when the tale of servants had diminished, this room was used by my Uncle Rollo as a laboratory. There was no library in the house, but there was a large bookcase in my grandmother's sitting-room, a smaller one of her own books in my aunt's sitting-room, and a great many in a room known as the school-room which was given to me later for my room.

The Russell ideas of life differed in almost every respect from those in which I had hitherto been brought up. While the attitude of my father and mother was to face life unashamed and unafraid with the unbowed head of Henley, the Pembroke Lodge attitude was one of halting, of diffidence, of doubts, fears and hesitations, reticences and suppressions, and of a sort of mournful Christian humility. My grandmother Lady John, or as she then was, Countess Russell, was one of the best women who ever lived. She was witty, amusing, kind, even devoted, full of a sense of duty, and of considerable toleration, though rather from loyalty to the traditions of the Whigs than from any inborn conviction that other points of view were really tolerable. My Aunt Agatha had a tendency to rather more robust common sense, but adapted herself quite completely to the colour of her environment. My Uncle Rollo possessed the outward figure of a man, but was a perfect production of the sheltered life, the extreme instance of what a man can become when he spends his whole life surrounded by adoring females. They treated him in the best Jane Austen manner as the male to be looked up to as their natural protector, as the counsellor to be relied upon—I think it probable that in his own eyes he was an Atlas supporting upon his strong shoulders the burden of decisions almost too grievous to be borne. In actual fact he passed his whole life under domination either of people or of phantoms, and never once knew the meaning of freedom. He was scientifically inclined, and did some good meteorological work—why is it that kind of person is always weather-wise? In speech he was halting, inconclusive and nervous: in appearance small and shy. It will have been gathered that I did not admire him, and this tendency not to admire was increased by the way in which he was looked up to, quoted and deferred to by the rest of the household. To come from the free air of Ravenscroft into this atmosphere of insincerities, conventions, fears, and bated breath, was like a nightmare to me, young as I was, and during all the years I had to endure it the P. L. atmosphere never ceased to be a nightmare.

The first and immediate effect upon me was the great circumscription and constriction of my life. I was not allowed to go about barefoot; I who had freely scampered about the country on my pony was never allowed to go beyond the grounds into the park for fear I should get run over or lost. The village of Petersham, or town of Richmond were unthinkable; there was always a possibility of scarlet fever or of my meeting someone who was not nice. No moment of my day was free from supervision, although I learnt in time to use the roofs of Pembroke Lodge as I had used the roofs at Ravenscroft, and in a desire to be occasionally alone I developed great skill in climbing trees and remaining aloft. I had to attend morning prayers: I was taken to church for the first time in my life. Much of my time I received lectures on morals, ethics and conduct with which I did not agree, and for the first time in my life answers were refused to my searching questions. I was not allowed to be much alone with Bertie: he was the angel child, and I was supposed to have a bad influence on him. (They were less sure about his being an angel child afterwards, when he insisted on marrying to please himself and not them.) One of the indignities I most disliked was having to appear on Fridays and Sundays, which were At Home days, with my hair nicely brushed, my hands washed, and my clothes tidy.

In those early days I had a bedroom to myself in the long passage, near my Uncle Rollo's. I generally began the day by visiting my grandmother, still in bed, when I had to learn innocuous poems by heart. The only one that intrigued me was that one of Wordsworth's which begins: "What is good for a bootless bene?" I have spent my life speculating about Jack and the Beanstalk fitting his beans with boots. After breakfast I used to have more or less regular lessons with my tutor, Mr. Holl, and then be instructed to amuse myself in the grounds with him. "Run away and play, dearest Frank," just when I had settled down with a book or with something I should like to do, was among the phrases I most disliked. I think in the afternoons I used sometimes to go for a discreet chaperoned walk or be taken with my grandmother for a drive in the carriage, and in the earlier days I remember riding soberly and with a saddle and stirrups with my Uncle Willy. I also remember later riding with my Uncle Rollo, dreadful rides of five miles or so in which the horses were never put beyond a walk for fear of rabbit holes and because although my uncle liked to think he was an equestrian, he wasn't. In the evenings I had to

read aloud—in later years when I was allowed to sit up after dinner I remember reading Dean Farrar's Sermons aloud. How I loathed Dean Farrar! He had the perfect P. L. touch. Sometimes I was allowed to read Shakespeare, and this I enjoyed.

Among other prohibitions most books were forbidden me. I remember in particular Captain Marryat. But as the school-room had a good many books in it, particularly on the upper shelves, and the older people had forgotten what they were, I managed to put in a good deal of promiscuous reading unobserved. When I think of the way in which slushy innocence was being continuously extolled and forced upon my independent mind, I think it is much to my credit that I did not plunge headlong into vicious excesses.

My Aunt Agatha as she was the youngest was also the most alive of the inhabitants of my prison. At the foot of the hill of Petersham Park about ten minutes from the house was what would in these days be called a "provided" school, built and given by my grandfather to Petersham under the auspices of one of the School Societies of those days. The master was a weird figure called Ebenezer Smith, and at the school was kept a village lending library. Twice a week my Aunt Agatha used to go down there and sit for an hour for the purpose of exchanging books. I think they had to pay a penny a week to belong to the library, and she also collected and booked subscriptions. Pauperization was a word of dread in those days, and pennies were also exacted for the Penny Readings we used to have. The school fees were also so many pennies a week, but of course it was in fact supported and run by my grandfather and afterwards by my grandmother. Here, also, I think my Aunt Agatha did most of the work, and wrestled with the various codes issued by the Education Office, which had to be complied with for the purpose of earning a grant. The Penny Readings which took place in the school-house were wonderful affairs: the élite would sit in front, then the general public of Petersham and at the back the children. The entertainment consisted of songs, recitations, actual readings, and I think once or twice my grandmother got the children to do a short scene from Shakespeare with two actors. Of course all the talent was local and unpaid. Choruses were not joined in by the audience, smoking, of course, was not allowed, and the whole affair was proper and insipid to a degree: a potential drunkard who preferred it to the public-house could hardly have been much in need of reform.

Among the other self-imposed duties of my Aunt Agatha was my musical education. We used to have Moody and Sankey hymns at morning prayer, and I never by any chance sang a note right. I have no ear, which I have discovered to be an expression musicians use with their natural perversity when what they mean is you cannot reproduce the right note. The Tonic Sol-Fa System became the rage about this time, and I was duly experimented with, but without beneficial result. In instrumental music I was not much more successful. I learnt to read music quite well, and to pick out notes on the piano, indeed I can still do it easily ; but after about two years of the devoted labours of my Aunt the high-water mark was reached when I was able to play " Sing a Song of Sixpence " with both hands. In later years attempts were made to teach me drawing and tutors were actually engaged to labour upon me. With great *éclat* I produced a quite recognizable reproduction of a five barred gate. It is no good—I am not artistic. But I can make beautiful plans of an engineering character with rulers, even as I apparently could at the age of seven when I enclosed Rachel a plan of Selkirk in my letter—though what on earth anybody wanted a plan of Selkirk for I cannot think, nor when I had been there.

CHAPTER VI

CHEAM SCHOOL

I DO just remember my grandfather when he was still an erect old man, and an occasion at Pembroke Lodge when I must have been about eight or nine years old, when he desired me to make a fourth at whist, and I do not think I ever touched a card again until I was nearly thirty. One of his jokes, quite of the old-fashioned type, was to pat me on the head and say: "Frank by name and frank by nature." I expect P. L. found me distressingly frank. When I first came to live at P. L. he still preserved some measure of activity, and my Uncle Rollo and my tutor acted to some extent as his secretaries. Mr. Holl did not last long, and another man, called Barber, was engaged to fill both capacities. He left after about six months in distressing circumstances with considerable unpaid debts to the Richmond tradesmen. About this time the whole household was moved bodily to Broadstairs, where we took a large house for the sake of my grandfather's health. I remember my great-uncle George Elliot coming down occasionally and teaching me to play billiards. A new tutor was obtained called Cardew, who afterwards married the daughter of Dean Kitchin and whose brother was later Electrical Adviser to the Board of Trade. He was a well informed and interesting man, and my people liked him because he played the fiddle. He had not, however, the necessary patience to endure the education of youth, and I intensely disliked him, chiefly because he was sarcastic. After a time I found life so intolerable that I decided to run away. I got up quietly in the night and took £3 of my grandmother's money that I found somewhere and the traditional bundle and went to Broadstairs station to inquire about the next train to London. I found there was none till the morning, and was unfortunately recognized by a policeman who took me back to the house. The household was aroused, and I was handed over to old McAlpin, who left me in his pantry while he went to inform the authorities. Long before he returned I had slipped out of the side window and was off again. On this occasion, warned by my previous experience, I struck across country,

and spent most of the night sleeping in a haystack. With the morning light I rose and tramped into Margate, expecting to get a train there without difficulty. However, the neighbourhood had been aroused, and the first policeman I saw took me to Margate Police Station, whence after a few hours I was rescued by the arrival of McAlpin hot foot in a carriage. We drove back to Broadstairs, and I arrived just in time for morning prayers. I remember that the hymn was "We plough the fields and scatter." After breakfast my grandmother walked me up and down the garden, and proceeded to administer a serious lecture. Incidentally she endeavoured to make a point of my stealing the money, but I pointed out to her that as I had money of my own which they used for me I did not regard it as stealing, and that it was obviously a case of necessity on my part. I told her quite frankly and firmly the reason why I had run away. She finished by urging me with all the force of which she was capable to promise never to do such a thing again. I absolutely and entirely refused, and the only thing I would promise was that next time I intended to run away I would give notice.

In retrospect I regard this as one of the wisest and happiest actions of my life. It was their intention to save me from the awful contamination of public schools and to endeavour to turn me out a perfect replica of the Uncle Rollo. Bertie, whom they caught younger and who was more amenable, did enjoy the full benefits of a home education in the atmosphere of love, with the result that till he went to Cambridge he was an unendurable little prig. My independence saved me from this and determined them to send me to school. Cardew disappeared: arrangements were made: and soon after they returned to Pembroke Lodge, at the age of twelve and a half I found myself at the private school of the Rev. R. S. Tabor, at Cheam. I had had some little experience of a school before this because by way of finding companionship of my own age I used to be sent over to play at the very distinguished private school kept by Waterfield, at East Sheen. Picture to yourself the agreeable position of a boy who didn't belong to the school thrown by order of the headmaster into the school life two days a week. I think it is a wonder the boys of Sheen were as nice to me as they were. I remember that there was one called Shackleton, who ran away three times—I don't know whether it was from him that I derived my inspiration. At this time the Tecks occupied White Lodge in the Park, and I sometimes also played decorously

with Prince Francis and Prince Adolphus. Princess Mary was one of the kindest of women.

I was now for the first time called Viscount Amberley, much to my surprise and indignation, and for years afterwards I used occasionally to be hailed by half-forgotten people as Amberley, which enabled me to date them. Now there are so many Lord Russells about that it has become confusing, I am rather thinking of returning to the name. Old Tabor the headmaster was an unctuous and pious person very soothing to parents: his son who was also a master was rather sharp. I was a bit old, and began about half-way up the school in the form of a master called Teddy Luxmore. We modelled ourselves upon Eton, and I think it was called the Third Remove. I remember very few of my contemporaries—George Keppel was there, an older boy than I, Fitzadelm Boyle, the son of Lord Cork, a charming boy who died young; because he lisped and could not pronounce “theta” we always called him “Pheta.” There was an Irish boy called Burke who was always making nets and who remained a friend of mine for the next twenty years, though all I remember about his after life is that he created a record in three times marrying Mrs. Burke. There was a young Tollemache whom I chiefly remember from his having jabbed the point of a pair of compasses into my thigh, and leaving a triangular scar of which I was proud for many years.

My classical work when I first went there was Ovid in Latin, and Lysias Orations in Greek, also Arnold’s Latin Prose. By the time I left the school I think I had advanced to Cicero in Latin, and I remember doing “Hecuba.” To this day I remember the line

ἤκω νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκότου πύλας
λειπών

Although I appreciated the poetry of this method of describing the resting place of the dead I by no means appreciated the play as a whole. No guidance was given to us as to the construction of a Greek play, the theory of the play, the surrounding atmosphere and the development of the action, and for many years afterwards Greek plays remained to me strange unmeaning mysteries interspersed with

and
φεῦ φεῦ
ὅσοι

in which the speeches of the messenger were welcome because they were the easiest to construe, and the choruses unwelcome because

they were the most difficult. It was my duty not long ago to coach my stepson in the "Iphigenia in Aulis" and when he was construing in a bored sing-song voice the passage describing how Orestes was pelted with stones I tried in vain to induce him to visualize it and to realize that it was intended to be a real account of a real thing, viz., two strangers landing on an inhospitable shore being stoned by the inhabitants. Our mathematical master was called Tanner, and for the reasons I have already given we used to get on together. There was some foreign master who taught us French, and of course was unable to keep order as these unfortunate people always are. For some reason part of my time was also wasted in special tuition in music. My next form master was a man called Daman, a great contrast to the easy-going Teddy Luxmore, and with a temper unsuited to be patient with boys and a grim twist in the lip that made him terrifying. I have very little doubt he was really a humane and a just man, but to us he always appeared an ogre.

The school was an expensive one and well managed, and the food and the recreations were good. We had a playground, and beyond it a playing field for cricket—but I never was any good at cricket—my eye was too slow, and the ball had generally passed me before I observed it. This gives an unsatisfactory batting average; although in the deep field I could be reasonably relied on for a catch. It also had a very well equipped gymnasium. We were drilled twice a week by the sergeant who was also in charge of the swimming bath. Here I learnt to swim in English fashion with the breast stroke, and became quite good at diving and swimming under water. I recollect one occasion on which I collected thirteen chalk eggs from different portions of the bath in one dive. But the most unusual and to me the most interesting of the amusements was a row of wood turning lathes at which we boys were allowed to work and taught turning. I could produce quite good chess men, hollow eggs, and other similar objects, and in distinguishing between different kinds of wood. To this day I can smell the filthy stink of ivory when it is being turned.

Once a year in summer the whole school went on an expedition to Box Hill where we disported ourselves with chaste woodland pleasures, and were afterwards refreshed with tea and stone ginger-beer and the like. My chief memory is of an unfortunate incident, when playing ball like Nausicaa, but less appropriately garbed, I was thrown a rather short catch. I had to bend well forward, my trousers were of a certain age—there was a regrettable rending. No women

being present with their housewives the repair of the damage was not so easy, but I recollect that one of the masters with some string found lying about and the wire of a soda-water bottle as a needle, succeeded in effecting what at sea we call a temporary repair by which with care decency could be preserved on the return journey.

The school was a pious and proper Church of England School with its own chapel, and some difficulty arose here as to my religious instruction. A compromise was finally arrived at—rather a Cowper Temple sort of compromise—by which I was only to be set a portion of the Bible to read while the others were learning the Collect for the day and their Catechism. This happened on Sundays; Sundays were embittered for me at Cheam. I did not much care for reading and then writing out in my own language portions of Judges, Kings and Chronicles—in fact the only two bits I cared for were the fellow whose little finger was thicker than his father's loins, and the striking and dramatic passage where Jehu had Jezebel dropped with a noisy crash on the flagstones. Incidentally, of course, as I did not have to learn the Catechism I picked it up and knew it much better than my schoolfellows. These things happened in the morning: in the afternoon we went for sober and decent walks in the country in selected parties each in charge of a master. It was only a shade better than a crocodile, and after the freedom and independence of Ravenscroft it was galling. But the true bitterness was at dinner. I was supposed to write to my grandmother Russell every Sunday, but I seldom did; I really don't quite know why but I suppose it was a sort of instinctive feeling that I could not say the kind of things she would like me to say. Anyhow Sunday after Sunday the letter did not get written, and at dinner time old Tabor in a voice rendered doubly treacly by the combination of the aristocracy and the sabbath, would say: "Well, my dear Amberley, have you written to your dear grandmamma this morning?" and I would reply in a deprecating voice that I had not. "And why have you not written to your dear grandmamma who is so fond of you?"—I had no articulate answer—"Then you will have to stand out at dinner." This particular form of punishment consisted in being compelled to eat your dinner standing at a little wooden shelf in the corner of the room—that was bearable—and, what I could not bear, being deprived of your pudding. I wonder whether it is in consequence of this early deprivation that I have continued to like puddings better than any other part of the meal. Anyway, what with religion and

Sunday clothes and walks, family affection and no pudding, my Sundays at Cheam were distinctly bitter.

The fatherly care for our morals exercised at this school extended to the prohibition of "yellow-backs" and whenever old Tabor caught a boy reading one he would smugly confiscate it. After a time I discovered that a large heap of these confiscated "yellow-backs" was kept in a cupboard in the Headmaster's study. After that discovery I ceased to expend money on their purchase, and used to help myself from his store and view their confiscation with calm. Perhaps it was this early prohibition that depraved my taste and gave me an admiration for Ouida's lurid works which lasted many years. My accurate mechanical sense was, however, a little shocked by the hero who toyed with a jewelled revolver "loaded to the muzzle," and in my impecunious condition I often wished I could stay at the country house she described where the visitors' dressing-tables were loaded with gold and silver coins for small change.

I had forgotten to mention one friendship I formed at Cheam with a boy called Murray Robertson which continued for a few years afterwards. He went to Eton later, and became famous as the boy who, with his umbrella, beat down the arm of the lunatic Maclean, when he fired at the Queen. We were all much excited and thrilled by his photograph in the papers.

One day about half-way through my time at Cheam, in May, 1878, I was called from my lessons into the Headmaster's study, and old Tabor informed me in his best fatherly manner that my grandfather was dead, and that I was to return to Pembroke Lodge at once in the carriage which had been sent to fetch me. There followed a week of woe and gloom at P. L., and then in accordance with the custom of the time the hearse containing the body of my grandfather set out by road for Chenies. My uncle and I as the chief mourners followed behind in a brougham, and so we proceeded across the country at a foot's pace through two whole lovely days in May. We lay the night at an inn in some village, but I have forgotten where, and then the burial service took place in that horrible mausoleum of the Russells with a considerable congregation, and at the end of it the coffin was lowered by its own private lift into the vault. It will be readily imagined how odious the whole proceedings were to me but I observed them with propriety and decorum. I was no longer Viscount Amberley, I was Earl Russell—wretched child of twelve!

CHAPTER VII

PEMBROKE LODGE LATER

LIFE at Pembroke Lodge was naturally somewhat changed by my grandfather's death, chiefly financially. Lady Holland had given him £2,000 a year, but generously, as one biographer says, he refused this offer for more than his life. I should have preferred his generosity to have refused it for life and taken it for his successor. My guardians drew £600 a year on my account, and spent about £400 on me, and they may have drawn something for Bertie. Anyhow, the establishment was reduced: McAlpin disappeared, the fat French cook disappeared, Mrs. Cox, I think, did not last long, and the Servants' Hall was shut up and used by my uncle Rollo as a laboratory, and I was removed to the big nursery over this room. There remained John, the only indoor man-servant, and one gardener, and one man in the stables. The Queen graciously continued the use of the house to my grandmother, as on her death she did to my Aunt Agatha.

The Fridays and Sundays, however, continued there until my grandmother's death, and by this time I found it less trying to be clean and tidily dressed, and began to take an increasing interest in the afternoon callers. On these days At Home an astonishing number of old friends used to come down from London to pay their respects and talk over past events. There were among their friends a man called Buller with one eye, and a man called Bickersteth, and Richard Dana the third, a grandson of "Before the Mast." It was the older ones that interested me, however. Louisa Abercorn as they always called the Duchess was a frequent visitor, and used often to stay. Lord and Lady Selborne came quite frequently, getting more and more like each other in old age. One famous occasion I remember when Mr. Gladstone came, but I alas saw little of him. Sir Algernon West for so long his right-hand man, was one of our most constant visitors, and always full of charming old world courtliness. W. H. Lecky, who had been a great

friend of my mother, also came occasionally. I remember Sir Charles Dilke came once to stay, and though he was very entertaining we none of us liked him. Sir William Harcourt came seldom, but his sister who lived in Richmond often called. Then there were the relations who used to come and stay occasionally, my grandmother's witty and amusing sister, and my great-aunt, Lady Charlotte Portal, whose husband made the bank-note paper for the Bank of England, and her charming daughter Ethel: my two half-aunts, Lady Victoria Villiers, whose husband Montagu Villiers, was afterwards well known as the vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and Lady Georgiana Peel, who now lives at Hampton Court Palace, and from whose *Reminiscences* I have already quoted. Bessie Melville, Addie Drummond, Arabella Seymour, my great-uncle, George Elliot, my distant cousin, G. W. E. Russell, and a host of others.

It must have been in the autumn of this year that we all went to St. Fillans, at that time a charming and quiet little village situated on Loch Earn, and only to be approached from Crieff. Here we passed a pleasant and peaceful autumn; Bertie, I think, was there with his governess—I had drawing lessons and it was here that I achieved the masterpiece of the gate. The Loch was charming, and very attractive to me as any water always is, but my principal interest was a scientific one. Only two years before my uncle Rollo had begun giving me a course of instruction in electricity of the frictional variety based on Tyndall's lectures. We played with an electrophorus exciting a glass rod by rubbing it with silk, and charging a fox's brush, detecting the charges by means of an electrometer. We advanced to a plate-glass frictional machine of an old type which gave a real spark, and to Leyden jars. At the end of the course I went on with voltaic electricity, in which my uncle was not well up, and experimented with Daniell cells, and the comparatively new Leclanché battery, and crude galvanometers. At the beginning of this year, 1878, I was determined to possess a new book called Preece and Sivewright's "*Practical Telegraphy*," the cost of which was three shillings and sixpence. I had saved eighteen-pence towards it, I had got one shilling's worth of stamps, and a kind master at the school gave me the extra shilling. I devoured the work ardently, and not long after my grandmother Stanley presented me with two fascinating single needle instruments of a toy kind with which I experimented vigorously. By the time we found ourselves at St. Fillans, in September, I could transmit at

fifteen words a minute and could read at about ten, and was, of course, fully conversant with the Morse alphabet. I became friendly with the girl at the post office, a little local office, and the opportunity soon arose to put my knowledge in practice. The girl's instrument had gone wrong, and I soon discovered that all that was the matter was a loose connexion, which I remedied. Her gratitude and my knowledgeableness led to my being allowed to play with the real instrument. St. Fillans was one of five stations connected together with single needle instruments, Crieff, Comrie, St. Fillans, Lochearnhead, and Killin. I very soon established by wire friendly relations with the girl at Crieff, and had long conversations, in fact when I left I took the opportunity of paying her a visit and introducing myself in the flesh. What in particular astonished me was to discover that even in a system of signals which merely consisted in making a needle go to the right or the left, one could distinguish as in writing or speaking each individual sender, so that I always knew on looking at the instrument who was sending. Comrie in particular I recollect, had a very weak and tremulous hand. Perhaps it is difficult for anyone who is not interested in science to realize the elation and triumph of a boy just thirteen, who was allowed to send and receive real messages on a real post office instrument. I don't think I had experienced anything like it since at the age of eight I was left in sole charge of a threshing machine.

Later in the year we returned to Pembroke Lodge, and the old regular life was revived under the regime of my grandmother Russell. I feel that some picture of her ought to be attempted. In external appearance she was rather short, dignified, and gracious, with a gentle voice, a lined face, kind and sparkling but rather tired eyes, grey hair drawn back rather tightly from the forehead, spectacles, and a shawl. If in some ways limited and Victorian in her outlook, she was by no means intellectually negligible. In religion she had begun life as a Presbyterian, and although outwardly conforming to the Church of England, she was in no way a slave to it. Indeed she always abominated the Athanasian Creed, and some things roused her sense of humour, particularly that prayer of invocation "Almighty God *who alone workest great marvels*, send down upon our Bishops and Curates the spirit of Thy grace." In later life she conformed less, adopted Moody and Sankey hymns for morning prayer, and ultimately definitely joined the Unitarian Church. The publication of my father's book "The Analysis of Religious

Belief " after his death, was an instance of her broadmindedness. The book is an early study of comparative religions leading to the conclusion that they are all man-made, and that the various gods that men have at one time or another worshipped, are their own creations, and have no real existence outside their imaginations. My grandmother, if not tied by form, was at any rate quite definitely theistic and definitely believed in personal immortality, but she felt that it would not be right to deprive the world of a serious work, the result of many years' study, merely because she disagreed with its conclusions, and therefore she published the book after my father's death.

To turn to lighter matters, my grandmother had been brought up at a time when elegant accomplishments were part of the equipment of a gentlewoman, and she was therefore able quite easily to turn out a creditable set of verses upon any occasion, or to compose simple music for the piano. I give two compositions, both of which she composed and set to music for my amusement—

LITTLE FRANK RUSSELL

Little Frank Russell
 He is in a bustle
 And what shall poor Granny do do-oo !
 On her sofa he jumps
 Her piano he thumps
 Oh dear what a hulla-ba-loo !
 Oh dear what a hulla-ba-loo !

FRANK AND THE COCK-A-DOOLIES

Pretty Cock-a-doolies do you see my basket,
 Cock a doodle doodle doodle doo.
 Pretty Cock-a-doolies if you only ask it
 I will scatter crumbs enough for all of you.
 Hurry skurry come along
 Hurry skurry come along
 Hurry skurry come along all round me
 Here is some for Mr. Cock
 Here is some for Mrs. Hen
 Here is some for chickabiddies one, two, three.

The following verses were composed not about me, but for the purpose of making fun of Bertie, when he was beginning to be a philosopher :—

1897.

O science metaphysical,
And very very quizzical,
You only make this maze of life the mazier ;
For boasting to illuminate
Such riddles dark as Will and Fate
You muddle them to hazier and hazier.

The cause of every action
You expound with satisfaction.
Through the mind in all its corners and recesses
You say that you have travelled
And every thread unravelled
And axioms you call your learned guesses.

Right and wrong you've so dissected
And their fragments so connected,
That which we follow doesn't seem to matter
But the cobwebs you have wrought,
And the silly flies they have caught
It needs no broom miraculous to shatter.

You know no more than I
What is laughter, tear or sigh,
Or love, or hate, or anger, or compassion ;
Metaphysics, then, adieu,
Without you I can do
And I think you'll very soon be out of fashion.

I also give a set of verses of a more serious character :—

Low in the dust my spirit lieth ;
For on the path which year by year I trod
How dark, as memory backward flieth,
The records strewn and graven, oh my God !

Fragments of many a purpose high,
On treacherous shoals of self for ever wrecked ;
Fountains of love all left to dry,
By weeds of deadly night o'ergrown and checked.

Dreams of a life for others spent
By fears and cares of earth too soon dispelled ;
Banner of truth all riven and rent,
Unsifted words, fair deeds in fetters held.

Low in the dust my spirit lieth !
Oh Thou alone who canst the contrite raise,
Grant, ere my day's faint glimmer dieth,
To gild its close Thy love's forgiving rays.

1897.

She had, in addition, composed little plays with music, to be acted by the children, and I remember one in which my brother and I took part, the chief difficulty of the performance being to get me to sing the songs I had to sing in anything approaching their original tunes. I also recollect that after the performance which Princess Mary had attended, when we were mingling with the audience, I said "How do you do?" to her without recognizing her, and the next moment when I saw Lady Harcourt sweeping in a low curtsey was horrified to think how I had forgotten my manners. In poetry her principal attachment was for Byron, presumably a remnant of Victorian tradition, and I remember well that she used to read "Childe Harold" over every summer. Wordsworth, who was another favourite, seems more natural. In later years I induced her to read and rather insisted on Browning, and after a time she did admire some of him. She and my aunt were devoted to John Morley, both as a man and as an author, and were not troubled by the earlier days now almost forgotten, when he spelt God with a little g in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Her active and intelligent mind had always made her take a great interest in politics, and my grandfather had always freely discussed his difficulties and his plans with her. Naturally as the wife of a Prime Minister she knew well all the outstanding political figures of that period. When one reflects that she was born in the year of the Battle of Waterloo, and that she well remembered making the journey to Scotland in grown-up life in her own carriage, one realizes how far back one is carried by her reminiscences.

My mother was also a great friend of John Morley, and I have come across this letter which she wrote him on the death of John Stuart Mill:

RAVENS CROFT, CHEPSTOW.

June 9, '73.

DEAR MR. MORLEY,

I have but just read your notice of Mr. Mill, and it is with tears in my eyes that I write a line to thank you, as one of his devoted followers, for the way you have expressed what so many of us feel but have not the power nor the opportunity of putting into words.

We saw a very great deal of him this year in London, and he was to have come here late in the summer. I lunched with him the eve of his departure. Every visit, every word one had with him made him dearer to one, and not only as a Teacher

but as the tenderest, youngest, most sympathizing friend shall we all have to mourn him as long as we live. Many thanks for what you wrote, I am so glad to see what we all felt so well put to the public, that they may have a glimpse of the heights of perfection to which the greatest free thinker and social reformer of the day could attain. I hope you yourself are better, we cannot spare good men, there is too much left to fight for, and the work of his followers is the truest tribute we can pay to his memory.

Yours very truly,

KATE AMBERLEY.

Both Lord and Lady John were great friends of Queen Victoria, and this friendship continued unabated to the day of my grandmother's death. I recollect very dimly one famous occasion in April, 1874, when the Queen came to take tea at Pembroke Lodge, and I had the honour of being presented to her as she was sitting in state at her separate tea-table with her separate tea-pot and looking just like the familiar picture. I also remember one or two quaint stories about my grandmother's earlier association with her. My grandmother had the peculiar and unusual capacity of being able to waggle her ears like a dog, and this had intrigued the Queen, who suddenly called upon her one day in a large company to show off this accomplishment to an ambassador. My grandmother was so taken aback that she lost for a long time the power to move either ear, and only ultimately regained the power to move one, which she occasionally did for my edification. The Queen's habit of standing about for an interminable time after meals, during which, of course, nobody could sit, led to another incident when my grandmother, who was not feeling very well, caused the Queen to be asked if she might have permission to sit down. Her Majesty duly combining consideration for an old and faithful servant with a proper regard to her own dignity, said in a loud voice: "Lady Russell may sit down, Lady A and Lady B will stand in front of her." A very characteristic pronouncement!

This reminds me of another story of my grandfather at a Court Ball, when he was Prime Minister, where he was observed to spend the first part of the evening talking with great animation to the Duchess of A, and then suddenly to leave her side and sit down by the Duchess of B. My grandmother tackled him afterwards, and said: "Everyone was wondering why you got up so suddenly

and left the Duchess of A." "Oh," he replied, "because the fire was so hot, I could not stand it any longer." "I hope you told the Duchess of A," said my grandmother. "N—no, I don't think I did," he replied, "but I told the Duchess of B." It did not occur to him that he had made his confidence to the wrong woman of the two.

The usual routine of my life at P. L. at this time began with prayers in the morning, which all the servants attended, a Moody and Sankey hymn, a portion of scripture, and a prayer read by my grandmother from a volume of her own compiling. Breakfast, which all attended, a short interval, and then lessons till twelve. I then played about the grounds, chiefly by myself, and in the afternoon there would be a drive with my grandmother in the carriage, a walk with my Aunt Agatha to the school at Petersham, or by myself on some message. After dinner and until bedtime I was generally expected to read aloud for half an hour, often Shakespeare. When the reading consisted, as it sometimes did, of a few pages of a novel, I found it irritating, having always preferred to devour these lighter works at a sitting. I recollect that Mrs. Gaskell was a favourite. I was then sent to bed, and I think at this time I had abandoned my earlier habit of reading in bed, and went to sleep at once. There were many things I found irritating in the life at P. L., but most of all the constant questioning "Where have you been?" "What have you done?" "Who have you seen?"—all things which one would have told naturally and as a matter of course if one had been left alone, but which caused intense resentment to a person who had been as free and as trusted as I had, when asked in a tone which always implied that I had probably been doing something I shouldn't, or that I might have been better occupied, or that I had committed the incredible rashness of exposing myself to scarlet fever by daring to go down to Richmond Town to buy something I wanted for my electrical experiments. An additional irritation was the tone of voice in which conversation was generally conducted, a sort of hushed and pained undertone, as if one were in church with a corpse where some vulgar person had just committed the indiscretion of speaking in a natural voice. I do not suppose my Uncle Rollo for one moment realized, or if he had realized, could possibly have understood, how passionately I desired to kick him on the shins when he adopted this voice.

The sad thing about it was that I was pining for love, under-

standing and companionship, and bubbling over with the exciting confidences of youth ; and as often choked off by the hostile and suspicious way in which they were received. The most frequent and most maddening P. L. expression was that it was "so sad." My father's later life was "so sad": any attempt to draw the immaculate Bertie into mischief of the most innocent kind was "so sad": my unkind and wicked want of affection was "so sad": the way in which I failed to appreciate the love that surrounded me was "so sad." I had a permanent feeling that I was looked upon as a brand to be plucked from the burning, and nobody likes to be treated permanently as a brand. I felt much as Tony Weller felt towards the Shepherd, in fact I felt that I ought to be a brand to justify them in treating me like one. And yet looking back I can honestly avow that I never had a single thought or a single purpose which was not sane, reasonable, and even meritorious and natural to ebullient youth. But the iron entered into my soul, and I never entirely recovered my natural freedom and frankness.

CHAPTER VIII

40 DOVER STREET

AT school I could be reasonably happy in my own way, but there were also the holidays. Throughout the whole of my adolescence the one relief, the one escape, the one freedom from the oppression of P. L. was represented by 40 Dover Street. Over this house presided my other grandmother, Lady Stanley of Alderley; and its only other occupant was my maiden aunt, The Hon. Maude Stanley, who looked after her. Grandmamma, in the days when I first remember her, had a nasty little barking dog which used to rush out suddenly from beneath her chair and alarm me for my shins: my Aunt Maude had a cockatoo of which my chief recollection is the indecent cries of joy it used to give whenever I left the room. I am said to be very like Grandmamma in face, and I certainly think we were more or less alike in character. At any rate I was the only one of her numerous grandchildren who was not much afraid of her, and there was always great confidence and understanding between us. Born in 1807, she was of great age, and with her numerous and unruly family, and her life of fifty years in the great world, of great experience. She and my Aunt Maude did all that they could for the lonely orphan to give him a knowledge of people and things. When my grandmother died, in 1895, quite apart from the special sense of loss, I felt that the one woman in London with whom I most enjoyed conversing was gone.

P.L. was jealous of Dover Street, and many and many an invitation which Grandmamma sent for me was declined by my grandmother Russell on one trivial pretext or another, until the day when I could choose for myself. Almost from the first, however, it became a tradition that I should attend the Christmas Lectures for Juveniles at the Royal Institution in the next street, and although not permitted to spend the whole delicious fortnight there, several nights at Dover Street were of necessity involved. I well remember Tyndall who was at that time the Resident Pro-

fessor, with his beautiful lucid lectures and his favourite expression at which we children always laughed : " My assistant, Mr. Cotterell, will, when I tell him, but not before—" do whatever was necessary for the experiment. Among my treasured possessions are two books of his lectures with an inscription in his own writing. When I came of age, Grandmamma advised me to become a life member of the Royal Institution, and I have been a faithful attendant at its lectures ever since.

Other occasions for visits used to be made for Grandmamma's birthday, particular visitors or other special reasons. The Aunt Maude was indefatigable in ministering to my pleasures, and my thirst for knowledge. At one time and another she took me to see Westminster Abbey and my relative, Dean Stanley, who was at that time the Dean, and who left me when he died the beautiful Bible given him by King Edward VII on his marriage ; St. Paul's, the Tower, the Bank of England, the Mint, the Zoo, and Madame Tussaud's. Although she was always very busy, I was allowed to spend most of my leisure with her in her room, and directed to occupy myself with a book or wasting her sealing wax in making seals, an occupation of which in my young days I was inordinately fond. What I liked best of all, however, was helping her in her activities. My Aunt Maude had all the Stanley energy, and used it to the full in good works. Soho was at that time a wild and desperate Alsatia, where the police did not care to venture unless in couples. My Aunt Maude walked through it placidly at all hours of the day or night ; opened a ragged night school for the education of its unruly urchins, and two coffee taverns, to give their parents an alternative to alcohol. At the age of twelve I was occasionally privileged to help to teach in the night school (imagine the shudders of P. L.), and the urchins certainly were unruly. They used to extinguish the gas, break up the forms, throw about the books and sometimes behave even worse. But the Stanley firmness and determination produced order, and at the end of a year the school was as well behaved as any master could wish, and there was a tradition against rowdiness calculated to subdue the wildest spirit. Out of the experience thus gained my Aunt Maude developed her later scheme for Working Girls' Clubs, which now extend all over the metropolis, and have been an untold blessing to thousands of young women.

In addition to this there were the ordinary amusements, pantomimes, theatres, Punch and Judy shows, and the like. Indeed,

at the age of forty I had only been three times to a music-hall, and was in a position to say that on two of these occasions I had been taken by my Aunt Maude, and on the third occasion had gone as a member of the L.C.C. to verify Mrs. Ormiston Chant's account of the Empire.

Every afternoon Grandmamma was at home, and we had many interesting visitors. She sat in her great chair with the tea table before her, and how much it differed from modern teas! The only food was some dry rusks, and if because she had filled my cup too full, I tried to spill a little in the slop basin, I was always screamed at and told to put it back in the teapot, because she still had the feeling that tea was sixteen shillings a pound. There were many regular habitués, Sir George Dasent, a funny old man, with a stick who made a practice of breaking a leg about once a year. He was very kind to me, and gave me a copy of his "Popular Tales from the Norse." Little R. S. Wright, then a rising barrister, who always got up at 4 a.m. to read his briefs. He was a precise little man of bright exterior, but the kindest soul that ever breathed and a good friend to all the family. Later he became a High Court Judge, married Miss Chermiside, and settled down near Headley, in Hampshire. I stayed with him there once, and had a wonderful illustration of his kindness to all animals, and the way they loved him. It sounds almost incredible, but at his call the wild ducks left the lake and flew to him to be fed. He had some rural sports while I was there, and the prizes consisted of trigs, cortels and iousias. The Lord knows what these things are, and I never discovered. For all his kindness, Wright was not an easy man with whom to have conversation—he generally killed it dead after the first sentence by pronouncing judgment. He was an ex-pupil, and a great admirer of Jowett, and felt much honoured by the fact that Jowett had died in his house.

Then there was Lecky, with his head always up in the air, and his gentle voice, sometimes accompanied by his little Dutch wife. I have already mentioned him as a great friend of my mother's. Like J. S. Mill and other great men, he was not a success in the House. There was one thing about him which amounted almost to an eccentricity in those days; he had a season ticket on the Underground, and I often saw him stalking the platform with his head so high in the air that I always wondered how he detected his train when it came in. Mr. West, the Recorder of Manchester, was another, and the severity of his sentences was always being

contrasted with the excessive mildness of Mr. Hopwood, the Recorder of Liverpool. Matthew Arnold, with his stooping figure, and his high rather bored voice, was a great friend of the Aunt Maude's, and a frequent visitor to her rather than to Grandmamma. I had not at that time read "Literature and Dogma" or his other works, although I knew he was a great man. He never took any notice of me, no doubt regarding me with perfect justice as a Philistine.

My grandmother Stanley was profoundly interested in the education of women. Her masculine mind recognized that most women were complete fools, and she thought it well that education should be offered to them so that some, at least, of them might profit by it. She was the founder of Girton College, Cambridge, which she helped with money and advice, till the day of her death. Mary Gurney, who was on the Committee, was a frequent visitor, also a kind and gentle woman called Miss Sheriff. Grandmamma's respect for learning and interest in knowledge was quite amazing. She read all the current magazines, was *au courant* with all the questions of the day both scientific and political, and even at the age of eighty attended with enthusiasm lectures at the Royal Institution. Any supineness on my part was certain to provoke instant rebuke: if I didn't know the meaning of a word or a phrase, a name, or a reference, I was instantly bidden to look it out in the appropriate dictionary. No nonsense about it either, I had to bring the dictionary with me then and there into the drawing-room and read it out. She was also great on mythology, and made me read this up; so that I was not only well grounded in the Greek and Latin heavens, but also in Scandinavian mythology. With all this she remained in her religious beliefs a firm Erastian Protestant, but I think a little inclined to treat God as a State institution like the King.

Mr. Gladstone, alas! ceased to visit Dover Street in my time, for the Home Rule split had occurred, and both my uncle Lyulph and Grandmamma had become Liberal Unionists, and were hardly on speaking terms with their old leader. Mary Jeune, as we always called her, better known to the present public as Lady St. Helier, was a fairly frequent visitor, and I used to go to her house in Harley Street, and see my two first cousins, Madeline and Dorothy, of whom I was very fond. I always received great kindness from Mary Jeune, and her second husband, Francis Jeune, afterwards Lord St. Helier, was a most fascinating man.

There was another first-cousin, Agnes Lane-Fox, better known to the world as the beautiful Lady Grove, who was about my age, and of whom I used to see a good deal. At one time when we both were staying at Dover Street for several weeks, and I was about fifteen, we were taking shorthand lessons from a man called Slattery, and doing other work together. Neither of us had the best of tempers, and on one occasion a row ended in a mutual hair pulling. During the forty years since our mutual friendship and affection has suffered no interruption.

There was one very remarkable figure that I remember, that of George Grote, the famous historian, who was, I believe, one of my godfathers. At the age of eight he presented me with a little wooden printing-press, which was one of my dearest possessions until I lost it in a fire. There also survived him the no less remarkable figure of Mrs. Grote, whom I used to be taken to see occasionally. She was a wonderful old woman, full of energy, with a young companion whom she encouraged to play cricket, which in those days caused a great scandal "so dreadfully unsexed, my dear"—"so unfitting for a young woman!" There was also a wonderful old Duchess of Cleveland, whom I dimly remember, in my extreme youth, chiefly because she gave me sweets out of an old-fashioned silver comfit box.

As to the family, my uncle Lyulph was often there with his wife Maisie, Rosalind and George Howard fairly often, Algernon frequently, and sometimes the Aunt Blanche. A Sunday luncheon party of the family at Dover Street was a thing not easily forgotten. They nearly all, including the grandmother, screamed at the top of their voices, contradicted each other with the utmost freedom and violence, and with the greatest affection asked each other: "How you can be such a fool?" or "How you can talk such utter nonsense?" After the solemn mausoleum-like quality of P. L. I used to be rather bewildered and struck dumb by these noisy assemblies, but none the less I thoroughly enjoyed them. My Aunt Georgy thus describes them at the time of my mother's marriage:

"The marriage was a particular joy to me, as Kate had long been a friend of mine. She was like a fresh breeze coming on the family. Besides, her beauty, the charm of her high spirits, and joy in life, made her a universal favourite. Even the old sage, Thomas Carlyle, would come and wait at her door to take her out riding, and evidently enjoyed the gallops they had on many mornings.

She was such a mixture of fun and earnestness, and had in a marked degree the great quickness of thought possessed by all that generation of Stanleys. Anyone not in the family would often be quite bewildered when they chanced to have—as I often did when staying at Alderley—many of the young Stanleys round them. The firing off of generally ironical questions on every subject, the quick replies, generally involving an argument in which everyone would have a different opinion, and uphold it with tremendous spirit. Such a clatter of tongues as there was all round the table at any meal, and such a clashing of brilliant wits. Algernon, now Monsignor Stanley, was the only quiet one of the family.

“My brother and Kate were married at Alderley. Both families had a great objection to a fashionable wedding, with paragraphs in the papers, and photographs of the bride and bridegroom, and lists of guests, and the presents they gave, so a great deal of trouble was taken to keep it a quiet country wedding. We were all surprised, to say the least of it, when the usually dignified *Times* came out the next morning after the wedding with a long paragraph headed ‘High Jinks at Alderley!’ describing the ceremony in high-flown language, also a list of the guests, and the dresses worn by the ladies, even not leaving out an account of the country dances which took place in the evening, when they declared that the Countess Russell had danced up the middle and down again with the Lord Stanley of Alderley! as indeed she had. It was a very gay and happy festivity, and what made it still more so, was that the last bride of the family, Rosalind, who had married about a month before George Howard, afterwards Lord Carlisle, returned to dance at her sister’s wedding festivities. Dean Stanley conducted the ceremony of marriage.”*

I was very fond of my Aunt Rosalind, and she was very kind to me, and I used to stay with her at Naworth, and later when they succeeded to the title, at Castle Howard. George Howard was always the gentlest and most attractive of men, and I was also very much attached to all the children, to Cecilia, to Hubert, and to Kit in particular. Rosalind, alas! was a woman of principle, of virtue, and of determination. Her gentle husband could not stand up against her: in pursuance of her principles she cut off his drink, poured the contents of the wine cellar into the gutter, and closed all the public houses on the estate: as a result of her determination she gradually took the entire management of the

* “Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel.”

estate into her own hands. Most of her children were terrified of her and bit by bit and one by one husband and family were alienated by the excess of her determined virtue, until in the end she was surrounded merely by sycophant women. It was a common saying at Dover Street that Rosalind was enough to drive anyone to vice or drink. It was a sad development, for she was a fine character, full of energy directed to noble objects, but it shows how the best qualities may suffer from unchecked domination, and from the arrogance that claims the judgment of God without His infinite mercy or pity.

Among the younger generation of my first cousins, Griselda Ogilvy, her sister Blanche Hozier, Agnes before her marriage, her brother St. George, and Charley Howard, afterwards Lord Morpeth, were the most frequent visitors. The eldest son, the then Lord Stanley of Alderley, Henriquez, as the family always called him, was a more frequent visitor later, when he came to complain of the interminable naggings and jealousies of his wife Fabia, who wasn't his wife at all if he had only known. He was rather deaf, and very jealous of Lyulph, and these two things led to a rather funny scene one day in the House of Lords. I came in and found him standing by the steps of the Throne just behind the Woolsack, and bursting with an item of family gossip, I said: "Have you heard that Lyulph's cook has gone mad?" "Eh, eh, what's that?" said he. I repeated in a louder voice: "Lyulph's cook has gone mad." "Eh, what?" said he, "what's that you say? Lyulph gone mad?" "No," I bawled, "Lyulph's cook has gone mad." "Oh, oh," he said, "Lyulph's cook, umph." By this time the whole House was looking at us, and I hastily withdrew. I remember another amusing family incident which occurred at Dover Street itself. One night after dinner when Algernon was there some question of heretics came up, and Lyulph who was by way of being an agnostic said to tease him: "I suppose, of course, I haven't as good a chance in the next world as Mamma?" "Oh," answered Algernon most placidly, "there's no difference between you, you're all heretics, you'll all burn."

It will have been seen that the life I led at Dover Street was quite extraordinarily different from that of P. L. It was full of instruction, entertainment and pleasure. I learnt things about the great world; I heard matters freely discussed; I was allowed to speak for myself subject to the risk of being severely snubbed when I said anything silly. It can be imagined that I loved it,

and valued it, and above all the real and genuine kindness of my grandmother and the infinite trouble which the Aunt Maude took to afford me opportunities both of knowledge and amusement. All my House at Winchester knew the clear distinction I drew between my good aunt and my bad uncle. Later on, when I was more independent, my grandmother even went so far as to offer me a permanent room in Dover Street, and the use of the address for my visiting cards. She was a wonderful woman of the true Victorian type, and looking round London to-day it does not seem to me that we are likely in the future to see many more such women. One of the most remarkable things about her was that she mellowed as she grew older, and became kinder and kinder, instead of, as is so much more usual, more self-centred. I think after the death of my mother, her death was the next greatest loss in my life.

CHAPTER IX

WINCHESTER

IN October, 1879, when I was just over fourteen, I entered Morshead's House as a new man, as we called them at Winchester. In accordance with the school traditions, for the first fortnight I was free from any obligations (out of school, I mean, of course) other than those of learning the Book of Notions, which are the peculiar traditional expressions used by Wykehamists, and the other traditions of the school to which it behoved me to conform. I found myself one of thirty-five Morsheadites governed by three Prefects, C. T. Thring, Hugo Fort, and J. W. Mansfield. The House Master was Frederick Morshead, himself an old Wykehamist, and invariably known as Fred to distinguish him from E. D. A. Morshead, known as Doidge, who had no house, but took Sixth Book in Classics. I cannot pass on without pausing at once to pay my tribute of admiration and respect to Freddy, surely the ideal of a schoolmaster. Reasonably stern, absolutely just, perfectly honest, and beneath the surface the kindest of men, with an agreeable face, and a pleasing voice, there can hardly be any boy who was ever in his House that does not retain the most affectionate and devoted memories of him. He never slobbered as some schoolmasters do, he never thought it necessary to pretend as so many masters do, and he could always be relied on to be patient and firm. No boy whom he ever thought fit to punish resented his punishment; if ever he had to deliver a pi-jaw (and how he must have hated the task) he delivered it straight from the shoulder as one man to another, and without any of those sloppy sentimentalities so usual among schoolmasters, and of which old Tabor was the perfect example. It was said of Temple that he was a beast, but a just beast; Freddy was not even in that complimentary sense a beast. By those under him at the moment and ever after throughout their lives Freddy was respected and loved and no one would willingly have done anything to make him more than officially angry. It was indeed fortunate for me to find myself in a house presided over by such a spirit.

I applied myself to my task during my fortnight's grace, and was put through an examination in Notions at the end of it, from which I emerged sufficiently creditably. I had also mastered the minor traditions such as, that till I had been there two years I might not approach the fire in Hall, or walk with my hands in my pockets, and it was also explained to me that until I reached Sixth Book I was subject to the orders of any Prefect. Certain duties in the House were allotted to three of the new men: there was a Stoker whose business it was to keep the fires going in Hall, Paper Cad, whose business it was to look after the newspapers and other such matters, and Rolls Cad, whose business it was to prepare the various rolls. I was made Stoker, and I proved so unfortunately efficient at the job that I was continued in it for a second year after my first year of office had expired.

The school day began at 6.30 winter and summer, when the butler entered the various dormitories and roused their occupants. These were called Galleries at Winchester, and in my House there were four of them named after the number of their occupants, Thirteen, Ten, Upper Six and Lower Six. Each Gallery had a Prefect; I was in Upper Six after my first year, and my Prefect was Wigg, a humorous fellow, and in the Football Six. He afterwards became a Colonial Bishop, and Captain Monckton in his delightful "*Reminiscences of a New Guinea Magistrate*" gives him great praise under the name of Bishop Stone-Wigg, praise which I can readily believe is well deserved. Each Gallery had a Peals Cad whose duty it was to announce the time after the first call by the butler. At 6.40 he would sing out: "Twenty to, twenty to, twenty to," and at 6.50: "ten to, ten to, ten to"; and at 6.55: "five to," each Peal being given three times. After this it was time to bolt down to school over a quarter of a mile away, where you were supposed to be at 7 o'clock, for what was called "Morning lines." This consisted usually of the repetition of from ten to twenty lines of Virgil learnt by heart. It seems almost incredible to me in these days that I and at least half my fellows were able to memorize these twenty lines while dressing with sufficient accuracy to escape reprimand at their subsequent repetition. I have no doubt modern educational critics will condemn this as a perfectly useless and mechanical exercise, but I am not so sure that they are right. At one time I could say about five hundred lines of Virgil straight off. At 7.30 we had Chapel, lasting about fifteen to twenty minutes, and then we went back to our respective Houses for break-

fast at 8.15. I understand that the dear delicate creatures of the present day acting under the best medical advice are not exposed with empty stomachs to the cold morning air and do not leave the shelter of their Houses until they have been fortified by breakfast. I hope they profit by this care!

After breakfast we had morning school from 9 to 12, divided into three periods of one hour each, one hour at least of which would be spent with your Form Master, or as we called him your div. don. This was the master who took you in Greek, Latin, construing and prose, and probably History. If you did any, another hour would be spent with the mathematical master or sometimes doing French. Freddy Morshead sometimes took the French div., and this was the one occasion when I was able to feel superior to him on account of his accent, which was atrocious. We had a special modern language master, R. G. K. Wrench, who spoke French beautifully. From 12 to 3 you were out of school, dinner at 1.15 in your House, and were in school again from 3 to 6. The first hour of these three was usually spent in preparation. At 6.15 tea, and from 7 to 8.45 preparation in the House which was called toy-time. At 8.45 Morshead appeared, and read prayers at 9, after which the younger men went to bed and the older ones at 10. Tuesdays and Thursdays were half-holidays (it was characteristic of Winchester not to have the same day as any other school) or as we called them half-rem. On those days there was no afternoon school, and in winter we were free to be out till 5 o'clock, and in summer till tea-time. Saturday was not a half-rem, but at 5 o'clock instead of the last hour of lessons we had Chapel. On Sunday we had no lessons but three Chapels with toy-time as usual in the evening.

The communal life of the House is worth describing because it differs essentially from that of Eton and most other schools in the fact that for no one at any time either by day or night was there any seclusion or privacy. There were no such things as cubicles, the beds in the Galleries were like a hospital ward; there were no such things as private studies, not even for the Prefects. The life of the day was passed in Hall. This was a long and lofty room with a large fire at each end, and down the centre ran a double row of connected desks back to back with a continuous bench and a cross bench at each end. Down each side of Hall ran a row of "toys," wooden compartments quite open, rather like the place where you mark a polling paper or where you write a telegram in a post office,

each provided with a seat and a desk. In three corners of the room there were three much larger "toys" for Prefects, but be it clearly understood without any door. At one end of the room the door by which the men obtained access, and at the other end a little iron staircase leading straight into Morshead's study.

There were from two to four Prefects in each House, and each Prefect would be "in course" for a week, during which time he would be responsible for discipline. At toy-time the Prefect in course would sit at the end of the central row of desks which would be occupied by the smaller boys (I beg their pardon, the junior men), while the senior men would be distributed in toys, one man to each. During toy-time no one might move or speak without leave of the Prefect. If two men wanted to prepare their work together, one of them would ask the Prefect for leave, and they would then both sit in the same toys, going over their work in an undertone. If for any reason a man wanted to leave Hall during toy-time, he "put up a roll" to the Prefect in course. This consisted in offering him a slip of paper across which at one end was written the man's name, and along which was written *veniam exeundi petit*, and on the Prefect nodding, he deposited the paper on the desk before him and left the room, resuming the roll on his return. It will be seen therefore that the whole of thirty-five boys at one time had to do their work as best they could in public, and without making an undue noise about it. For my own part I think this an excellent training as it teaches people to concentrate quite regardless of what may be going on around them, and also to carry on all the ordinary operations of life without undue self-consciousness in the presence of their fellows. It is the exact antithesis of the Eton system, where even the smallest boy has a separate study in which he works and sleeps. I can only say that in my own case to this day the result is that I have no difficulty in concentrating my mind on anything I am reading or writing quite regardless of any external hubbub.

Winchester, as every one knows, was founded over five hundred years ago by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who dedicated two colleges to St. Mary Winton, one at Winchester, and the other at Oxford, where being among the oldest it is known as New College. The original Foundation is what we now call College, and is limited to seventy scholars, the number being based on the Seventy mentioned in St. Luke. At the head stood the Warden, and the Sub-Warden, whose powers since the Public

Schools Commission are now exercised by the Governing Body, which to the men at the school is about as remote as the gods of Epicurus. At the head of the school there came an Informator (or person who kept things in line), now called the Head Master, and an Ostiarius or usher, now called the Second Master. The Second Master lives in College, and by tradition acts as their House Master. The College men live in seven chambers round Chamber Court, and until quite recently both lived and slept in the same apartment with very inadequate light and air. Middle Gate overlooks Chamber Court, and is decorated with three statues, of which the middle one is the Virgin Mary, flanked by the Archangel Gabriel, and the pious founder. As a mark of respect to the Virgin, hats are not worn in Chamber Court; College men wear gowns and no hats, and have their meals all together in Hall prefaced and concluded by the singing of the Latin Grace by the Queristers attached to the school. Chapel takes up one side of Chamber Court. A few yards away is a large detached building called School, where at the beginning of my time College men used to work in the day, and which originally represented the class-room accommodation of the College. It is now only used for concerts and other public gatherings.

At one end of it is an ancient scroll with its punning motto *aut disce*, and a Bishop's Mitre, meaning "Either learn and obtain a scholar's reward a Bishopric," *aut discede*, and a sword, "or else leave the school and seek success in war," *manet sors tertia cedi*, with a Bibling Rod, "there is still a third course open to you—to take a flogging." Beyond School is a small meadow enclosed by a flint wall which used to be the only recreation ground, and is called Meads. These three places, Chamber Court, School, and Meads constitute the very heart of Wykehamist religion. Originally a charitable foundation, the scholars of the College of St. Mary Winton paid nothing, and Founder's kin had a preference. It was a tradition in College that a claim to be Founder's kin could be tested by breaking an oaken plate on his head: if the head broke the plate it was probably akin to the Founder. This seems disrespectful to the pious Wykeham. Even in my time College men only paid £20 a year, and schoolboys are such snobs that I am not sure that they were not looked down upon for this reason, although intellectually of course they were the *élite* of the school, and faithful to the tradition they do still become Bishops, Deans, and the like in later life. Nowadays, of course, Founder's kin

have no preference, and entrance is obtained by competitive examination of a very stiff character for little boys of thirteen. Later in the history of the school the benefits of its education were extended to one hundred or so additional boys who were lodged in new buildings adjacent to College, who paid much more, and were called Commoners to distinguish them from College men, like the Eton distinction of Collegers and Oppidans. A further extension led to the establishment of five houses in the town, each with its own House Master. Dr. Ridding moved Commoners away into four new houses and transformed the buildings they had been in into additional classrooms. This historical development led to the division of the school for purposes of football competition into three sections, College, comprising the original seventy scholars, Houses, comprising the five older houses; and Commoners, comprising the four new houses, and giving a total school population of about four hundred.

The Prefectorial system deserves dwelling upon because it is I think more complete than that of any other school. In College there were by tradition three Senior Prefects, Prefect of Hall, who was the head of the whole school, and the official means of communication between the school and the Headmaster: Prefect of Chapel whose business it was to arrange the seats and check the attendances: and Bible Clerk, who varied each week, and who, during the week that he was in course, read the Lessons in Chapel and presented delinquents to the Headmaster. From his name came the name of the traditional implement, a Bibling Rod, which consisted of a short handle furnished with four supple apple twigs. All Prefects were appointed by and took their authority directly from the Headmaster, and the formula in the case of Commoner Prefects was *Praeficio te commensalibus*, i.e., "I set thee over the Commoners." Masters took account of offences connected with lessons, non-attendance at Chapel, breaking bounds, and the like, if forced upon their notice, or the grosser offences which might lead to action by the Headmaster, but with these exceptions the entire discipline of the school was in the hands of the Prefects, and the dons were relieved from the odious duty of acting as policemen. The powers of a Prefect over everyone below Sixth Book were practically unlimited; if he called "here" everyone who heard it had to run to him and the last arrival got the job: he would check talking in chapel: he would keep order in toy-time: he would prevent disorder or bullying in the House; he had control

over games, which were to some extent compulsory : and he could give practically any order he thought fit. His sanction was the power to inflict a tunding, and from his decision there was no appeal except direct to the Headmaster. Now a tunding was on this wise : the victim turned up his coat collar, folded his arms, bent his head, and stood with rounded back ; the prefect seized in his hand a ground-ash some four or five feet long, and brought it down with the full force of his arm upon the rounded back. A first class executant could break a ground-ash at every stroke. Not long before my time there had been a great tunding row which had led to correspondence in *The Times* from sentimental parents, and since that the number of strokes a Prefect could give was limited to twelve, but my readers may take it from me that half a dozen was more than enough for most occasions. There was no informality and no passion about the punishment ; the number of strokes was predetermined ; the formula by a Prefect was : " You will come to me at half past eight to-morrow," and at that hour in cold blood, and in the presence of the assembled and awe-stricken House the punishment was formally administered. Let no one suppose that these barbarous sounding powers led to barbarous results : in the whole of my five years I saw but one tunding in my House, and that was of two men who got six strokes each because they had been caught smoking by a Prefect of another house, and reported to our Prefect. Moreover, there exists a public opinion even in a democracy without votes, and it was even possible that Prefects might be chidden informally by a Prefects' Meeting or the Headmaster. The only other tunding I can recollect at this moment was of two boys in another house, one of whom subsequently founded Pearson's Magazine, and became best known as the founder of St. Dunstan's, who, by means of a pretended invitation to their relations, had surreptitiously attended Stockbridge Races. Happily for them the Prefect discovered it first, for there can be little doubt that they would have been expelled had the master had to act, but our law was the same law as the Common Law of England, viz., that no man should be put twice in peril for the same offence, and as they had tholed their assize they were free from further punishment.

I fear I must have had a legal instinct even in those days, for I was responsible for the only two appeals that I ever heard of in connexion with a Prefect's authority. The first occasion arose when I was fairly high up in the school on a night when it was

known that Morshead was dining out somewhere. I stepped out of the Gallery of Upper Six on to the stone staircase and found that someone had at that moment deposited there a three gallon can of boiling water intended for some Prefect's bath. Moved by an irresistible impulse of mischief I kicked it over, and the can jangled down the steps while a cascade of boiling water fell three floors. As the steam cleared away what was my horror to see Freddy in evening dress at the bottom of the next flight saying: "Who did that?" I said to myself like Hamlet's uncle: "Oh my offence is rank to heaven," and by Jove it was, but my actual words were: "I am afraid it was me, Sir." Freddy thereupon gave me three hundred lines of Latin and English, and cancelled my leave-out next day, which I had been looking forward to. I sat up till one o'clock that night, and got through the three hundred Latin, but as I said before, no one ever bore a grudge against Freddy, although I wished he hadn't sconded my leave-out. There was a Prefect then in the house whom I didn't like, and who didn't like me, and so he took the opportunity of ordering me to come to him at half-past eight next morning. When I came I said: "What am I to be punished for?" and he said: "For making a disturbance last night." I said: "I have already been punished for that, and I shall appeal to the Headmaster," and I did, successfully; the exact reverse of the Pearson case. I was sorry to miss the chance of experiencing a tunding, but I could not bring myself to give *him* the gratification of administering it. The other occasion was one in which I myself had sent for a man at half-past eight when I was a Prefect a year or so later, and he, thinking to play Palmerston's tit for tat with Johnny Russell, declared that he hadn't done it and that he would appeal to the Headmaster. We both went before the Headmaster; I was not called upon, and the Headmaster pronounced judgment: "I don't believe a word you say, my boy, but as it is not the custom now to send a boy back to the Prefect, you will do me five hundred lines Latin and English." In this case I was also much relieved, because he happened to be the son of one of my dearest friends, who abhorred corporal punishment.

We didn't have the system which obtains at Eton of one fag to one monitor (and by the way no Wykehamist can ever refer to Eton without reminding everyone that it was founded by some scholars hiving off from Winchester), but any Prefect might require any service of any junior under four years' standing who was what

was technically called "in sweat." Selective attendance none the less arose sometimes. For instance, the Prefects were allowed to have toast for tea and having been discovered to make good toast I was frequently given this duty. Those who disliked it were apt to escape it by means of accidentally dropping the toast in the fire or the ashes, but I found myself sufficiently rewarded by the occasional grant of a piece of toast for myself. We used to be "sweated" down to shops to buy for Prefects the occasional extras they were allowed to have at tea twice a week, and I owe to the necessity of satisfying my Prefect on my return, my capacity for choosing a good piece of streaky bacon in a grocer's. An occasional less agreeable duty was the cleaning of very filthy football boots. But all things have their compensations: I had a Prefect named Mansfield, brother of Lord Sandhurst, and now partner in that firm of wine merchants, Hatch, Mansfield and Co., from whom we get such frequent circulars. His glory in those days was that he was Captain of Six, and my advantage was that I was better at French than he was. I used, therefore, to do his French exercises for him, and in return received the coveted privilege and distinction of occupying his roomy toys.

There were three terms in the year, but distinguished of course by our peculiar names, Common Time, Cloister Time, and Short Half. In Short Half football was played, and was compulsory for every man who had not medical exemption. Winchester football is a game entirely *sui generis*, and is played in a long narrow ground enclosed by a net on the two long sides, and has no goal posts; however, I do not propose to weary my readers with a technical description. Towards the end of the term came Fifteens, that is to say a match between the best fifteen of each of the three divisions of the school that I mentioned before, College, Houses, and Commoners; and these were followed a few weeks later by Sixes which was a similar match between the best six of each side. The reserve men of the team were said to be "in dress." The distinction of being Captain of Six was very great, barely second to that of being Captain of the Eleven. The excitement caused by these matches was always very great, and party feeling ran very high. Every one attended the match, and the crowd outside the net cheered their sides vociferously. Sixes was, of course, a much faster game than Fifteens, and a great deal depended upon kicking. (Among the other intrusions of the horrible modern spirit into Winchester, I am told as a fact that the wretched creatures now play Association

Football sometimes—it sounds horrible.) After the matches came Commoner Singing, of which more anon. Cricket was played in Cloister Time and here the only compulsory part was an obligation on men who had been less than two years at the school to go down twice a week and field for those who were practising at the nets. At the end of the term came the only outside match that was played, the Eton and Winchester, played in alternate years on the grounds of either school, and lasting two days. In Common Time there were no official or compulsory games, and one's time was occupied with fives, tennis (I don't mean lawn-tennis), and boxing, fencing, and other exercises in the gymnasium, and paper-chases. Personally, I was never any good at games, and this was the term I preferred, although I rather liked football, and could play tennis moderately. At the end of my time we were sometimes allowed to play lawn-tennis in the Housemaster's garden. There was a river—so called—on which I was fond of boating. Its geographical name is the Itchen, but at Winchester it is barely wide enough for a pair of sculls, so boating was not very serious. There was also a bathing place with a dive which I much frequented.

To return to Commoner Singing. This was an ordered but hilarious function. It took place of course in Hall, presided over by the Prefects in arm-chairs, with the other men clustering where they could. Its manual was a thin red volume called Commoner Song Book which contained choruses sung by the whole assembly. Between the choruses any unfortunate person might be called upon for a solo which he had to sing standing up at the end of the long desk in full view of the company. If he were wise he would choose one with a good chorus, so that his own poor efforts might pass unnoticed in the pleasure of his audience at hearing their own voices. Having as I have already said no musical capacity, I must needs choose for my solo "The Silver Churn," which is particularly intricate. I chose it for the foolish and quite inadequate reason that I was very fond of it: I was not a success. But it had one advantage, I was never asked to sing again. (I recollect something similar when I went to have my voice tested for the choir by the organist; after trying two or three notes he gave a howl of anguish and blew me out of the room.) Apart from my own efforts, however, I thoroughly enjoyed the singing, and it caused one to know well several old English songs. One song always started the evening, a party war song of triumph in the football field of which I quote a few lines.

Then hushed was the boasting of College
And crushed was the pride of the Green
And all with one voice did acknowledge
The strength of our Red Fifteen.*

There was another kind of singing which I also much enjoyed ; on Sunday evening, Mrs. Morshead used to invite as many as cared to come to her drawing-room, where she or her daughter played the piano and we sang hymns.

* Red were the Commoner colours, and green the colours of Houses : College was blue, and the antiquarians used to substitute " Blue " and " Twenty-two " for the termination of the second and fourth lines because the original number of the football team was twenty-two.

CHAPTER X

PERSONALITIES AT WINCHESTER

LET me begin as is only natural with my own House, and as is only respectful with its Prefects. There were two Thrings, both members of the same family, which has also produced the present Clerk of the Parliaments in the House of Lords. There was Hugo Fort, whom I have already mentioned, always known as "Learning" from the passage in the Acts, "Much learning doth make thee mad," whose elder brother, J. A. Fort, returned to Winchester as a master before I left. There was Wigg, who afterwards became a Bishop, Jimmy Mansfield, a cricketer and Captain of Six, whom I have already mentioned. Among others, I remember Dan Eckersley who was killed a very few years after fighting bravely in some Indian skirmish, and Edwin Freshfield, son and successor to the well-known Solicitor of the Bank of England. Among those junior to me was a cousin whom I once had occasion to spank in Gallery—once only—in the place where it is fitting that people should be spanked. I remember the incident because next morning in spite of his protests we examined the *locus in quo*, and to my horror the marks of five fingers were still clearly discernible. From that day to this I have never raised my hand to a fellow creature in anger for fear of hurting him. No other very outstanding figures in my House come back to me with the exception of R. O. Moon, about a year my senior, who is now a distinguished physician and heart specialist, although his adventurous spirit has led him to take part in Balkan Wars, and to choose a Serbian hospital to have typhus in during the Great War. He used to be mercilessly chaffed at school because he could not pronounce his R's, but even in those days his erudition was matched by his readiness. I remember an occasion during some discussion about vegetables when a small boy from upstairs ran into Hall for a book after bedtime in a red flannel dressing-gown, whereupon Moon immediately remarked: "Here comes a scarlet runner." The General Election of 1880 took place during my

school days ; in a house which then had forty boys, he and I and one other were the only Liberals. Such are politics in the schools of the classes, and it leads to Wykehamists being rather dull dogs in later life. As against that they can be relied upon for all those sound qualities which go to make up the ideal English gentleman, and are perfectly safe people to go tiger shooting with.

Among those outside my House whose names recur to me as being known in the great world are Oman of the Board of Education, Fisher the present President, Hemmerde, K.C., ex-M.P., and the present Recorder of Liverpool, Pearson, afterwards Sir Arthur, whom I have already mentioned, Margoliouth of New College, Waterfield, son of the Headmaster at Sheen, where I used to be sent in my young days, himself Headmaster of Cheltenham and now a Dean, and many others.

I had numerous personal friends with whom I was more or less intimate at one time or another both in the House and out of it. The old *Tabula Legum* prescribed that in walking to Hills "*Sociati omnes incedunto*," and this rule was still commonly observed in ordinary school tradition so that it was unusual for a man to walk down to school or back to Chapel without a "*socius*" which was the Notion in use for his companion. Of my various *socii* I only recall one incident worth recording. It was a man who at the time was deeply impressed by religion to such an extent that not only used he to say a little prayer before drinking lemonade, but also to pray before serving a ball at lawn-tennis, that it might go over the net. I do not know why these peculiarities linger in my memory, but to this day I can never read Browning's lines :

" I the Trinity illustrate
Drinking watered orange pulp,
In three sips the Arian frustrate,
While he drains his at one gulp,"

without thinking of him.

My greatest friend then and afterwards was Lionel Johnson, but he belongs more properly to the next chapter.

The Headmaster in my time was George Ridding, known to the school either as the Doctor or as Jahra. He became Headmaster in 1866, and introduced great reforms a few years afterwards, starting the four Commoner Houses of which in my time the masters were Morshead, Fearon, Bramston, and Sergeant. He was really

a most wonderful and lovable man, and I much regret that owing to my never having been in Sixth Book my occasions of personal contact with him were so few. He had an abrupt manner of speech, and most of the school was terrified of him, but I imagine all those who knew him well retain a remembrance which is both affectionate and devoted. He had the qualities necessary to make a great schoolmaster; justice, firmness, humour, and the blind eye. I have already mentioned two of my own contacts with him on the question of tunding and being tunded. Another occasion was in connexion with Chapel: as a rule, those who were absent from Chapel were reported to their div. dons by Bible Clerk, and received the appropriate number of lines as a punishment. On this occasion Ridding, who didn't like the habit which we had developed of keeping up a steady single file queue so that the doors of Chapel remained open nearly five minutes beyond the appointed hour, had ordered that the doors should be closed on the stroke irrespective of those still about to enter, and that the delinquents should appear before him personally. With characteristic ill-fortune I had chosen that particular afternoon to shirk Chapel altogether, and deliberately abstained from going. There were something like one hundred of us waiting upon Ridding, and he was giving each of them a caution and a hundred lines, and when I appeared before him he said: "Well, well, my boy, tarde Chapel, why were you tarde?" And I replied: "No, Sir, I wasn't tarde, I didn't go." He said: "What do you mean, my boy, didn't go, didn't go, what do you mean?" I said: "No, Sir, I am very sorry; I'm afraid I shirked." He said: "Oh, very well, my boy, two hundred lines," but no questions. On another occasion during my High Church period I was going to afternoon service at S. John's the Daker's Church. This was out of bounds, and on my way back who should I run into but the Headmaster himself. "Well, well, my boy, what are you doing here, where have you been?" So I said: "I have been to service at S. John's, Sir." "Oh, my boy," he said, "it's out of bounds, you know," and I said: "Yes, Sir, I know." And so we parted with a twinkle on his part, and without the two hundred lines I expected. Lionel Johnson at the time he was discussing Buddhism while still at the school gives these two anecdotes of him:

"I have shirked chapel for two days running now; a flagrant enormity in my eyes, but not in Ridding's. He asked me sarcastically this morning if I thought Nirvana was the same as

lying in bed. I told him it was very much like it, only more so. He remarked that my definition of Nirvana was as lucid as most people's, but that that was not saying much ; ”

and again :—

“ The Doctor says : ‘ I think there is something in you, and that something may come of all your mental anxieties, but it is not an edifying sight for the school, so be quick about it ! ’ That is the state of the case, so farewell till—Nirvana so far as I can see ! ”

My other interview with Dr. Ridding was, or should have been of a painful character. I spent my first two terms in Toye's div., the father of Geoffrey Toye who so brilliantly conducts Gilbert and Sullivan these days, my third term in Stonehouse's div. and my fourth with Toye again, who had moved up with me. Toye was a strict disciplinarian, and I never had any trouble with him, but in Stoney's div. there was no discipline at all. He was one of those masters who let you rag him and fool him to the limit, and then suddenly in a sort of shy ferocity, asserts his authority. One day when I suppose the class had been baiting him more than usual, I had been talking to my neighbour instead of attending, and after he cautioned me I did it a second time. So he suddenly flew out at me and said : “ Russell, you are talking again : order your name.” This is one of our Notions, and means that you are to report to the College Prefect in course as Bible Clerk for the purpose of a flogging. Bible Clerk then draws a roll with your name across one end, and on the rest of the roll “ *Hoc nomen jussu domini Stonehouse tibi detuli,* ” and signs it and takes it to the Headmaster. The usual practice for people in Stoney's div. when told to order their name was to stop out of the class room for the greater part of the rest of the hour, and then come back and say that they couldn't find Bible Clerk, when Stoney, grunting and grumbling, and already afraid of his sudden impulse, would tell them to sit down. I, however, thought that this would probably be my last chance of experiencing a bibling, and therefore duly ordered my name, and in due course Bible Clerk appeared in the class room and said : “ Russell, the Headmaster would like to see you at twelve o'clock.” I attended, and did the necessary disrobing, and Bible Clerk, in accordance with the traditions of his office held up the tail of my shirt, while

the Headmaster duly performed his part of the ceremony. I cannot honestly say that it hurt, and I have never regretted not missing the experience. It was particularly amusing afterwards, when Ridding had become Bishop of Southwell, and I had come of age, to sit in the House of Lords on equal terms with the man who had flogged me.

The Second Master, the Rev. G. Richardson, was a man of quite a different type, easy going, and genial. He and his wife, Sarah Richardson, lived in rooms in College, of which he was Housemaster, with windows overlooking Chamber Court. He was a large man with a good-natured laugh, and fond of smoking a full-length churchwarden in the privacy of his study. He was a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and taught mathematics. His wife was also fat and good natured, was universally known as Mrs. Dick, and must be remembered with tender affection by many generations of Wykehamists. She used to ask men from the school as well as from College to the number of three or four to lunch on Sundays, and after that she had a sort of continuous reception till Chapel time, hardly ever less than thirty. I used to lunch with her once or twice a term, and if I did not lunch almost always came to tea. She was excessively kind to me, and almost a second mother not only during my time at Winchester, but for years afterwards, until the day of her death, which was a great loss to me. I always sit at the head of my table in a beautiful Sussex-made apple wood chair which was left me by old Dick when he died. The friendship of these two kind and warm-hearted people was a great consolation to me for many years.

I suppose the next master of whom one ought to speak is Fearon, who had the adjoining house to Morshead until he went away to be a Dean or something, and was succeeded by Theodore Kensington, who was not a success as a Housemaster. After Ridding's translation to his Bishopric, Fearon returned as Headmaster, and although I never came into contact with the man himself except at Wykehamical Dinners, I have always heard glowing accounts of him. As a mere pun upon his name he was always called "the Bear," for no description could have been more foreign to his character. Bramston had another Commoner House, and was always called "Root," a name which was said to be derived from the "root of all evil," but I do not know why. His contemporaries and friends always called him "Trant." His father had been Dean of Winchester. He was a man who had favourites, rather a fatal defect,

and on one occasion in his div. one of his favourites who had not brought his books down was merely told to look over his neighbour, but I, who had also forgotten my books, was given one hundred lines. Injustice has always moved me profoundly, and I used passionate and indefensible language for which I refused to express regret. On another occasion during a very pious period I had to confess to some cribbing to him very reluctantly, as he was a master I didn't like. I made my confession by letter, and he sent me a very kind reply. Sergeant, the remaining Commoner Housemaster, I never had anything to do with except for French, but he was a funny brisk little man, really religious, and I think he left the School to go to our Mission at Southsea. My last div. don in the Senior Division of Fifth Book was a man called Griffiths, a most peculiar and archaic survival. He was unusually old and profoundly uninteresting to boys, a good scholar, but nothing of a preceptor. If you liked to work in his div. you could, if you didn't you needn't. It was suggested that he marked us chiefly by the volume of the book of notes that we showed up at the end of the term. The only incident I recall belongs to an occasion when Ridding was taking the div., and in the course of a discursive questioning asked where the quotation "Of sitting as of other carnal pleasures cometh satiety at the last" came from. I happened to be the only man who knew, just as on another occasion I was the only one who knew the amount of the National Debt. There was a mathematical master called Croft, with whom I passed many happy hours doing geometry and conic sections. On one occasion I lost my temper, and was very rude to him—I don't know why—but I apologized, for he was a man for whom I had a regard, and he behaved very generously and kindly to me.

There was an ex-master, called the Rev. H. C. Dickins, or the Daker, whom I mention again in my chapter on religion. When I first knew him he had a house in Kingsgate Street, and I am not sure that my original attraction was not the fried sprats which his housekeeper used to give us for tea. But he was a most lovable, most amusing, and most honest man, and I continued to see a great deal of him for many and many a year after my school days. I even forgave him for marrying me to my first wife. He moved later to a house in his poor parish of S. John's, close to his church, very strangely arranged with a sort of canalized Itchen flowing along one side of his garden over which he built a bridge for the pair of horses that he always drove. He preached most excellent, and

simple sermons, and many of them ended with a sort of denunciation of Pharisees "for turning God's truth into a lie." We always were and remained the greatest of friends, more so than would have seemed possible in view of the discrepancy of age. He had many and many an anecdote about his various Bishops and his parish, and I often wish that I had collected them. I only recollect three. A soldier who was living with a woman came to his church with her for the christening of their third baby, and he urged them, as the union seemed fairly permanent, to get married, "but" he said: "I could see that the soldier thought all I wanted was to get the seven and sixpence out of him." The Vicar of the adjoining Parish was more solemnly High Church than the Daker, and meeting him one day said: "I say, Dickins, what do you do with your Holy Grass?" After the Daker had taken a moment or two to realize what the Holy Grass was, he replied to the horror of the other man: "Oh, I usually give it to my horses." The third story relates to a Sunday School where a couple of young ladies taught the children under the supervision of a rather deaf parson. On one occasion a pupil, with I fear leanings towards thinking for himself, was asking one of these young ladies how it was possible that David, in view of the affair with Bathsheba, and one or two other regrettable incidents, could be a man after the Lord's own heart. The nature of the question made it specially embarrassing for a young woman, and seeing her embarrassed and confused and coming to ask his help, the old parson who had not heard what it was about, and had only one stock phrase for all difficulties, patted her on the shoulder and said: "My dear, the answer is that with man it is impossible, but with God all things are possible." The Daker not only had a forgiving heart and a passion for justice, but he put his Christian principles into practice, and when, as not infrequently happened, his parishioners came into contact with the law, he used to attend in person before the magistrates or at assizes to be sure that the best explanation was given, and to mitigate punishment as far as possible. It may be imagined that with his independent character and with his insistence upon practising Christianity instead of only preaching it, he frequently came in conflict with his diocesan. I fear that these tussles with his Bishop filled him with an unholy and somewhat unregenerate joy, and I well remember his telling me how one Bishop more foolish than the rest, uttering what appeared to him a desolating ultimatum said: "Really, Mr. Dickins, if you continue in this obstinacy I

fear I shall not be able to visit your church"; and the Daker's suave reply: "Then, my Lord, I must endeavour to bear that deprivation with what fortitude I may." Our rustic Sussex humour always speaks of a signpost as a parson, and when challenged explains it by saying that it points the way, but is careful not to go it. To Dickins, at any rate, this reproach could never have been made. He died in June, 1920, at the age of 83, after 50 years as Vicar, and lies in the cemetery beside Mallie Graham, his beloved curate.

CHAPTER XI

SUNDRY JOTTINGS

THE following are some irreverent verses current in my time, supposed to be descriptive of the masters. Audrey and John Desborough were before my time: Beetle is Wickham; Chalker was the Rev. C. Hawkins, who used to teach Euclid, sing the tenor recitatives at Concert, and try to interest the school in Shakespeare. I cannot recall what Ridding had done to be described as a breaker of the Sabbath.

Great Ridding breaker of the Sabbath Laws
Uncertain speaks and glaring hums and haws :
Audrey the mild whene'er to school he goes
To Sixth grows coy at once and always blows :
Whilst little Fearon semper forth doth pour
Great bits of learning and of classic lore :
And oily Griffiths with smooth tongue explains
The force of mountains, oceans, tides and rains :
Thro' school with rapid feet lo ! Morshead strides,
And laughing loud, Bohn's construes he derides :
Du Boulay with strange accent (Ha !) doth speak
And to his div.'s delight thokes twice a week :
And Woollen-gloved old Hair, who always tries
To urge from tasks there should be no remies :
Then little Sergeant, who so prone to turn ?
(Or rather cropple) why all mercy spurn ?
The swarthy Beetle just four feet in height
Makes those he hates the victims of his spite :
The crane-like Stoney riled too sudden grows
And for mere nothings firks you down whole rows :
Toye up to books exclaims "Great owl" and "Fool"
Language unsuited to this ancient school :
The downy Root astonished doth look
At those great duffers who compose Fourth Book :
Thus speaks John Des : "We've done our vulgar fractions :
Boys ! I hope you'll ne'er do vulgar actions :"
Fat Richard pulls his beard, and then remarks,
"Haw ! think I'll give you forty marks" :
Whilst Chalker, who sets up to be an actor
Corrects old Euclid and expounds the factor.

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

1869.

During my time at Winchester I kept an elaborate Journal which I have looked through. As one might anticipate it is largely concerned with details of work and games and people, most of whom I have forgotten, but I have discovered an entry here and there which may be worth quoting.

1879.

Weds., July 9. Three weeks to the end of Term. Extra half-rem. for Judges coming down. Repack a box sent by Goolden [this was my Science Master at Cheam, who afterwards started an electrical firm, Goolden and Trotter] containing 2 lb. Hg., 2 lb. Cu SO₄, 12 lb. H₂SO₄, 1 lb. No. 30 B.W.G. Cotton covered wire; to which I added 22 zinc rods made by Jolly at a cost of 3d. a rod, and a Gravity Sulphate Cell 1s. 6d., which I got from Dale and Crampton.

July 11. Buy "Boy's Own Paper" at Wells. Can't say I think it worth the money.

July 13. With great trouble compose a letter of 3 pages to Auntie.

July 16. Granny intends to come to-morrow; don't know if she will all the same. Hurts my throat to swallow, and my head is feverish.

July 17. Better. Thought so; Granny doesn't come after all. Thinks now she won't come for the rest of the term.

July 23. I went Continent on July 19 according to my intentions. Symptoms:—sore throat, coughing, with great heaviness and sleepiness. This turned out to be *measles*!

Aug. 2. All infection over to-day; come to Dover Street.

Aug. 6. Leave London with Uncle Rollo at 6.45 a.m. on the 4th, and arrive to-day in Glion, 2,000 ft. above the sea.

Aug. 8. Go to Les Avants.

Aug. 13. Steamer across Lake Thun, Interlaken.

Aug. 14. Went up the Giessbach Falls.

Aug. 15. Went to Lauterbrunnen and saw the Staubbach—a waterfall of 900 ft. which all spreads to dust.

Sept. 17. Came back to Winchester. Have put up my telegraphs in the holidays, and leave it and an electric bell working well.

The line wire is 500 yd. of No. 11 B.W.G. galvanized iron wire fixed to the trees by staples 1½ in. long. The instruments are needle, and it is worked by a 4-cell Daniell at one end, and a 2-cell Leclanché at the other: though one cell is sufficient to produce a marked deflection. Earth is made by a wire wound round water pipes.

Sept. 24. Weigh 8 st. 3 lb.

Sept. 28. Aunt Maude came to evening chapel and before we went to tea with Mrs. Richardson who was very nice and kind, and showed us over College.

Sept. 29. Leave-out day. On arriving at Portsmouth we found the Admiral's man waiting for us to take us (Aunt Maude, Watney sen., and me) to Admiralty House. We soon left that and were taken round the dockyards in a little carriage and locomotive, and we saw iron plates cut and punched and drilled, one of which was for the *Devastation*. Then we went over the *Inflexible*, a new turret ship which was in dry dock being built, and the *Dreadnought*, which is a turret ship of four guns, and was then in commission. After that we had a splendid dinner, and Capt. Wells of the Steam Reserve came, and after luncheon took us in his steam launch, which I managed myself, to the *Victory*, in which Nelson died; The Queen's yacht, the *Albert Edward*, which was gilt all over, carpeted and matted, and which costs £1,000 a year to keep in order; the *Minotaur*, an old form of ironclad, and the *Duke of Wellington*, a receiving ship. Then we went to tea, and at 6.45 after a beautiful day, we left the Harbour Station and arrived at Winchester much tired at 8.20 p.m.

Nov. 17. Du Boulay Hill lets us look through a spectroscope to-day—I saw the sodium lines very distinctly.

Dec. 29. In London I went to Aunt Maude's night school and took a class of four boys for her in arithmetic, reading, and writing. They are much better behaved than when I first went there two years ago.

1880.

Jan. 25. Stoney gave me 200 lines yesterday for saying "How do you do?" to him, but I hope he doesn't expect to get them.

Jan. 28. While we were up at House I had a mill with Willoughby; sat on him for about half an hour altogether, and socked him completely, though he did scratch my hand most vilely. I am rather glad I have milled Willoughby, it has been coming for some days, and it was better for the storm to burst at once and have it over.

Feb. 29. Du Boulay preached in Chantrey this evening from Romans XII "Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good." It was not quite as good as his sermons usually are, but all the same very much to the point.

Mar. 10. Jockey up from junior to second senior for knowing

that cubit is derived from *cubitus*, the outstretched arm, and when I get there Toye seizes my notes among Livy pages, which he thinks at first are welching notes, but finds they aren't.

Mar. 16. A Liberal placard appeared posted on Root's house. Owing to my daring to express a feeling of joy on seeing it there I get smitten on the head; under which blow I still smart.

Mar. 20. Sent four lines of verse in English to *Punch* to-day signed O.O.F.M.H.—One of Freddy Morshead's House.

Apl. 5. Uncle Rollo and I went to Red Lion Square to hear the result of Middlesex. Gladstone beaten by 4,000. He seemed not at all dispirited. Polling over Midlothian to-day; if Gladstone, Senr., gets in he will resign for Leeds, and perhaps Herbert may contest it.

Apl. 25. Uncle Rollo's not going to America after all; as I ought to have expected.

May 13. William Harcourt has been turned out for Oxford, and Tories rejoice greatly that their brewer has got him out.

May. 15. Get a letter from Warburtons advising, perhaps I should say commanding, that I go there every other Sunday.

June 10. Dress and proceed with tickets given by Dick to "Agamemnon," a play acted in Greek after the Greek fashion; it was most interesting and exciting. After it Aunt Maude and I had supper with Mrs. Dick and "Chorus" in costume.

[This was the time Frank Benson performed "Agamemnon" for the school.]

June 24. Eton Match. It was very sad towards the end, because we had four wickets to go down and only about 13 runs to make, and yet we didn't do it. I believe poor Jahra was very much distressed. I think a sort of shiver or sigh came from all around as the last wicket was bowled and his bails flew on the ground.

June 30. I can't understand Permutations and Combinations a bit in Kenny's div.—I think he doesn't give time enough to explaining things to us.

July 1. Bradlaugh the great atheist M.P. for Northampton was shut up in the Clock Tower the other night for refusing to leave the House when told. It is a pity not to have *let* him affirm at once; they will *have* to do so soon.

July 3. Jockey up Senior to-day for knowing that πρότονι was the Greek for some of ship's ropes.

July 12. Toye wouldn't hear Morning Lines this morning

because he swore we didn't know them, as a matter of fact he wanted to add up Cuse.

July 29. [Aunt Maude took me to an American play which I describe fully and finish by saying] "A great part of the play is extremely sentimental."

July 31. I went to Dale and Crampton's and bought 2 Anderson Patent Cells, 2 Leclanché and 2 dozen insulators, small magnet, some chemicals, and 2 bell pushes.

Aug. 9. After dinner Uncle Rollo and I saw some shooting stars, learnt several, and then looked at Jupiter with a telescope and saw all four moons and his belt.

Sept. 8. At Naworth. I went down to shoot rabbits with a ferret and killed three my second day, then I went out in the evening and killed one, then again ferreting and killed three more.

Sept. 16. Morshead had a great run made on him to pay bills and has a great debt which he will take years to pay and is therefore poor at present. The supposed number in our house has been raised from 35 to 40.

Sept. 19. The Bishop of Bedford's sermon made me think of the words "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," so much did I feel inclined to become a London missionary, and I have felt so before when I went about with Aunt Maude.

Oct. 5. Still tight Junior—Morshead has spoken to me, so has Sergeant, but it has not moved me up one place.

Oct. 14. Play in Long Game this afternoon [football]. Get terribly smitten about. I get my head squashed, my finger sprained, and my foot disabled.

Oct. 21. I get a p.c. from Bertie to-day to say "Snowstorm broke telegraph wire," real Spartan laconicism, no telegram could have been shorter. Sergeant for a wonder didn't crozzle the whole div. this morning, though he did crozzle several men.

Nov. 19. I have got an essay on the "Tendency to Monarchy in the Roman Empire from 100 to 1 B.C." to be shown up to-morrow, and I have not begun yet.

Nov. 20. I showed up only 30 lines instead of 50 to Sergeant to-day in our essay, so he set me one on "Effects of Compulsion" by next Tuesday.

Nov. 26. Confirmed by Bishop of Winchester.

Dec. 5. I read 50 pages of Stanley's "Jewish Church" to-day.

Dec. 11. We went to the "Corsican Brothers" in the evening—Irrving acts—but I think I have seen many better plays.

Dec. 13. Soon after breakfast we went to Westminster to hear judgment given concerning Dale—it was given against him on every item. Coleridge spoke for 25 minutes, and Judge Field had been speaking for an hour when we went to the Central Lobby, where we saw the statue of John, Earl Russell, which had been unveiled.

Dec. 14. I walk with Uncle George and knew not whither when suddenly he turned into a gun shop and told me he was going to make me a present of a gun!!! GUN. This took my breath away, and he chose and chose, and at last bought me a beautiful one with a nice leather case. [I use it to this day, 42 years afterwards.]

Dec. 17. Went to Bank of England. We were shown most exquisite little machines which of their own accord weigh sovereigns and put the heavy ones on one side and the light on the other. Saw also bank notes being printed and Indian Rupee notes. Several specimens of forgeries were shown us. Then had lunch with Mr. Grenfell the Governor. [These machines were made by Napier, now so well known in the motor world.]

1881.

Jan. 9. I had the misfortune to make an incautious remark and received a lecture in consequence. I wonder what the difference is between the Stanleys and the Russells—Grandmamma can keep me in order. (I call her quite practical.) Granny I love, but Auntie and very often even she irritates me—I think they are dreamy and much too fanciful.

Jan. 20. I came back yesterday with Fort. We had three engines at full steam from Ringwood to Bishopstoke, and yet we arrived a quarter of an hour late owing to the snow there has been lately. There were 13 men at bedtime, and are now about 26. Holiday task is put off till Saturday. Quantities of lines are blocked and floods are dreaded when it thaws. Wells says he has never seen so much snow here in his life, but people always say that.

Jan. 31. Last night I puzzled out a plan for working my circuit on the duplex which I intend to try next holidays.

Feb. 2. Leave-out day. I went with Airlie to the Peers' Gallery. I was very much interested in the Debate and heard Gladstone, Forster, Stafford Northcote, Parnell, Sullivan, Labouchere, Randolph Churchill, and several others.

Feb. 5. Got a letter from Granny to-day jawing me for going

to London on Wednesday without leave from them. I must write and say that here one manages one's own leave-out, and it depends on the Masters entirely.

Feb. 6. I read "In Memoriam" most of to-day—it is very hard to understand. I have got baking leave in Mansfield's toys on condition I keep them tidy. [Baking leave is leave to sit.]

Feb. 7. Received this morning a letter from Auntie nearly all taken up with the London leave-out, which I answered this evening in what I thought a most cautious way.

Feb. 9. Granny and Auntie came down, of course without Bertie. Went with Auntie for a short walk. She jawed me as I expected about the London leave-out, but my diplomatic letter had apparently had an excellent effect.

Feb. 12. Thomas Carlyle died the other day. Michael Davitt is tenderly inquired after every day in the House—he being a convict on ticket of leave who has been re-arrested and is the head of the Land League.

Feb. 13. Read Justin McCarthy's "History of our Own Times."

Feb. 14. "Learning" is trotting round Hall madder than ever with a great barge pole in his hand. I have told Dale to send my telegraph instruments down here—as I have now been 22 weeks without the sight of an electrical instrument and cannot possibly endure it much longer.

Feb. 29. Hoorah! Uncle George has won the Cumberland Election by 80 votes—3,071 to 3,041, and is at last an M.P. I wrote to him congratulating him. [George Howard.]

Mar. 11. I have been reading the Blue Book about Kandahar and find it very interesting, but takes a long time to read.

Mar. 17. There has been an openly proclaimed Nihilist Meeting in New York. The French *Intransigent* will be prosecuted for its article on the Tsar's Assassination. Bradlaugh has had a law decision that it is illegal for him to vote or sit in the House of Commons without taking the oath.

Mar. 19. Got a letter from Grandmamma to-day to ask when holidays begin and when they end. She is evidently determined to get me in London if she can manage Granny.

Mar. 20. Now I am probably going to do some Virgil or else—this is much more probable—go and read Justin McCarthy, or sleep in Mansfield's toys.

Mar. 25. I left Waterloo by the 7.25 having made negotiations with the engine driver which resulted in my joining him on the

footplate between Farnborough and Winchester. It was great fun, but dreadfully noisy and draughty, of course I didn't interfere with the engine myself. It was rather difficult to stand till you got used to it.

Mar. 28. Have written to Dale to ask for some insulators, big ones, as I intend to have a thorough reform of my telegraph system next holidays.

Apl. 9. They shut chapel door in the middle of a beautiful line this morning; crowds of men were shut out. As soon as I had done my paper this morning I had to go to Jahra, he gave me a jaw about my bad exam., and the feebleness of my work during term.

Apl. 10. I managed to get away in time for 4 o'clock tea at Mrs. Dick's, where I met Margoliouth. He contrary to my expectations was most amusing—he possesses a quiet dry humour and utterly scored off Mrs. Dick. He is a wonderful jig and wins everything but he does not look it.

Apl. 16. Got up at 6.30 and was down in the lab. by 7. Took an earth wire from my room to the pump and—*duplexed* my telegraph instrument so that I could receive current which deflected my needle and work my tapper without affecting my needle! I was very pleased when the operation was over, and was proud of it.

CHAPTER XII

THE SPIRIT OF WINCHESTER

IT is hardly possible for a boy of intelligence to pass between four and five years of the most receptive and sensitive years of his growth in such an environment as that of Winchester without its having a profound effect upon his character and development. When I first came there as a small boy not yet fourteen, I naturally noticed and appreciated the increase of freedom over that which is possible at a preparatory school. At Cheam we were permanently under the supervision of the masters even in the playground; at Winchester masters hardly entered into our life at all except in connexion with the necessities of work and discipline, such matters as attending chapel or going out of bounds. By a wise and beneficent dispensation of Dr. Ridding, although the town itself was out of bounds, everything to the west was in bounds. This gave us freedom not only to go to the bathing place or to boat upon the river, or to make the traditional ascent up Hills and piously place the traditional stone in Domum Cross, but freedom to walk and roam anywhere over the country to St. Cross, to Otterbourne or to Twyford, and this alone or accompanied, although as I have already pointed out the tradition of the school required a *socius*. Indeed at this date when bicycling was just beginning I used to cycle freely all over the country, and even went so far as Southampton on half rems, returning after an extra tea in a teashop. My very first expedition of this kind was made with Loveland upon a weird instrument of those days called a sociable, which consisted of an enormous tricycle with two seats side by side and solid tyres. Even with two people pedalling it was hard work to get it along, but with great courage we set out to do the twelve miles to Southampton, and got there, but with a broken pedal. When I was wheeling it on the pavement to be repaired I was challenged by a policeman, and told him it was a perambulator, when the policeman, relying on common sense, said it was not; I, relying on logic, asked him

to think of any definition of a perambulator that would not fit the article I was pushing.

In addition to this bodily freedom there was the freedom of intellect, freedom to read any book we liked without censorship or supervision, and to write anything we liked, although I admit that freedom did not much appeal to the ordinary school boy. Then we had some money, if not a great amount, and could make purchases at shops. I remember a friendly plumber whom I got to cast me some zincs for my experiments with batteries and telegraphy. The attitude of the masters also was different; we were no longer treated as children to be harried and ordered about, but rather as at any rate partly reasonable human beings capable of a considerable amount of initiative and free-will. Then, of course, there was the communal life of the House with its constant interchange at meals, in Gallery, or in Hall: the general gathering and re-union at Commoner Singing, the sectional loyalty at Fifteens and Sixes, and the school loyalty at Eton and Winchester match. Add to this the effect of school Chapel upon an emotional, receptive and religious mind, the historic associations of Cathedral which we used to attend on Sundays and where I used to spend my time picking out the names of the old English Kings on their tombs, or reading the rubrics and prefaces in the Prayer Book, and then add the tremendous tradition of the school, its own peculiar Notions, its historic buildings culminating in Chamber Court and Middle Gate, and you have an atmosphere which cannot fail to affect the growing mind.

After my first two years when I had ceased to be a new boy, this atmosphere and its influence began to take hold of me. I had a strong sense of the school tradition, of loyalty to that tradition, of love for the school, its history and all its ways. So far as my work was concerned I found the beginnings of a comprehension of the classics, even an increasing interest in and knowledge of grammar and syntax; while, of course, I always derived pleasure from my mathematical and scientific hours. My afternoons with Mrs. Dick put me on speaking terms with many men in College generally distinguished in one way or another, with whom in the normal school-life it would have been difficult for a Commoner to come into contact; while my familiarity with her house and its surroundings gave me a better knowledge of College itself, and its traditions than would be usual. For by the school tradition College men held themselves rather aloof; it was almost unknown for a

man in Commoners or Houses to *socius* a College man on a walk or to linger in the sacred precincts of Chamber Court. In to-day's *Times* I find the obituary of a typical College man, C. W. Little :

"He was a Winchester scholar for seven years, rising to the highest place of school government, as 'Prefect of Hall' during his last year. . . . His life was of one consistent whole; from his early school-boy days he followed a stern law of self-discipline and devotion to duty. He governed himself that he might govern others. . . . If our English schools can rest upon such pillars as Little, who carry Christian standards of duty and simplicity into the school-life of England, we need not despair of education."

The notice is fittingly headed "A Great Wykehamist."

Such interests as I had outside the school were always referable to and rooted in the school itself. There was an elder cousin, Ethel Portal, to whom I was and always have been devoted, whom I used to see at Eton Match, and to whose witty mother at Laverstoke I occasionally had leave-out; there was Canon Warburton in the Close, whose wife was a sort of aunt, and had the P. L. touch. I used to get into trouble for not seeing enough of them, and Freddy used to tell me with a whimsical smile that P. L. had been complaining. It was thought that Mrs. Dick was bad for me because I liked her, and that they must be good for me because . . . ! There were the interests of S. John's and its services, of course intimately related to the school and full of the Wykehamist atmosphere. There was the motto of the school "Manners Makyth Man" with all that it implied. There were the Saints' Days when we had a whole holiday and an extra Chapel and the Founder's Commem. Days with a similar ritual, and most of all the ceremonies appropriate to the end of term. In chapel we sang the Latin hymn "*Jam lucis orto sidere*," and the hymn "O God, our help in ages past," generally known as the roller from the two lines "Time, like an ever rolling stream, Bears all its sons away." Then after Concert the singing of Domum bringing to mind the break up of school-life and becoming more poignant with each term as the final break came nearer.

The greatest individual influence of my life at Winchester was my friendship with Lionel Johnson, and it is to his stimulus that I owe my intellectual and to some extent my emotional development. I saw one day in my div. a small thin pale faced College

man with an oval face and rather dark hair. It was an arresting picture; he looked like some young saint in a stained glass window.

He was obviously clever, but he showed little sign of any interest in the human beings around him. He neither smiled nor gossiped nor looked about him. We were reading "Herodotus" at the time, and a week or so later I found myself in Moberley Library (as the school library was called) reading Rawlinson's Egypt on account of my interest in the subject. Near me was Johnson, also reading, and I ventured at last to get into conversation with him. His manner was aloof and detached—the very opposite of warm-hearted, but after several further meetings in Moberley Library he condescended to thaw a little, finding I suppose that I had some interests beyond cricket and football. Friendship between a College man and a Commoner was as I have already said very difficult in practice, and my opportunities for seeing him were pretty well limited to conversations in Moberley Library, meetings at Mrs. Dick's, and occasional pacings round and round Meads. I had him to stay with me once at home, but really was able to see more of him after I left the school than when I was in it. Moreover, friendship with Lionel Johnson in any ordinary personal sense was not a very easy thing; he was always aloof and detached and apt to suggest an Epicurean god rather than a human being. He didn't want to be like this, he passionately loved his fellow creatures in theory, but he found it very difficult in the flesh. He describes his attitude himself in his own words: "I seem irresponsible and cold and inattentive, but don't think ill of me; for I do love you all, who are not so distant in spirit that silence can be ominous to you," and again: "I can appear unreal and cold, and insincere and contemptuous, and contemptible, while you are simply natural."

Although a year or two younger than me Lionel was about fifteen years older both in erudition and in thought. At the age of seventeen he had read practically all there was to read in English literature, and had formed critical judgments upon it. I sat at his feet as at the feet of Gamaliel. He beat down my philistinism which was strong, and gave me a wider outlook on men and things. Above all he taught me to read and to love Browning, but he taught me more than that, a lesson I have never forgotten, and that is that all the supposedly real things of life, that is to say the external things, the physical things, the humours, the happenings, disgraces,

successes, failures are in themselves the merest phantoms and illusions, and that the only realities are within one's own mind and spirit.

It is impossible for any writer who is not inspired, and difficult even for him, to convey by words to those who do not know it, the inner spirit of Winchester as Lionel and I felt it. A love for every stone, a reverence for its tradition, a feeling of building into one's self as a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεὶ* Meads, School, Hills, and the whole school life—these are all rather the externals and trappings. The inner feeling is a passionate devotion of service as of Dante for Beatrice, as of Sir Galahad for the Holy Grail, as of an Englishman for his fair England, with a sense of peace, of security beyond expression, of a spiritual home and membership of a great family stretching back five centuries. Lionel whose passionate devotion to Winchester excelled even mine prefaces his book of poems with an address to "Winchester" from which I quote a few lines :—

To the fairest !

Then to thee
Consecrate and bounden be,
Winchester ! this verse of mine.
Ah, that loveliness of thine !
To have lived enchanted years
Free from sorrows, free from fears,
Where thy Tower's great shadow falls
Over those proud buttressed walls ;

.

To the dearest !

Ah to thee !
Hast thou not in all to me
Mother, more than mother been ?
Well toward thee may Mary Queen
Bend her with a mother's mien ;
Who so rarely dost express
An inspiring tenderness,
Woven with thy sterner strain,
Prelude of the world's true pain.

.

Music is the thought of thee ;
Fragrance, all thy memory.
Those thy rugged Chambers old,
In their gloom and rudeness, hold
Dear remembrances of gold.
Some first blossoming of flowers
Made delight of all the hours ;

Greatness, beauty, all things fair
Made the spirit of thine air :
Old years live with thee ; thy sons
Walk with high companions.

.

There was beauty, there was grace,
Each place was an holy place :
There the kindly fates allowed
Me too room : and made me proud,
Prouder name I have not wist !
With the name of Wykehamist.

CHAPTER XIII

BALLIOL

COMMON TIME, 1883, found me at my second or third term in Griffiths' div., high up, actually seventh, I think, and therefore sure of my remove into Sixth Book the next term. I was already fairly senior in my House and exercising authority there as a House Prefect, and my remove would have made me a Commoner Prefect, that most enviable of mortals. I should have had a last glorious term in summer with the school and all its surroundings looking their very best, with Eton Match to enjoy, and with a position of dignity and responsibility in the school. I should also have had the great advantage of more contact with Dr. Ridding. To all this I looked forward most eagerly loving Winchester as I did, and therefore, of course, P. L. decided against it. Jowett had no objection, and in the course of a running fight lasting several weeks, which I had with my guardians, both Ridding and Freddy struggled gallantly to help me, but in vain. If I was doing well at school, and if I actually had the audacity to be happy there, that showed that the public school system had finally corrupted me, and the sooner I was removed from its baneful influence the better. In a summary of the year 1883 in my Journal I find this bitter entry :

“Quite at the beginning of the year my mind was racked, and my feelings harassed about my leaving Winchester, which caused me great mental anxiety and distress, manifesting itself in depression of spirits. I wrote some very bitter and forcible letters to Uncle Rollo, and Morshead and the Doctor took my part with the greatest readiness and were very kind. I spent my last term in hard work of every kind, and left with pleasant feelings from the school, but with the deepest sorrow to myself. I ended my school life on March 21, but stayed there for Easter with Mrs. Morshead and the Daker—a time which I enjoyed very much, though it was eerie to see all Commoners deserted.

When I was at leisure I distracted my mind by constant occupation in my laboratory, and by writing a Notion Book for ultimate publication, with which I have taken some pains."

This forcible ending of my school life before its time is one of the many things that I have never forgiven P. L.

I was preparing for my entry to Oxford, and work could not of course be neglected, so they sent me to a private tutor at Limpsfield. A worse exchange for the healthy communal life at Winchester could not well be imagined. The man himself was vulgar and mean in spirit, and his wife, though kind, shared the same detestable middle-class gentility. The other pupils were the kind of thing that I imagine you always find at that kind of place. One, a young man of twenty, much too old to be there, with a doting mother, and far more money than was good for him; who showed how grown up he was by driving a high-wheeled gig, drinking in public-house bars, and talking about race meetings—and probably kissing the girls, though I don't remember that part of it. Another, an equally uninteresting little swat to whom cramming meant bread and butter, and in contrast with him a boy almost mentally deficient. Then there was one at least of the type of boy who had been requested to leave his public school.

The summary of my Journal says: "The men, the manners, and the G's were alike distasteful to me, and I was very fairly miserable. My kind friends at Winchester wrote me many letters, and the work was also a great relief." In particular I remember as a relief a very good mathematical master under whom I prospered, and advanced exceedingly. Indeed I even read the first bit of Todhunter's "Differential Calculus" by myself, and made headway with it. I liked mathematics immensely, and I was good at them, but of course they were killed dead by Oxford. I do not, however, regret this for I think the classical training is a far wider training from the human point of view. However, this may be merely the prejudice of an Oxford man.

In the autumn of this year, 1883, my Uncle Rollo started a house at High Pitfold on Hindhead, and we all spent August and September there. I had a coach called Owen, and was, of course, cramming furiously for my Smalls. Judging from the records of this period I seem to have put in anything from eight to ten hours' work most days altogether with walks of anything from a stroll of five miles to a real walk of fifteen to eighteen. I wish I could

do it now. In the intervals I was teaching the governess Miss Bühler to work the sounder telegraph.

In October, 1883, I began my residence as an undergraduate at Balliol, under the famous Jowett. I had previously at the end of September been up for my Smalls and had my *viva* on October 5, of which I note: "The examiner put me on for about six lines of Iliad and asked me some questions, then said, 'Thank you, you have construed that very well—your papers are good throughout, I'll not keep you any longer,' whereat I rejoicingly departed." On October 10 I had my matriculation exam, and I heard that Jowett had expressed himself pleased with my papers, and had telegraphed home about it. I was actually matriculated on the 16th, and discovered the other day the certificate signed by Jowett, and stating that after having admonished me as to the Statutes he had admitted me as a member of the University. I trust that I always observed the Statutes—at any rate I can say with a clear conscience that I never played marbles on the steps of the Senate House. I had very nice rooms near the Gate on the fourth floor, and they were adequately furnished. I was assigned to Abbott as my tutor: the poor man had been a Blue in his time but had been paralysed in youth from the waist downwards, and had spent the rest of his life in a wheeled chair in which he could push himself about. He was both kind and competent, and our relations were always harmonious. Latin prose I did with Paravicini, who was then a funny little dried up man, and yet lived to just the other day. I went for Plato lectures to Warren of Magdalen; last night I met one of his undergraduates at dinner, and heard to my amazement that he is still President. Dr. Craddock who was the President of Brasenose had a wife who was some sort of indefinite Russell connexion, and they used to ask me to see them occasionally. George Brodrick, who used to write for *The Times*, and who was then Warden of Merton, was one of the kindest of men, and always a very good friend to me. He also had a charming niece who afterwards married Lyttleton Gell. J. W. Mackail, who has since become well known in London, gave lectures on Lucretius, which I attended. At first, of course, my principal acquaintances were Wykehamists, most of whom were to be found in New College, but the range was very quickly extended. People are sociable and hospitable at Oxford, and give a freshman an opportunity of meeting many people at breakfasts and other entertainments until he more or less settles down into his groove. There were naturally many people at Balliol

who have since become distinguished; Younger, now a Judge, who was president of the College Debating Society, A. H. Hawkins, since better known as Anthony Hope, and J. A. Spender, since better known as the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

These were all Fourth Year men whose company we lost after one year. Our usual place of reunion was Spender's rooms after dinner, where he used to dispense much hospitable tea. In those days he used to be rather dreamy and abstracted, and not at all the active and distinguished man of affairs that he has since become. I recollect one occasion when intending to fill the teapot from his kettle he poured the hot water down his lamp chimney instead; with, as may be imagined, disastrous results. Among my earliest acquaintances of my own standing was Maurice Davies, one of the Llewellyn Davies, and charming and distinguished as all that family are. I understand that they all won scholarships, and entirely supported themselves from the age of ten with the single exception of Theodore, one of the most charming, who was regarded as a discredit to the family as he had only supported himself since the age of fourteen. His early death was a great loss to his friends. Of the eldest, Charles, now at the Treasury, it was reported that at some examination he had been put on to construe some Plato, and had done it so fluently that he was asked if he had read it before, and when he said "Yes," was given another passage. This he also did fluently, and confessed that he had read it before. The examiner in despair then asked him to take some Plato that he hadn't read, and he replied: "Oh, I have read all Plato." When one considers that Plato is almost as voluminous as Voltaire, this is no mean feat. Crompton Llewellyn Davies became Solicitor to the Post Office, and his sister, Margaret Llewellyn Davies, is well known in all progressive movements. However, to come back to Maurice: among his excellent moral qualities he would never swear, and I recollect one occasion when, having spilled a cup of boiling tea over his leg, he got up hastily and merely said: "Dear me, how very unpleasant." Years afterwards, when we had both left Oxford, and he was with a shipping firm in Liverpool, he came to stay with me, and to my surprise damned freely. I addressed him with horror in the famous words of Dean Farrar: "Oh, Eric, that is the first time I ever heard you swear," to which he replied: "Oh, yes, you see I'm in shipping now, I had to learn it as part of the business." He had been at Marlborough, and was full of reminiscences of a master called Upcott; he also introduced me

to Leonard Trelawney Hobhouse, of Corpus, who was from the same school. Then there were two men from Christ's Hospital, whose acquaintance I made, Osman Edwards, of Merton, and P. U. Henn, of Worcester. These were two of a group of four Christ's Hospital friends of whom the other two were at Cambridge; H. C. Marillier of Peterhouse, who now manages William Morris's business, and H. A. Roberts of Caius, whose younger brother was a medical student there, and whose elder brother was Senior Tutor, and afterwards became Master. Then there was another pair of school friends from Rugby, also divided between the two Universities; Charles Sayle of New College, who is now a Librarian at Cambridge, and Jack Badley of Trinity, who subsequently married Amy Garrett, and now runs the famous school of Bedales at Petersfield. He also had the distinction of being the Senior Classic of his Tripos among the men, but being beaten by Agnata Ramsay, who afterwards became the second wife of Dr. Butler of Trinity. Through these I became interested in a little Rugby school paper called *The Leaflet*, which had a precarious existence for some years.

Among my Winchester friends was a man called Charlesworth at the House, but I soon ceased to see anything of him and indeed knew no one at the House except a Don called Dodgson, who is best known to fame as the author of those two delightful classics "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-glass." Edgar Jepson, the novelist, was a member of my own year, and my own set at Balliol. In those days he posed as a determined pessimist, but he seems to have got over his pessimism in his youth. At New College I had one great friend called Ion Thynne, who was not a Wykehamist; he was the son of Lord Henry Thynne, and though, unhappily, he became addicted to drink, yet it did not prevent his being a perfectly charming companion, and a most amusing man. He founded a society called the "Cosmopolitan Unsectarian Purity Society," whose initials appropriately enough compressed themselves into the word C.U.P.S. It used to hold meetings once a week in his rooms under a vast Japanese umbrella at which there was generally a paper or a discussion. He had drawn up a set of the most marvellous rules, which unfortunately I no longer have by me, as I presented them to the Sette of Odde Volumes as a curiosity. One of them provided that the majority should have one vote and the minority should also have one vote, and in case of equality the President should have the casting vote: Ion Thynne was the President. Another provided that meetings might be held

at any time and place without notice, and our weekly meetings used to be prefaced by Thynne solemnly reading minutes of the following character :

“ On Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock walking towards Iffley—Present the President—it was **RESOLVED** unanimously, etc.”

“ In chapel on Wednesday morning—Present the President—It was **RESOLVED**, etc.”

Thynne was about six foot two, and when the liquor was in him, formidable. On those occasions he used to wander about College at midnight, and if people did not at once admit him he proceeded to kick down their sported oaks. I remember an occasion on which he forced himself into the room of a small man at about 1 a.m. in this manner, and while his host crouched and cowered in his bed like a frightened rabbit, Ion Thynne sat on top of him solemnly crumbling hard biscuits into the sheets. Unfortunately at the end this peculiarity terminated his University career; he arrived at the gates of New College not too sober one night after 12 o'clock, when they were closed, and proceeded in his usual determined manner to attempt to kick them down, but was discovered in this diversion by the Warden, who refused to take a sporting view of it. Thynne was really a very good classic, and had a particular acquaintance with the less known erotic Latin writers. Spooner, the Warden of New, is of course the well-known author of that turn of speech which has added a new word to the language under the name of Spoonerisms, of which the two classical examples are his remark to the porter at Paddington: “I have two bugs and a rag with me,” and his announcement of the hymn in chapel: “Kinquering Congs their titles take.” Among Fifth Year friends I might mention Michael Sadler and Oliver Elton.

There were many small societies to which I belonged besides the C.U.P.S., e.g., there was the Dolores, which I believe was also founded by Ion Thynne, and which consisted of about seven of us who used to read poetry to each other once a week. It derived its name from Ion's passionate rendering of the Swinburnian refrain :

O bitter and tender Dolores
Our Lady of pain.

Then there was the Unconventionals, formed later, with much the same object, and with one curious rule. There was a man

named Q who performed the function of Death in the Arabian Nights, "Destroyer of delights and Sunderer of companies," who had broken up one or two societies already. This Society which contained only seven members had a rule that anyone proposing Q as a member should *ipso facto* cease to be a member. Then there was the College Debating Society, the Brackenbury, which I have mentioned before; the Russell Club, and the Palmerston Club, of both of which I was a member; and finally the Union. The Union was a great delight to me; I enjoyed its large and comfortable library; I appreciated the joy of writing unlimited letters, and not paying for the postage, and I also rather liked the Debates. I think I used occasionally to speak at these in my second year. I also remember re-reading and thoroughly enjoying that delicious controversy of the early 'eighties in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, between Gladstone and Huxley, as to the destruction of the Gadarene swine.

My chief exercise was walking. Football and cricket being no longer compulsory either by law or by public opinion, I abandoned them both with relief, but I continued my habit of walking never less than three miles a day, and often ten. I also bicycled occasionally upon a 56" Rudge with solid tyres. My chief bicycling period was from '81 to '85, and I covered many hundreds of miles this way. I used to average nearly 12 miles an hour, but my record was Arundel to Chichester, 10½ miles in 45 minutes. I was completely at home on the machine, and could detach both hands from the handle bar for long periods, sufficiently long to wind up and set my watch and make notes about times with a pencil on a piece of paper. I have never ridden on these modern and dangerous machines which for some reason are called Safetys, except on one occasion, when my cousin Ruth put me on her bicycle at the top of a hill, and I fell off at the bottom making a large gash in my leg. I find all she remembers about it is that I damaged her bicycle. I was also very fond of the water, not only actual sculling and rowing, but those delightful lazy hours up the Cherwell in a punt on a hot summer afternoon when one lazed about and read a book, and if one got hot fell over the side in one's flannels. I remember one occasion when I rowed with the three brothers Roberts from Cambridge to Ely in a four oar. I actually used to smoke cigarettes when I went to Oxford, though I haven't touched the nasty things for thirty years now, but I soon learnt to smoke a briar to which I have ever since been faithful. I also had a hubble-bubble; I

am not sure that I enjoyed it, but probably I was proud of it because it was exotic. One night, however, Godfrey Benson was in my rooms: the noise annoyed him, and he seized the whole apparatus firmly and deposited it outside the door, after which I never smoked it again.

It must not be supposed that I neglected my work. The lazy habits of Winchester had gone; the Classics had come to mean something to me; and moreover there was the stimulus of everyone working regularly around me in a college like Balliol, so famous for its learning. I attended my lectures regularly: I made notes: I worked like a tiger with commentators and dictionary. In Virgil I used Conington's notes and his translation, in Homer, the Special Dictionary and Lang Leaf and Meyer's translation and a host of commentators; in Lucretius Munro, and in Aeschylus Dindorf's Text with the other texts, Paley's notes, all the other people's notes and Doidge Morshead's spirited translation "The House of Atreus." I got quite good at grammar, which began to be a live thing for me, and also did some philology. I think I liked Lucretius and the Trilogy of Aeschylus best, and the latter I knew practically by heart. I have looked up some of my books, and I find that I went through the Trilogy of Aeschylus once by August, 1884, and again by March 21, 1885. The first Six Books of the *Ancid* I completed on March 29, 1884, and a second time on October 8, 1884. The first three books of Lucretius on January 9, 1884, Feb. 20, 1884, and March 3, 1885. It may be imagined that this meant working nine or ten hours a day at least, and there were often many days on which I did eleven and a half hours work. I remember the Master meeting me in the Quad about the middle of '84 and saying that I looked tired and over-worked, and compelling me to go down for a week's holiday. I must indeed have been virtuous and studious. This constant application affected my eyesight, my eyes being of the inferior Russell variety, and I therefore had at nineteen to take to spectacles, which I have worn ever since. I conclude with a few extracts from my journal relating to this period:—

1883.

July 29. Finished the "Occult World," and strange to say I half believe in it.

Aug. 1. The Parcels Post came into operation to-day. St. George wrote to me to-day, and I sent him a long letter about Theosophy.

Aug. 3. At 11 to 12.15 I had a long telegraphic conversation with Miss Bühler in which we succeeded admirably.

Aug. 4. Went to hear some cases in the new Law Courts which I had never been inside before.

Aug. 6. Worked in my "lab" and telegraphing with Miss Bühler nearly all the morning. I exploded a bottle of oxy-hydrogen by the spark this morning, which I had decomposed by electricity on Sunday.

Aug. 9. I gave Bertie his first lesson in Euclid this afternoon—he is sure to prove a credit to his teacher. He did very well indeed, and we got half through the Definitions.

Sunday, Aug. 12. I attain the age of eighteen to-day, and half sorry I am to be so old, though I feel quite that age.

Aug. 13. Did 450 lines of Homer, then wrote letters, I did 11 miles on my bicycle in 52 minutes.

Sunday, Aug. 26. St. George and I breakfasted at 8, and at 10.30 commenced an ascent of Ben Nevis. We reached the top at 2.20, in strong wind and driving rain. After a hurried look at the Observatory we commenced a rapid descent by which means we warmed up our half-frozen bodies. We got back by 4.50.

Sept 4. I had a long conversation with Auntie on astral subjects this afternoon. She was very perverse, and quite content with an attitude of unreasoning disbelief.

Sept. 7. Bertie successfully mastered the Pons Asinorum this evening, and in fact did it very well.

Sept. 9. I began "Esoteric Buddhism" by Sinnett this evening; it is a book of the deepest interest, but it is very hard to grasp its meaning.

Sunday, Sept. 16. The sermon a little better than last Sunday but very poor; the curate said that he could not think that reverence of spirit could exist without reverence of form or that prayers could count if not said kneeling.

Sept. 18. I finished "Esoteric Buddhism" last night, I have been very deeply interested in it but cannot as yet give its doctrines my complete adhesion.

Sept. 26. Journeyed up to Oxford, reached Balliol at 3 with Owen.

Sept. 29. Finished my Smalls Exam. and left Oxford for Winchester.

Oct. 4. At Winchester. Met Johnson in Chamber Court about 12, and carried him off up Hills—we ran about on top, and down

them and got blown by the glorious fresh wind, talked about Buddhism and other such like things and enjoyed ourselves quite immensely. Reached Balliol about 6.

Oct. 8. At Haslemere. Walked up to the cross on Hindhead slowly thinking on many things, but not much about Oxford—That business strangely enough has so far not found much place in my mind, and I take everything comfortably as it comes; I am so much more occupied in revolving these new ideas of the Universe: the more I think the more impressed I am with their magnitude and the difficulty of their conception.

Oct. 11. Read Max Müller's Preface to his translation of Kant's "*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*," and was quite carried away by it, and made intensely anxious to read the book.

Oct. 12. Hear that I had passed and that Jowett had expressed himself pleased with my papers.

Oct. 20. I read my first essay to Abbott, and he expressed himself much pleased with it: the subject was "Freedom of Contract."

Oct. 23. Dine with Daker at High Table at New.

Oct. 31. Walk to Cumnor and back 8 miles in the afternoon, a very good and exhilarating walk.

Nov. 2. Went with Maurice in the afternoon to get a ticket for Ruskin's lecture.

Nov. 23. We had breakfast with the Master: two Baden-Powells and St. George. St. George talked a little theosophy, and the Master asked him to come in afterwards, so he went, and had another talk from 3 to 4, and said he had made the Master very uneasy.

Nov. 27. The Warden of Keble kindly asked me to meet Gladstone, who is staying with him at tea, so I joyfully went. I had a bit of a talk with Max Müller about Buddhism there, and he was very interesting.

Nov. 30. With Spender to tea at Max Müller's; the Professor lent me a Sanskrit Grammar for beginning the study on; we walked back with Mackail whom we found there. Having taken my name off Hall I straightway started off for a walk to Abingdon. It unfortunately rained and rained heavily all the time, and was pitchy dark; in fact a very pleasant and lively walk. I did six miles in exactly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, had a cup of tea and took the train back.

Dec. 1. Left Oxford for "*The Birds of Aristophanes*" at Cambridge. The get-up of the chorus was very good; there was

also a lot of excellent by-play; the Greek was spoken distinctly and with the help of an acting edition with English I was able to follow quite well. I enjoyed it thoroughly and thought it quite worth the $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours travelling.

Dec. 21. We went to see Sanderson yesterday at the little shop in St. Martin's Court where he is learning book-binding, which he has taken to now as his trade. This is Grandmamma's 76th birthday.

Dec. 23. We all went in the morning to hear Boyd Carpenter preach which he did splendidly. I have been reading "Progress and Poverty."

CHAPTER XIV

JOWETT

THE freedom and happiness of all that young life at Oxford, the interest in and mastery of my studies, the untrammelled and unfettered discussions on everything in heaven and earth, my voracious reading of English literature, and a large circle of friends were an abiding delight to me. I find an entry in my journal in my early days of the intense satisfaction I felt at being *sui juris*. So far as the place and its influence is concerned I have always loved Winchester best, but quite the happiest days of my whole life were my two years at Oxford. They were days of expansion and growth and of development in every direction, and they were full of the ardour and zest of youth feeling its power and justifying the scornful epigram of envious age: "We are none of us infallible, even the youngest of us." My most intimate friends were all as studious, as virtuous and as eager as I was, and the extensions of those friendships in Cambridge which I mentioned in the last chapter made me almost as much at home at the sister University as at my own. I even had the joy of being twice proctorised for being without a cap and gown, and in answer to the standard challenge of "Name and college, please," replied with a smirk "Russell of Balliol." I need hardly say that P. L. remained sniffy—I appeared to enjoy myself, and therefore I must be doing something wrong—I could not mention the name of any of my friends without its being sniffed at. I remember one characteristic occasion when I mentioned the name of a virtuous and hard working Nonconformist who subsequently became a schoolmaster and who never in his life did or said anything that the most severe censor could not approve, about whom I was told afterwards: "Oh, we have heard something about So-and-so, and we think he's not quite a nice friend for you." Would it be believed that even at this age I was cross-examined about my private letters at breakfast, and after firmly refusing either to hand them round or to read them out, the discussion of course ended

with the usual sniff: "Well, if you don't care to show us your letters it must be because they are not quite nice." I had tried for years to open my heart to P. L. for I should have liked to have relations at home that I could love and trust, but I had found it impossible, and after '83 I remained completely and frigidly aloof, and kept myself to myself, alien as any kind of secretiveness was from my natural instincts and my former upbringing.

Among my older friends I have already mentioned George Brodrick the Warden of Merton, who used frequently to entertain me and was always charming. There were also the Max Müllers living near the Parks, who were very kind to me. Max Müller was much interested in my devotion to Buddhism, and prepared to discuss it, but of course generally from the philological point of view. There were some grown-up daughters who played lawn-tennis, and I remember Lascelles the Magdalen giant as a frequent visitor. Among my contemporaries I remember another Roberts, whom we called "Long Roberts," to distinguish him from my Cambridge friend, and who afterwards married my first cousin, Cecilia Howard, and became the member for Lincoln. There were several other men at college whose names I do not now remember, and one of them put me on to doing slum work in St. Giles. I also enjoyed attending the High Church services at St. Giles, and I once went to a Roman Catholic church, but I could not make out what they were saying. There was a charming Roman Catholic priest from the establishment at Dorchester whom I liked very much, and who, I believe, was optimistic enough to entertain hopes of my conversion. There was another funny little man who was a Swedenborgian and tried to interest me in his ideas.

On one occasion we had a great religious discussion in my rooms at which I collected all the different religions I could think of, and got them fighting and arguing. There was myself and I think Lane-Fox representing Buddhism, there was the Roman Catholic priest and the Swedenborgian, there was Hobhouse representing Mill, Maurice Davies representing a very much tempered Erastian Church of England, a Nonconformist and some other shades of religious opinion. We had quite an agreeable evening of quips and cranks, theological abuse, definite assertions and counter assertions, and its harmony was only marred by two unfortunate incidents. One was when the Swedenborgian in a sudden access of fury turned upon my poor little priest and denounced him as a scarlet woman, and had to be restrained by force until he was calm

enough to resume his pipe and his coffee. The other was when someone made a slighting reference to Mill, and Hobhouse begged us not to wound his feelings by using such language, with as much earnestness as the priest might have used in a similar appeal on behalf of the Virgin.

Jowett was always exceedingly kind to me and constantly asked me to breakfast, and also to dinner when he was entertaining distinguished people at the week-end. In this way I met in his house Sir Robert Morier, who was or had been British Ambassador at Constantinople, Russell Lowell who told us many stories of Abe Lincoln, Rhoda Broughton, who was supposed to be very daring, and whose book "*Belinda*" was supposed to be about Sir Charles Dilke, and many other distinguished people. He also took me for those desolating tête-à-tête walks about the Oxford country which have been described by so many others. I had been brought up in a tradition of great admiration for him, but I could not share it although I listened several times to his sermons in chapel to try and get at the real man. Years before he had fallen under the suspicion of the orthodox for his share in "*Essays and Reviews*," and before I went up my very serious minded and Christian cousin, the wife of the Master of the Temple, who suffered from the unfortunate theatrical name of Kate Vaughan, had said to me with a sigh: "So you are going to Balliol. Oh, my dear boy, beware of Jowett; he will turn you out a polished infidel." On the other hand R. S. Wright, my Uncle Lyulph, and people of that generation, held him almost in reverence for the greatness and nobility of his character. I did not find it so, I found him unspiritual.* Never at any time during my association with him did I feel any of that devotion which I felt for Freddy Morshead or of that great admiration I had for the character of Ridding. He always seemed to me far too much concerned with worldly success rather than with the inner life, and the inner life was very real to me at that time, while worldly success has never appealed to me either then or since. The outcome of this want of sympathy had serious results.

So working hard, taking exercise, talking, laughing, playing, discussing, and full of youth and high spirits my second year at

* Since writing the above I have discovered this curiously similar expression of feeling in a letter of 1866 from Cobden-Sanderson to my mother: "I do not like Jowett the more I see of him. He is too prudential and does not reveal the world to me so as to make it stir and spring, bounding within me, but harps eternally on the compromise one is compelled to make between Truth absolute and Truth expedient. And so let him go." ("*Amantium Irae*," p. 89.)

Oxford was drawing to a close when suddenly there fell a bolt from the blue. Jowett, who was, it will be remembered, both the Master of Balliol and the Vice-Chancellor, sent for me and told me he had been informed that I had been guilty of disgusting conduct in writing some scandalous letter, but that he thought that it was probably only a piece of thoughtlessness, and he suggested that I should go down for a month as a punishment, and come back in June to take my examination in Honour Mods which was approaching. I was startled beyond belief by such an accusation, and I was also infuriated by his calm way of talking to me as if it could possibly be true. So remote was it from the truth that I was entirely possessed by that white virginal flame of innocence which I think is even stronger in adolescent boys than in girls, and I was horrified that it should be possible for anyone in close relation with me to think otherwise. For the reasons I have mentioned in the last paragraph I was indisposed to throw myself into Jowett's arms as I should have done if he had been Ridding, and I instantly froze, while my pride and indignation flamed sky high. I demanded with indignation that I should be shown the supposed letter on which so atrocious an accusation was founded. I pledged myself to defend and stand by every word I had ever written; and I declined to submit to any kind of punishment or possible action which might in any conceivable way be interpreted into an admission. I said that of course he could send me down if he liked, that being within his power, but I refused to go down voluntarily. I told him the accusation was most infamous, and I again demanded to see the letter, but he refused to produce it. I then said that I demanded an inquiry with evidence before the Vice-Chancellor's court, and refused to be any party to Star Chamber methods. Jowett again refused to show me the letter or even tell me what was in it, and he refused me any inquiry. I then completely lost my temper, told him that he was no gentleman, that he was behaving in an autocratic way, indefensible even in the head of an Oxford college, and that I refused to have anything more to do with him. Jowett's reply was to tell me that I should be sent down for a year, and that at the end of that time he would graciously consider the question of re-admitting me. I told him that nothing of the sort would happen and that I should not be sent down for a year because I should then and there take my name off the college books, and shake the dust of Oxford off my feet.

And I did. Thus the autocratic injustice of an old man and the

passionate indignation of a young one combined to wreck my life at Oxford, and to place my whole life under a cloud which any number of public vindications have never entirely dissipated. I left Oxford in May, 1885, accompanied to the railway station and seen off by scores of enthusiastic friends and defiantly wearing in my buttonhole the white flower of a blameless life.

My soul was filled with wrath and hatred and for at least six months afterwards I used solemnly to put on my cap and gown every Sunday and sit in the garden and curse Jowett. During the two or three days before I went down there was no one I could appeal to or in whom I felt any trust except my old friend Ridding who was then Bishop of Southwell. I telegraphed to him but unfortunately for some reason he was not available, and was therefore not able to help me in time. My Uncle Rollo as one of my guardians had been sent for and came to see me and ought of course to have been helpful, but what he did was to fling himself into a chair on reaching my room and exclaim in tragic P. L. accents: "Oh, Frank." If this was the attitude before he had even asked for one word of explanation, I had no desire to have any more truck with him, so my only answer was to say: "If you feel faint you had better have some *sal volatile*." That finished our relations. As a matter of fact I had written to him when a schoolboy at the age of sixteen saying that I desired him never to inflict his advice or admonitions upon me again, and I had not since seen any reason to change this attitude.

Although out of its chronological order I may as well, while I am upon the subject, try to clear up what was made good use of in subsequent trials under the name of the Oxford incident. There was some rumour at the time that the Warden of Merton knew something about it, and I went to see him, but could get nothing out of him. He was, however, as always, most kind and offered me the use of his lodging in Mount Street whenever I wanted a *pied-à-terre* in London. I racked my brains to think of any letter I could have written which would bear a sinister interpretation, but was unable to identify it. Besides Brodrick and my many personal friends and contemporaries the only person who said a kind and an encouraging word to me at this time was J. W. Mackail, and I have never forgotten it. After the lapse of years it was obvious that Jowett was sorry, and therefore, when he asked me to stay with him as his guest in College at Balliol, I accepted. He also attended my wedding to Mabel Edith in 1890, but he never had

the simple courage or honesty to write me a letter withdrawing his accusation, when I could in turn have apologized for my bad temper. At the Restitution Case in 1895 when Mabel Edith was entitled to use every scrap of prejudice, rumour or insinuation to try and rebut the charge that she had not acted *bona fide*, it became material to have a formal investigation of this question. My solicitor went to see Jowett, found him quite friendly, and took his proof. Jowett admitted frankly that he had never seen any letter of mine, that he was by no means sure now that there ever had been such a letter, and that he was satisfied he had made a mistake. Had he not been dying at the time of the trial he would have given this evidence in the witness-box. My Uncle Rollo was alleged by Mabel Edith to have confirmed her belief that there was something discreditable connected with Oxford, and a proof was therefore taken from him. In this proof he entirely denied having spoken to Mabel Edith in the way she suggested, and in regard to Oxford he said this: "Lady Russell never hinted to me anything about Oxford. I was one of Lord Russell's guardians at the time he was at Oxford. I think he was about nineteen and a half at the time he left or was sent down. I never knew why he was sent down. I saw the Master of Balliol about it, but he never gave me any particulars. I asked him what were the grounds for sending Lord Russell down, and he said he could not tell me, and I never heard from him what the offence was, and I had therefore to accept the situation. I thought at the time that Lord Russell was hardly used in being sent down. I never knew what Lord Russell's offence was until he explained it in the witness-box at the late trial" (i.e., the first case in December, 1891).

So there, after all these years I am afraid the matter must rest. It is quite obvious, however, that Jowett did not take a serious view at first, as he only suggested I should go down for a month, and it is quite obvious that he knew he was wrong afterwards, and tried to make it up. If only he had been perfectly frank and friendly with me I am satisfied that the interview would have terminated satisfactorily in ten minutes, but, as it was, he was autocratic and I was insolent, and that was obviously the determining reason why I was sent down.

I quote the following from a sketch which appeared in "Vanity Fair" after the trial in 1891:—

"Everyone knows now that that precious Oxford incident amounted to nothing in particular; and whatever it was that

led to Lord Russell being 'sent down' it was, at any rate, trivial enough for the authorities to offer, while the culprit declined, the option of returning to complete his course. . . . What can one do when a boy of twenty addressing his Master and Vice-Chancellor in one, declines to 'compromise with his principles,' and talks about his ideals! . . . Of course Russell had to go down. He never obtained the 'complete investigation' that he demanded, he never saw the letter which was objected to, nor knew who was the objector. Mr. Jowett, incredible as it may seem, never saw the letter himself; but Lord Russell speaks warmly of his subsequent kindness, and there is an end of the matter. Only be one thing clearly understood. In all matters of life and conduct, Lord Russell was at Oxford moral even to a point of priggishness; except that he was too simple minded ever to make a real prig.

"In spite of the headstrong self-confidence with which Russell acted, and although he was too proud to return, there is no doubt that he keenly felt the disgrace of expulsion. All that was moveable of the old associations he collected and transferred to a queer little dwelling at Hampton, semi-detached, one of a row, with mild, mysterious neighbours, and a fine proximity of beech wood, common, and broad river reaches. Here he stifled regrets in the excitement of furnishing a cottage, the discovery of a cook, and the selection of an appropriate name for his gateposts. . . . [Referring to another question of a young woman raised at the trial, the writer continues] Ever before and since that period in young bachelor days, as much as during the time of his engagement or of his separation from his wife, Lord Russell's behaviour towards women has been marked by the severest probity and delicacy. For that one blot, whatever he may have attempted towards erasing it, no word of palliation shall be said here. Russell himself does not palliate it; he never palliated in his life. With all his faults unflinching candour is the essence of him."



A FERISHTAH GROUP

CHAPTER XV

FERISHTAH

WHEN I left Oxford I was still eighteen months under age, I was still a ward of Chancery, and I only had the £400 a year my guardians allowed me to live on. None the less I was determined that nothing would induce me to have anything more to do with P. L. any more than with Oxford, and I succeeded in hiring a little jerry-built semi-detached house about a mile away from the river at Hampton at a rental of £26 a year. My Uncle Rollo was horrified when I told him, and pointed out that as a minor I had not the capacity to contract or to sign a lease. My only answer was to tell him that the lease was signed, possible or impossible, and that if any attempt was made to interfere with me I should not disclose the position of the house. There was great agitation, there were great comings and goings, and there was considerable pressure. My only answer was to remain perfectly firm, and to point out that without the gravest public scandal they could not very well attempt to restrain the liberty of a man of twenty. Finally they invoked the Lord Chancellor who was at that time Lord Selborne and an old personal friend. When I was visiting some friends at Cambridge I received a telegram instructing me to present myself in his room at the House of Lords. I did so, and Selborne was very kind and very fatherly, and hinted at my legal position. To this my only answer was to say that technically it might be so but in practice it was not. Finally he invited me to pray with him, and being unwilling to hurt his feelings I knelt down with him at his table in his room while he prayed aloud for guidance. Birched by a Bishop, sent down by the great Jowett, and prayed over by the Lord Chancellor; my experiences were accumulating. We parted on the most friendly terms, and I think I succeeded in convincing him that although obstinate I was entirely without vice, and as a result my guardians compromised with me on the footing of my accepting a tutor to live with me. The man they chose was

Graham Balfour, a very gentle person, perfectly upright, and of the most kindly disposition; he was a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, and has recently published some reminiscences of him. At our first interview we approached each other warily with an eye cocked like two strange dogs, but soon became very good friends. I think it was not long before he found my people as trying as I did. And so we settled down quite happily in my little cottage, which I named Ferishtah, after Browning's book, which had just been published, and which I succeeded in furnishing from top to bottom for the sum of £100 in addition to my college furniture; a feat which would be impossible in these post-war days.

Here I lived in some content owing to the position of great freedom that I found myself in. I was no longer bothered in any way with P. L., and I had no examinations to keep me busy. It was rather a sudden change from the hard work of Oxford, but I was by no means idle, and in addition to exercise, chiefly on the river, I did a great deal of reading, some classics, but mostly English. My tutor Balfour was an agreeable enough companion, and at any rate provided someone to talk to in the evenings who was intelligent. I also did a great deal of visiting, and was fairly frequently at Cambridge; not Oxford, which except for my one formal visit to Jowett some three or four years later, I did not re-visit for about twenty years. I did not see much of anyone except my contemporaries, for I was angry with all others and desired no dealings with them.

The establishment consisted of one of those middle-aged, indeterminate females known as general servants, who did everything for me as satisfactorily as one could expect. Needless to say I also had a cat of my own, and one of the illustrations shows her reposing happily upon one of my tables. This, however, was only the beginning of our animal kingdom, for in the garden of my neighbouring semi-detached there used to play several girls whom, from their number, we used to call "the orphans." My private belief is that they had both a father and a mother, but these we never saw. A possession which we did see, however, was a number of guinea-pigs, and we used to borrow these over the fence and play with them, but my experience is that you cannot play much with a guinea-pig. My friends often came to stay with me, and I managed to put up an incredible number considering my limited accommodation. The group photograph shows one of my parties at the rickety pillars of my semi-detached proudly blazoning forth its new name of Ferishtah. The people shown in the group are:—Ion Thynne on one gate-

post with his stick in the air, P. U. Henn on his right, and Osman Edwards on the wicker chair. Edgar Jepson is sitting on the other gatepost, and the limp figure next to him in a straw hat is me. The man sitting down and the one standing behind him are Roberts and Long Roberts respectively.

I had one peculiar amusement. I had acquired a horrid little derringer somewhere which couldn't shoot straight, and jerked up like anything, and I used to practise shooting indoors at the neck of bottles at distances varying from one to eight yards. When the landlord re-took possession he must have found pounds of lead embedded in the walls of his rooms, and a good deal of plaster missing—I cannot think why I never had to pay for dilapidations. I wonder now what the neighbours thought of us—in those days I never recognized their existence. Always excepting the orphans who were very friendly, and one of whom grown up solicited some subscription from me at Teddington Station some seven or eight years later and reminded me that she had been an orphan.

We were about half a mile from our railway station, which was Hampton, and about a mile from the river and the village of Hampton. Our favourite short excursion was to go down to Tagg's Island or Molesey Lock, but when we wanted some strenuous rowing we turned our heads up stream. It was from Ferishtah that I attended my first and only Derby. Two of us borrowed the washerwoman's donkey cart and drove the seven or eight miles in this across country to the course. It seemed to me quite a traditionally correct way of attending the Derby. When motorists were grumbling at the increased tax long before the present crushing burden I suggested that I should drive down to the House of Lords in a smart turn-out drawn by two donkeys to represent the only untaxed vehicle left.

On one occasion when we were deprived of the services of our general servant we did the whole of the housework ourselves, and one of the illustrations shows us with the symbols of our avocations. I acted as a very indifferent cook; Balfour, who is holding up the bath, looked after the water and the slops, and the third man, with the blacking brush, was our tweeny maid.

In my second year at Ferishtah I had a serious accident. I had a model engine with a very large spirit lamp for making steam. While we were running the engine I noticed that the spirit lamp was leaking, and I rushed out into the garden with it. As I was throwing it away it exploded, and the burning spirit flew

all over my left leg, which was terribly burnt from the top of my boot to the knee. They said I was very funny rolling about on the grass in agony to try and put the flames out, and shouting: "Put me out. Put me out." I dare say I was, but I wasn't amused. I was ultimately extinguished by Balfour with a bucket of slops from the kitchen. I hobbled upstairs, my trousers were torn or cut off, some sort of temporary dressing was put on to keep the air out, and I lay on my bed waiting for the doctor. I had half an hour of the most exquisite agony I have ever endured, with a clear realization of how unpleasant Hell might be. As a counter irritant I tied a string to the foot of my bed and kept pinching and hurting my fingers with it to give me something else to think of. The doctor did not come for three-quarters of an hour, and by this time the acute pain had subsided and I was comfortably smoking a pipe. He dressed and bound the leg properly and then said: "I will give you a sleeping draught for to-night, as, of course, the shock will have upset you." I said: "Upset me! fiddlesticks, my pulse is perfectly quiet, and I shall sleep quite well," and I did, eight hours.

I had a good deal of pain some two or three days later when he put the second dressing on and I was kept in my bed altogether some six or eight weeks by this accident. When I was nearly convalescent, I went to visit my dear old friend, Mrs. Dick, at Winchester, and I remember the acute agony I suffered when I first began to try to walk again, and put my leg to the ground. It was exactly like having red-hot knitting needles stuck into one's leg all over. However, with the exception of a week of influenza in 1899, when it was first invented, this is the only occasion on which I have had to stay in bed since the age of seventeen, so I have not much to complain of.

I lived at Ferishtah altogether from June, 1885, to July, 1887, and for the sake of convenience I have collected my Ferishtah experiences together, but they were in fact interrupted by a visit of six months to America, with which I deal in the next chapter. Not long after my return from America I came of age, and my money and possessions were handed over to me by my guardians. I then learnt for the first time of a most high-handed and illegal action of which they had been guilty. On the staircase landing at Ravenscroft my father had a cabinet with glass doors stacked with letters in cardboard cases all neatly arranged and preserved because they were of interest. All these letters he had



A DOMESTIC INTERLUDE. THE TUTOR. THE TAUGHT. AND THE TWENTY

naturally left to me in his will. About a year before I came of age my guardians had taken upon themselves to go through these letters and destroy something like three-fourths of them because forsooth they did not think I ought to read them. I was exceedingly bitter about this, and it is an offence for which I have never forgiven them.

When I came into my money I parted with Ferishtah and purchased the freehold of a house at Teddington called Broom Hall. It was an old-fashioned house, not very well built, but it had lovely grounds and a long frontage to a wide and smooth piece of the river just above Teddington Weir. I settled Moyse in the lodge and put up an elaborate electric light station with accumulators, and made the house comfortable, and I took my old nurse and her daughters to act as my servants. In addition to running my steam launch I used to do a good deal of rowing in those days, and had a little boathouse in the grounds. I often made expeditions of several days up the river, sleeping on the floor of the *Isabel*, and plunged over the side into the silver Thames for my morning bath.

There was an island about half a mile above Teddington Lock which belonged to a neighbour of mine called Tatham, and one day he took upon himself to initiate a prosecution against me under the by-laws of the Thames Conservancy, because he said the wash of my launch had disturbed the earth on the bank of his horrid little island. This was my first acquaintance with Robson, because we took him as our junior to defend me at the Spelthorne Petty Sessions, and subsequently in our appeal to Quarter Sessions, in both of which courts I need hardly say we were unsuccessful. However, the prosecutor came to a bad end, for a few years later he was sentenced to penal servitude for defrauding his clients.

While waiting in the Police Court for our case to come on, we had an amusing experience of Justices' justice. A man was summoned for riding a bicycle on the footpath, of which the evidence was very thin and conflicting, but the Chairman quite cheerily convicted him, and gave as his reason that he was annoyed by hearing cyclists using bad language when he went to church on Sundays! Robson could scarcely contain his laughter, but he suggested to me that we had not much chance before that sort of tribunal.

For about a year I had at Broom Hall a most adorable St. Bernard which belonged to Mrs. Dick. It had, however, a playful habit of biting little boys, which had got her into trouble, and so she sent it to me. Unfortunately it continued this habit so that none of the tradesmen's boys would come near the house, and whenever

the dog felt inclined it used to walk up into Teddington and help itself to a joint of butcher's meat. The butcher made no attempt to interfere, but simply charged the joint to me. Of course, the dog was really perfectly harmless and quite friendly, but naturally when it saw silly little boys running away with every sign of terror, it bit a piece out of their trousers. However, it became so bad that I had at last to send it back to Mrs. Dick, and it was soon afterwards destroyed.

After I came back from Naples we started the business of Swinburne and Co. in my grounds on account of the convenient supply of electricity, but I did not keep the house long because Mabel Edith thought it gloomy, and so after having spent a lot of money on it I sold it at a great loss on my marriage in 1890.

CHAPTER XVI

AMERICA IN 1885

IN October, 1885, Balfour and I set sail for a visit to America, with the sanction of my guardians, as a sort of grand tour. I had always been anxious to visit the United States, and in the short space of about six months I saw the greater part of them with the exception of the North-West and the Yellowstone Park, and never went outside of the United States during the whole trip, with the exception of crossing the bridge at Niagara, and just setting foot in Mexico at Paso del Norte. We crossed on the *Etruria*, on what was, I think, her maiden or her second voyage, I am not sure which. She did over twenty knots, and logged more than 500 miles many days, which was considerably in excess of what we did in twenty-four hours on the railway trains of the West.

Of course, she carried hundreds of passengers, but we were fortunate in the people with whom we found ourselves at table. There was Manton Marble, the Senator, full of political information, whose daughter married Martin Conway the explorer; Mrs. Blomfield Moore, an eccentric and wealthy widow of Philadelphia, whom we saw something of afterwards; and Professor O. C. Marsh, one of the most delightful men I ever met. He was a professor at Yale, had crossed the Rockies seventeen times, and was renowned as the discoverer of the fossil horse. His conversation and his anecdotes about his adventures were a continual delight.

On landing in New York the first thing that struck me was the inquisitorial set of questions that one had to fill up even in those days, and the extraordinary number of articles that appeared to be dutiable. Of course, both these lists have been extended since, and on a subsequent visit when I was asked: "Do you believe in polygamy?" on one of these forms I was so affronted that I replied: "I have not considered the question, but I have observed that it is practised by all Christian nations." One can imagine the fun they had during the War when there were passports and the inquisition was naturally more detailed and personal. One woman

was described on her passport in 1916 as having a blemish, which was in fact high up on her cheek. She had been sick all the way over, she had waited in a long queue to reach the passport officer, he had put her through a long catechism as to her motives in coming and other personal matters, and finally looking at her passport he said: "Where's your blemish?" Fed up and irritated with waiting she snapped out: "I'm sitting upon it," whereupon the virtuous Yank blushed and said: "Pass on, Madam, pass on, please."

The first impression of New York in those days to a Londoner was of a disgustingly untidy and unfinished city. The streets were in such a condition that one was jolted to pieces, they were festooned with telegraph wires hanging about anyhow with varying degrees of slackness, they were occupied by the most miserable, jolty, horse-drawn tramcars and disfigured by the most hideous and blatant advertisements. The noise was terrific, almost worse than Paris. Cabs cost about four shillings a mile instead of sixpence, and you couldn't buy a newspaper under twopence halfpenny, and it wasn't worth buying then. The dignified quiet of the lounge in an English hotel was replaced by a huge bustling hall like a busy department at Selfridge's. I took a dislike to New York, which I never got over until my last visit in 1917.

The inhabitants, however, did everything possible to make up by their extreme kindness and hospitality. We were made members of innumerable clubs and were asked to any number of fashionable dinners and parties. The Duke of Sutherland was visiting New York at this time in his yacht, and at one of the dinner parties I met him accompanied by Mrs. Blair. She seemed to me rather unexplained, and when I asked my neighbour who she was his answer was: "Oh, a niece, or sister-in-law or something." Incredible as it may seem, he took in New York society for a whole season, and forced this woman upon the people who thought Maxim Gorky unfit even to hire a bed in their city. The Duke was not very bright in his faculties even at this time, for on being introduced to him as the Earl Russell, his first question was: "How's your father?" to which the only possible reply I could make was that I didn't know. I remember one delightful party at a club where they induced me to take some cold punch. Its coolness disguised the effect for a few minutes, but when it thawed I had to be taken home in much the same condition as that in which Mr. Pickwick was wheeled to the pound.

On Guy Fawkes day I was in Philadelphia with a temperature of 60°, a bright sun and soft air. There were some curious advertisements, "Tonsorial Artist," "Natatorium," "Cake Bakery and Ice Cream Saloon," and a tailor's advertisement "It Saves all dickering, One piece without budging." It was not unusual in those days suddenly to find the train bodily in a ferry boat, and on the through train from Boston to Philadelphia we had a three hours' sail round New York while sleeping in our cars. The trains had axes, saws, and hammers picturesquely disposed about the cars—I suppose to be able to dig themselves out in case of their frequent accidents. The pillar boxes were wretched little green things on lamp-posts, with a hole too small for anything but a letter, and the post office was nearly always called the Federal Building. I am fortunate in still having by me some letters which I wrote at the time, and I propose to quote freely from them.

On 6 November, there occurred what was to me an historic occasion, viz., an opportunity of seeing Walt Whitman in the flesh. "Yesterday I went over to Camden and called on Walt. I found him much what I expected, a fine noble figure, but sadly broken down by his paralysis. He was most pleasant to talk to, though I didn't venture to say much. He was glad to hear his poems were appreciated in England, and asked after Tennyson: said he had read very little Browning, which I thought interesting. After we had been chatting some little time, he looked at me and said: 'Why, but you're not like a lord.' He was living in a little cottage in the street, with a notice on the door just like any plumber, 'Walt Whitman.' And there he is, one of the greatest men in the world, who, unaided, has sprung up to God almost unknown, unrecognized, and uncomplaining."

In Philadelphia we had the honour of being entertained by its great man George W. Childs, the *Amphitryon* of Philadelphia as he was called. A party of about a dozen of us was assembled at his house for dinner, and Mrs. Childs coolly informed us that she had had a cable (a word Americans always use for a telegram, because it sounds more important) from him to say that his train was an hour late and dinner would be put off for an hour—would we rather come back or would we rather wait. When the great man did arrive he felt impelled towards the end of the dinner to assert his contempt for an aristocracy, so fetching a sort of coronet from a sideboard he turned it upside down and put the pudding on it, and said: "That's what we think of coronets out here." I was

not impressed with his manners, nor if it comes to that with his truthfulness. Apparently this is a favourite symbol of the American wishing to assert his barbaric yawp, because I have a book called "Triumphant Democracy" by Carnegie, which is adorned on the outside with a coronet upside down.

I was also taken over the Penitentiary at Philadelphia by a set of goody-goody Quakers, and was driven rather mad by the snuffling piety of the prisoners hoping for remissions, and the satisfied smirks of my conductors, until at last Balfour warned them in an aside that if the thing went on much further I should probably break out.

We were the more impressed in Philadelphia because we had just come from Boston, the American home of culture, where we had been most kindly and courteously entertained, and of course had heard all the stories about Beacon Street and Saltonstall. I had also paid a visit to Harvard, where I had some introductions from Oxford, and among other undergraduates whose acquaintance I made was George Santayana, which was the beginning of an acquaintance of long standing.

I forgot to mention that of course at Philadelphia we were also entertained by Mrs. Blomfield Moore, our companion of the steamer, and shown the wonderful Keeley motor which she was mad about. I could not see any reason to doubt that the thing was a fraud although I could not detect it.

After Philadelphia I went to Pittsburg, and was much interested in its industries, but thought the place detestable. We arrived by a little one-horse line that ran up and down fields and round corners, and this is what I say of the hotel. "This hotel is the most uncomfortable I was ever in. You are waited on—as usual—by dirty, dancing niggers who will not give you clean plates or knives (these people don't know how to eat bread and butter), the rooms are small, washstand, drawers, and looking-glass all in one, and one dirty little table; a very small allowance of water and light (looks into a courtyard, where am surveyed by two floors), blanket two feet too narrow for the bed, impossible to get hot water (and my blood boils too much for me to describe an assault I suffered up town, called a shave). Gas gives no light. If you want your boots blacked you put them on and go down a hole, and pay ten cents. In this same hole are indecent lavatories with skimpy doors, smelly urinals, and—baths, shut in in cupboards, where you are stifled by gaslight, and for which luxury you pay fifty cents. It is too

perfectly vile in its nastiness. I suffer, but I swear, and long for my 'appy 'appy 'Ampton—even without the aspirate. Every now and then there is a clanging and rumbling, and a locomotive with freight train comes unblushingly down the street in front of the hotel. Add to this a stifling hot-air-pipe atmosphere inside with perpetual noise and occasional unearthly yells."

From Pittsburg we went on to Louisville, the home of Kentucky corn whisky. One of its leading citizens gave me some to drink, and incited me to go on, but he was disappointed when I refused. He said: "Well, I have always heard the expression 'as drunk as a lord,' and I have tried Lord Rosebery. and I have tried you, and you are neither of you any good!" From there we went on to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This is one of the most wonderful sights of the world, and we spent many hours underground, but I need not describe here what has been so often described. The visit had a personal interest for me of another character: for eighteen months I had been a vegetarian as part of the Buddhist religion to which St. George had persuaded me—here I fell and the manner of my falling was in this wise. We had to drive for ten miles from the end of the railway in a Concord Stage, and arrived at the hotel in the dark of a frosty winter night about six o'clock. "I was frozen and had had no lunch, and—Ah well! the flesh is weak—when there was nothing but meat, I fell and ate a bee steak! Now may the Philistines triumph over me, for my ligh has gone out!" The quality of the meat must have been doubtful for the next day Balfour and I had an argument as to whether what I was eating was chicken or pork, and it turned out to be turkey.

In a week's time we were at Chicago, which rather pleased me. Even in those days it had decent paving of wood and asphalt instead of the usual cobble stones, but the habits of our hotel were rather un-English judging from the following description of breakfast: "A nigger waits on us: we order oatmeal (i.e., porridge). The nigger has posed himself on one leg, with one great black hand resting on the table, and his eyes fixed in an ecstatic gaze on the floridly decorated ceiling, 'I want to order some more,' shouts Balf to me. 'All right, order away,' I reply. Darkey remains entranced. Balf seizes his bill of fare and hits the darkey's fingers hard, 'I'm listening,' he replies, without taking his eyes off the ceiling. Balf then shouts his order upwards. The nigger springs about, whisks our plates away, and throws a menu at me, which comes down wrong way round. I refuse to touch the missile, till ultimately the nigger

looks at me to see why I'm not ordering and sullenly whisks the card round. Then if you want your boots blacked here, in the best hotel in Chicago—you must go to the Boot Room with the mob and sit among the smells."

We then presented an introduction which we had to an official of the C.B.Q., one of the leading railroads: "We find our door and approach a wire screen, behind which three or four people are writing. Not a soul stirs. I rap loudly with my stick. No effect. At last after three or four minutes, a man gets up, looks us over and approaches the grating. I say: 'Is Mr. Sturgis here?' 'That's my name,' he replies, looking at us more suspiciously than ever. I hand him my letter—his manner instantly changes—not to the deferential Englishman but from the suspicious official to the friendly comradeship of the American, and he asks us to dinner. After lunch, we go to inspect the City Waterworks, fine pumping engines, doors open to all. Then we walk round a bit among the better houses of the town, and come back here. At 6.30 we go forth with respectable black coats, find our horse-car, and ride away into the darkness till the conductor shouts to us. We find the Union Club and our host, who gives us a most pleasant dinner—and a short one; and only when you've been in America can you realize how much education that at once credits an American with. We have a good deal of talk; and with the invariable American hospitality he gives us the freedom of his club for a week, and offers to get us all sorts of Chicago introductions."

We left Chicago by the C.B.Q. owing to our acquaintance with Sturgis who was an important official, and spent a day at Omaha on the Missouri in Nebraska, and then went on to Denver about 1,000 miles from Chicago. It is necessary for English readers again to emphasize the distances in America, and the sizes of the various states. England could easily be dropped into almost any of them, while in Texas the greater part of Europe might lose itself. Denver is 5,000 ft. above sea level, and I had slight difficulty in breathing for the first day. The foothills of the Rockies which are 60 miles away look an easy couple of hours' walk.

We made many excursions from Denver, and the first was by a little 3 ft. narrow gauge railway to Georgetown, a former mining camp. We went to the opening of the District Court there where a Frenchman was on trial for murder and was asked by the interpreter: "*Coupable ou non coupable?*" to which he replied: "*Non coupable.*"

“The judge was a fat, good-natured man, something like Dick. Everyone wore plain clothes, and smoking was allowed. The Court is competent to try both civil and criminal cases, right up to murder. The prisoners sit casually, not in any dock; nor is there any jury box, but just a raised row of chairs. There are no policemen in uniform visible, but the prisoners are restrained by the knowledge that there are sheriffs and officers distributed through the crowd, fully armed, who would shoot them down at the first attempt to escape. One incident especially amused me, as showing their casualness; a French interpreter was sworn with a cigar in his hand, which he continued smoking.”

Apparently I had been very much inflamed as at one time or other so many Englishmen are by the prospect of ranching in Colorado, and was thereby inspired to the compilation of this wonderful document which I have discovered among my papers:—

“Fratribus Omnibus Conjuratis, iisque e quorum numero constituta est magna illa societas ‘Dolores’ nomine vocata, hæc verba Franciscus ego scribam.

“Now it hath appeared that there are in the purlieu of Oxford and Cambridge certain sons of men who though they be fair-seeming outwardly and of pleasant speech withal, yet are but as wanderers on the face of the earth and robbers, for that they have no fixed prospects and cannot attain to the respectability of the British Nation. Now, for the relief of these, God, in His goodness, hath made the State of Colorado. For in this State there is an occupation called by the Midianites ‘Ranching,’ of a very profitable nature, so that for every hundred shekels he shall devote, the Lord will at the end of each year repay him an hundred and thirty. Now one shekel is fifty pence of the reckoning of the Egyptians. And the manner of ranching is in this wise. A man cometh and seeth land whereon none has yet toiled, and setteth apart of such land squares, one hundred and sixty in all, and maketh it Corban. Yet ere he can enter into the fruits thereof, he must declare unto the King of Israel that he will be enrolled among the tribes of the children of Israel, and dwell among their tents. But this oath is not an oath unto the Lord; if therefore he do but pay the dues of the temple, so shall he redeem his oath. And straightway shall the King adjudge to him the land, in squares one hundred and sixty, to be his and his children’s children for ever without price, save only the yearly payment of tax.

“Then doth the possessor enter upon his possessions, and buy for himself herds of cows and of oxen, and take horses and dogs and men servants to be herdsmen of his cattle; and doth build for himself an house of wood, to dwell therein. And they labour every one, the master with the servant, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, in snow and cold, in sun and dust; so labour they with exceeding great labour. And in the spring he selleth the beeves when grass is green; and with water in ditches he maketh alfalfa to spring from the barren sand.

“With five thousand shekels shall he buy his herds and fifteen hundred shall the Lord give him in increase by the year, every year fifteen hundred shekels. And though he pay for his ‘claim’ nothing, for it is Corban, yet when he hath toiled five years shall he spoil the Israelite for it, twenty shekels a square. One year shall he that will ranch serve in slavery to a master and not light shall his service be. For he shall toil all day among the flocks and herds of his master, and shall learn all the pasturing of cattle, and inform himself of all things appertaining to a ranch. For which service his master shall pay him, whensoever the moon shineth in all her glory, shekels of silver, it may be thirty, it may be forty shekels. And thirty or forty shekels shall he render to him for his service every glory of the moon, twelve times by the year. And when he hath served his apprenticeship a year, then shall his master let him go free, and he that was a slave shall get land and cattle, and be master in his turn.

“And the cowboy liveth after this fashion. He weareth a hat thick and with broad brim, and rideth ever upon a horse, having in his pocket ‘pops’ which are being interpreted fire-tubes of iron, that send forth grievous fire and stones of lead, so that a man dieth down before them. Seldom may he come into the cities that are round about, but must toil unceasingly upon the ranch. Yet may one herdsman suffice for many cattle for he needeth not to grow food for them nor build them stalls for the winter, for they are strong and wild. Yea, when he goeth a-milking he must first, riding upon his horse, throw a lasso round the hind-leg of his cow, and then only shall he milk her with difficulty. And if the Lord prosper him, and he drink not too much strong drink, nor go a-whoring after the other iniquities of cowboys, it may be that he shall prosper exceedingly and wax fat. For if he bringeth to the State of Colorado ten thousand shekels of silver, it may be that in five years he returneth unto Canaan, having added thereto other ten thousand, and receiving

every year three thousand shekels more from the increase of his cattle.

“Wherefore to such as are sore-driven in their land, where the press of the people is greatest, there appeareth here a relief for such as will labour earnestly in tending their flocks. But they that will sit idle and keep white hands, the tribe of ranchmen knoweth not, neither shall they prosper and grow rich, whether in the land of their father or in the new land of the eagle. To them that toil and faint not the Lord hath appointed a way, and to them shall come the fruits of the earth, and of beasts that are on the earth. The Lord prosper their handiwork, and send them understanding.”

17 Dec., 1885.

R.

Another expedition we made of very great interest was to Manitou, where we made the acquaintance of Dr. Bell, an Englishman. I became very brave in driving American buggies, and learnt after a time that an American horse will go at a swinging trot over a rotten wooden bridge full of holes without putting his feet into any of them. In this conveyance I visited the Garden of the Gods, a wonderful sight of natural piled stones which I have always longed to see again since.

From Manitou we accomplished the ascent of Pike's Peak later than it had even been climbed in the year before, in fact within three days of Christmas. I thus describe it: “Its summit is 14,000 ft. above the sea, and on it is established a U. S. Signal Service Station, where the barometer stands at 18. It is 5,000 ft. above the timber line, and breathing is very difficult, for why? there is no air to breathe. Well, on Monday we rose at 6.30, and breakfasted, and started at 8 a.m. thickly clothed, riding on mountain ponies, and accompanied by a pleasant young Canadian as guide. We soon struck the ‘trail’ and what this means I will endeavour to tell you. Imagine a mountain side sloping more than any ordinary house-roof, and along this cut a narrow path, where but one horse can find room. This path goes up very steeply, and is composed now of shingly stuff crumbling beneath your feet, now of hard and slippery rock, now of ice or snow, and again of insecure timber bolstered up anyhow. Of course in places it is better, but not for long. Never should have I believed in England that you would find me trusting myself on horseback in such a place, and yet I did it gaily and almost without fear. One finds that one *does not* roll over the precipice, and ceases to think about it.

“The first three or four miles was along the course of Buxton

Creek in shadow and our feet and hands got bitterly cold. Then we were at Trail House (now deserted) and had to dismount and drag our horses over some ice. This warmed us and riding on we got some sunshine and pleasant ways through thick pine timber for about three miles. We did not meet much snow here and the trail was pretty good, only *very* steep, and we had to stop every few minutes to breathe our horses, who were oppressed by the thinness of the air. It was when we got above timber-line that the real struggle came. Here was nothing but a bleak desert of rough boulders more or less covered with snow, and a strong wind blowing. In one place we entirely lost the trail; and generally there was frequent dismounting and scrambling through four or five feet of snow with sharp boulders striking your feet beneath, and your beasts always to be dragged after you. At that elevation, it was most exhausting, and made one feel dizzy and faint, as a fast quarter-mile does. Ultimately after much plunging, the place came where we had to leave our horses, and climb about one-third of a mile to the top—very hard work, through snow, and wind drifting it. There we lunched in the Signal Station (kept, ye Gods, at a temp. of 70°!) and enjoyed a view of some 200 miles of plain on the East and many mountain ranges to the West. There were also many fine views on the way up and down. The distance is ten miles, and took us very nearly six hours. It was not very cold at the top, though freezing enough to keep the snow quite hard and friable. We descended as soon as we could, but even so it was dark by the time we reached Trail House, for Dec. 21 is the shortest day of the year. The last three miles was accomplished solely by trusting to our guide and sure-footed steeds, and I know now what ‘walking by faith’ means. The whole thing is a feat to be very proud of as it is a month later than tourists have ever been up before. We were the heroes of the hour on our return. But I was not in a condition to enjoy it, having suffered from a frightful splitting headache all the way down, and for two hours afterwards due to exertion in that attenuated atmosphere, and the terrible snow glare. I was also very stiff from twenty miles riding, not having been in a saddle for two or three years; in fact I don’t sit down quite comfortable yet. The way the beasts plunged through snow and scrambled over rocks was astounding—like a dog or cat. Need I say that my opinion of horses is entirely altered? or that I no longer regard them as ferocious wild beasts? for though mine did try to bite me it didn’t trample on me, kick or run away.”

We made an interesting journey from Colorado Springs to Salt Lake City by the narrow gauge Denver and Rio Grande in which we were thrilled with the wonderful gorges and peaks of the Rockies as we came over them in those American trains which clamber up the Rockies like a cat and occasionally turn round and look at their tails while they are doing it. On the other side for hundreds of miles we followed the Green River and finally came to Salt Lake City, that oasis in the desert created by the Mormons. I had been very much interested in the Mormons, not so much in their idiotic religion as in their practice of polygamy, their persecutions and their agricultural and patriarchal Old Testament character and the legends of the Danites.

I was well received by the Mormon leaders who presented me with copies of the Book of Mormon and other books dealing with their religion; and they expressed a complete willingness to let me investigate for myself in any way that I wished. I was there at a very interesting time, just when the Washington Government had finally succeeded in its persecution of polygamy as repugnant to the Christian conscience of America. The Christian conscience had expressed itself rather curiously in action in Utah; if an elder before polygamy was unlawful had five wives, he was now required to select one of them and say she was his wife, and although no objection was taken to his keeping the other four as mistresses provided he admitted that he did it on immoral grounds, he was at once sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary if he treated them with respect or referred to any of them as his wife. I took an early opportunity of visiting the penitentiary where most of the leading Mormons were at that time confined. It was an old-fashioned adobe building, and the mud walls were 4 ft. thick and 20 ft. high. The prisoners were allowed to walk about at large and do what they pleased within the walls, and on the walls at two corners was a sort of sentry hut with a watchman armed with a Winchester. I asked one of them: "If you saw an escaping prisoner would you shoot him?" "I should consider it my duty to do so, Sir."

My sense of justice and my indignation were very much aroused by the Federal attitude to the Mormons, and I describe the position thus: "One word about this polygamy. The Saints hold it as an article of faith—the 'patriarchal order of marriage,' they call it. On common-sense grounds they further argue that it is better for a man to satisfy his desires with two or three women he respects,

than to debauch himself and others with whoring. This is so. Statistics prove that the grosser crimes are far rarer among Mormons than among Gentiles. Now in these States I have heard more talk of houses of prostitution and more unblushing assertions of the fact by their frequenters, than I should have thought possible. It is looked upon as only natural among young men of good family and position to visit a brothel or keep a mistress. So from the point of view of a truer morality, the Mormons are undoubtedly far above the Gentiles; and I do not doubt that to them it is a *religious belief*.

"The fact is, they have made Utah valuable property and Americans wish to get the land and the possessions. To this end they pass laws which compel an existing polygamist to put away his wives and call them harlots; for if he holds them out as his wives he is given \$300 fine and six months for 'unlawful cohabitation'—*though he had no sexual connexion with them*. To this end they impose an unauthorized test oath 'Have you known more than one woman in the marriage relation?' which excludes an honourable and truthful Mormon polygamist, while admitting every Gentile whoremonger pimp, and panderer! Is it any wonder that these people cry aloud 'How long? Oh, Lord, how long?'"

I asked to be allowed to ascertain the woman's view on the subject, and I was allowed to talk frankly and without the presence of their men-kind, with three intelligent women, Mrs. Romania Pratt, an experienced doctor, Mrs. Smith (one of the several sharers of Mr. Smith's name and favours), and Miss Louisa Wells, the daughter of a polygamous Mrs. Lydia Wells, who supports Women's Rights in a paper she edits called *The Woman's Exponent*. All these women were ladylike and much more well informed than one would have thought possible in such an out-of-the-way place, and they were all keen defenders of patriarchal marriage—from the point of view of women in general, mother, wife, and daughter. I put it to them that they could hardly expect me to believe that the character of women was so completely transformed that one wife would not be jealous of the other, and they admitted quite frankly that this was so, but that it was part of their religious training to bear it and work off the jealousy by loving the other wives instead of regarding them as rivals. My summing up of the whole position was: "It is curious how they overlook throughout the possibility of a man's restraining his passions, and the modern view of a wife as an ideal, which it is a sacrilege to worship two of. I think the whole system vulgar and unrefined, but certainly not immoral—for those who

believe in it. I should say the Mormon community was peaceful, prosperous, charitable to the hungry and sick, and moral far above the level of any Gentile community."

I tried, of course, also to ascertain anything I could about the existence in earlier days of a Band of Danites or avenging executioners, but all such stories were firmly denied, and very plausible explanations were offered. The only conclusion I could come to was that while one could never trust the results of an unrestrained, fanatical despotism when religion is mixed up with it, it was quite inconsistent with their present temper, and that at any rate at that time women had more liberty and more recognition in Utah than anywhere else.

I had a photograph of myself taken in Salt Lake City which I have always treasured for many reasons of which the principal is its sylph-like appearance. I am afraid it is about a quarter of a century since I looked like a slim maypole. Another reason is that although I have no resemblance whatever to Bertie, this photograph might easily be mistaken for him. Since it is what I should like to look like now, I have put it in the frontispiece!

I have also preserved an amusing interview in a Salt Lake paper which is rather a revealing specimen of American journalism. The reporter it is obvious was not quite aware whether he was being hoaxed or not:

"There he comes now," said the hotel clerk, as a flaxen-haired youth entered the room. He was attired in a coarse gray and well-worn suit of clothes, with a slouch gray hat. A flaming red necktie was the most conspicuous article of apparel, and as he proceeded to fill and light a

WELL-USED BRIAR PIPE

there was nothing whatever in his appearance to suggest that he was a member of the famous house, said to have descended from old Olaf, "The Sharp-eyed King of Rerik."

"Is this Mr. Russell," inquired the reporter condescendingly, as he handed the young man a card.

"Yes, sir! Oh, you are from *The Tribune*? That's the paper that is fighting the Mormons."

"Yes, I believe it has a tendency in that direction. Are you a relative of the famous Earl John Russell?"

"Yes, I am his grandson," was the modest reply.

"Is the present earl your father?"

"No, sir, my father is dead. I am the earl," and the young man smiled placidly as he imparted this astounding information.

"Oh, you are the earl, are you," replied the reporter as he rather incredulously surveyed the young lord. "How did the eastern papers make the mistake of stating that Earl was simply your surname and not a title?"

"Oh, these American newspapers don't know anything about such things. They have spoken of me all the time as Mr. Earl Russell."

We took a train on the Central Pacific (as it was then) at Ogden and I had my first experience of crossing the Alkali Desert and passing stations whose only water supply was brought up to them in railway trucks. It is with great joy that one reaches Truckee and begins the climb of the Sierra Nevadas. After interminable snow sheds at the top one plunges down the other side, and finds oneself suddenly on the Pacific Slope in the balmy air and the tropical vegetation of California. We spent longer than we meant to in San Francisco which we reached at the beginning of January 1886 because there had been a most tremendous storm and floods and many miles of the railway had been washed away. These Western railway lines in those days were just laid with practically no ballast on the sand, and of course any excessive flood washed away the whole of the ground and left them hanging in the air. This particular storm had been so severe that San Francisco was practically cut off from the outside world for three days, and the papers appeared without any foreign news, the only telegraph line left standing being one to Portland, Oregon. We did San Francisco thoroughly, of course investigating the Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House, the Seal Rock and so on.

Our first expedition was to the Yosemite Valley, which was rather difficult in winter as there were no coaches running. After leaving the railway we had to ride on horseback accompanied by a stalwart and intelligent nigger as our guide. After two days' riding in which we did 75 miles, we got to the Big Trees, which are really very marvellous. Another 25 miles in the saddle next day brought us to the Valley itself, and the expedition really was well worth while. Always and always and always I have meant to go back to the Yosemite since, but I have never done it, but I think it quite the loveliest and most attractive place I have ever

seen. We stayed there a couple of days and duly visited all the Falls, and climbed to Inspiration Point 7,000 feet above sea level. We were caught by a snow-storm in the valley, and as further expeditions became impossible we had to return. We managed 40 miles in the first day in spite of the snow which by the end of the day turned to driving rain. The next day we had to ford swollen rivers, and passed through more terrific rain storms, but accomplished 45 miles and got back to the railway. I had been wearing my fur coat, and the rain was so terrific that it had actually soaked it through the skin. I had three Tom and Jerries, a compound of rum and hot milk, and went to bed feeling remarkably happy. We had just missed a train which was sixteen hours late, so I was able to rest till next day. Even then the terrible storm was still raging with a wind of 40 to 72 miles an hour, and after a time our train stopped in a waste of waters which we discovered to be a wash-out. A construction train was there repairing it, and after more than an hour we gingerly crossed over and got safely back to San Francisco.

My uncle Rollo, with his usual brilliant ineffectiveness, had been so remiss that poor Balfour was left without any money at all, and had been dependent on me for a fortnight: "A useful sort of guardian whom I could at any moment leave helplessly behind and get at least a fortnight's start of. I suggested this to him yesterday, and he became so alarmed and disturbed that you might have witnessed the spectacle of me counting my greenbacks with one hand, while covering Balfour with my revolver in the other."

We took the opportunity of our detention in San Francisco to go over Chinatown, and made a most careful inspection of that interesting place.

The railway to Monterey was unaffected by the storm, so we went there and stayed in the Hotel del Monte, a most comfortable hotel surrounded by most charming gardens full of humming birds. In those days we were put up for \$21 a week, but I believe the price in these days is more like \$10 a day. Monterey is one of the early Spanish settlements, and has a mission building of the Jesuits. I was much interested in the entrance door of the churchyard, the arch of which was composed of two jaws of a whale, a memory of the days when it was a fishing centre. Lord James Douglas was staying at the hotel, and I say: "It was a great pleasure to watch the people going to church; Jimmy looked quite the British aristocrat as he strutted along with a long frock coat, white waist-

coat, prayer book, and topper. On returning he put on a very comfortable looking shooting coat, and promenaded about with his head stuck high up, loudly whistling 'God Save the Queen.'"

I also describe my visit to a Chinese Mission School: "where some good Presbyterians try somewhat vainly to convert the heathen. I acquired an intelligent Chinese boy there for \$50." I brought this boy back to England with me afterwards with the consent of my guardians, and found him an excellent servant, but was deprived of him by the action of a lunatic, and he afterwards formed the subject of Lady Cardigan's agreeable letter, and of some discussion at the Old Bailey. His delightful name was Quai Paak.

At last we got away from San Francisco and went to Los Angeles. It was a very small Los Angeles compared to the town of the present day, and I describe it as surrounded by marshy wastes of rank grass. We decided to go up the coast by steamer, and left for the Port of San Pedro in a queer train: "It consisted of an engine, thirty or forty freight cars, and at the end some half-mile off three passenger cars. We made a gay procession through the main street, blocking all the traffic, and then suddenly pulled up in front of a Drug Store. Here large crowds got on, and when the conductor had managed to make the engine see his signals, off we steamed through orange groves." There was a station half way where our engine was detached to do its shunting, and we ultimately accomplished twenty-five miles in two hours. The boat was detestable, and being only a little coasting steamer, calling everywhere, took a whole day to do 125 miles. She had a German skipper, who told us that he had been to sea for seventeen years before he left off being sea-sick. During our stop at Buena Ventura I bathed in a delicious warm sea—and only a fortnight before I had been in a foot of snow in another part of this wonderful State.

We were very much interested in Santa Barbara, and we spent a very pleasant time there with some friends we met and made. We made a most interesting visit to Cooper's Ranch—the old man was still alive in those days, and showed us round himself in his blue cotton working clothes. I recognized its main features when I visited it again in 1916, and admired its two wonderful eucalypti. I was still an energetic walker, for on another day I walked to the Hot Springs 1,400 ft. up the mountains and back—a total walk of 14 miles in that hot weather.

In my letter written from Santa Barbara I find comments on the mob that had given trouble in London, and the question "Who

is Burns?" I little thought then that I should be a colleague of John Burns on the L.C.C., and live to see him a Minister. We returned from Santa Barbara by a very superior steamer to San Pedro. On the railway journey back to Los Angeles we had even more fun than before at the intermediate station, for after waiting an interminable time for another train to pass us it came up, but owing to some mistake, did not turn into the siding, and the two engines met face to face. There then ensued a tremendous dispute as to which engine should give way and go back to make room for the other; the engineers were soon reinforced by the conductors and brakemen, and before the squabble was over both sets of passengers were also taking sides. In the end our journey of twenty-five miles took us three hours and a half this time.

We left Los Angeles for Texas by the Southern Pacific, and in those days it *was* the Southern Pacific with a vengeance. The accommodation was bad: the train was late, and in consequence all the meal stations went wrong, and finally we breakfasted at Maricopa. Here we were detained, and heard that the train we had to pass had run into a buffalo the night before, and was off the rails. However, it soon came in, and about three miles from Maricopa we came on the remains of the buffalo which had been literally cut in two by the engine's cow-catcher. But it had its revenge—the engine was standing there in the desert in a helpless and hopeless kind of way, and didn't look as if it would move for some time. Indians had turned up like vultures from nowhere, and were preparing to devour the buffalo. We reached El Paso at last, and on the next day, Sunday, went across to Paso del Norte, which is in Mexico, and attended some cock fights. I have the bill before me now, from which I note that the gentleman providing the entertainment was called Jesus Perez, and announced that he bound himself to see fair play always.

We went on very soon to San Antonio having slept in eleven different places in fifteen days. Here I had the strange fortune to meet Captain Turquand, late of the Coldstream Guards, who had lived in Petersham, who gave us afternoon tea, and introduced us to his mother, a charming old lady with a sincere hatred of Americans who always resents being introduced to a shopman "for I never will call them stores" or a hack driver. He had a little boy of seven who could ride and lasso anything. Texas is a cheerful place: in his first fortnight there three men were shot, and two were hanged outside his house. I had fun with a reporter there

because when the bell boy brought up his card I said: "Send him away, send him away." "What am I to say?" asked the boy. "Reporter?" I queried. "Yes, sir." "Send him away, send him away!" "Lord Russell doesn't want to see him," interposed Balf. So the boy departed wonderingly. The result reached me the next morning, and I wish I had it here to reproduce it: the incensed reporter had done his best; but all I remember is that he said I had the appearance of a mudpile, and the manners of a mudlark. One afternoon when walking round the town we came on a scene at the river where several niggers were filling water tubs and all the carts and cabs in the town were cleaning themselves and horses by simply walking through (it was about 4 ft. deep), and then being rubbed down. It was the chief highway of the town, and the hubbub was great, express waggons, drays, flies, vans, all there, very leisurely watering and washing, while their drivers asked the news or disputed—*stantis convicia mandrae*, as Juvenal hath it. One mild horse with a long rope led by a boy docilely went in and had a swim while the boy stood on the bank and hauled him about like a fish at the end of a line.

We went on by the Southern Pacific to New Orleans in the State of Louisiana with its French civilization and Code Napoléon, its catholicism, its cotton growing, and its very low type of niggers. I had great trouble in getting a registered letter here because the post office insisted on my signing with an initial, and I had ultimately to compromise by treating Earl as a Christian name. We were struck with the wonderfully wide Canal Street, with its six lines of rails, the Levee as the riverside wharf is called, and the general Frenchiness of the place. We left New Orleans by steamer, and did 120 miles to the mouth of the river, and then crossed the Gulf to Tampa in Florida. We travelled about Florida fairly exhaustively in steamers and little narrow gauge trains: "Cows were feeding about the swamps and among the trees and we had suddenly to slacken and whistle at one to get off the track. Our little train went along at quite a pace past Kissimee and many other pretty names."

The following realistic description of going up one of the smaller rivers gives some idea of the sort of thing. "I could scarcely believe we were going in the thing at first; it was a wretched rectangular tub with a stern wheel where the rudder ought to be: very small and very slow, only six miles an hour. When we were in the Ocklawaha River I saw that it was quite large and fast enough

for its purpose. Do you know the river from Godstowe to King's Weir? make it wind three times as much, reduce the current to two miles, and grow overhanging trees all round it, brown water, and a very little wider, and you have the Ocklawaha. How the deuce any steam thing gets up it I don't know now, but when we got to the corners (which were frequently right about) the rudders were just hitched up and the thing pirouetted. Of course trees constantly swept the saloon windows, and the whole of the upper deck; but the steering was splendidly done by two bright darkies. The food was very good, and my bed (I could only get a sofa) was clean, though too full of hills and valleys to be comfortable. Balf had to sleep in a cot in the saloon. On the Friday morning we got up about 6 a.m. to a bright day; saw an alligator about 6 ft. long, and any number of turtles. I forgot to mention that at night the niggers sang us several songs, and the scenery was lit up by flaring pitch-pines over the pilot-house, which threw a lurid and lovely light over the trees and water. Moreover our woodburning furnace was emitting showers of sparks so that our appearance was very fiery. The banks were all swamp extending back among the trees: there live rattlers and moccasin snakes."

The end of our time in Florida at St. Augustine and Jacksonville was very wet and very cold: I was even glad of my fur coat, and the travelling was not very comfortable. We went on to Charleston and then to Richmond, and made the acquaintance of the real South. We were enormously impressed by the difference in their manners as compared with the rest of America. For the first time I was not asked by every one I met what I thought of America, why I was travelling and all the other personal questions with which they bombard one. Much impressed with the courtesy of the Virginians we went on from here to Washington, which, of course, is cosmopolitan, or tries to be.

I think my best plan is to quote: "Yesterday I dressed myself up respectable, bought a topper, and strolled up to the White House. There were no policemen, no military, one arrived at the door unmolested. Here a suspicious functionary (after carefully scrutinizing us through the glass) opened the door a few inches, seized our letter of introduction, and calmly read it; then told us it was too late—after two, and we'd better come back at 10 a.m. next day; so rapidly closed the door in our faces. The whole treatment was singularly suggestive of a gentleman's servant keeping off duns. We then tried Home Secretary Bayard in an adjacent public building,

and managed to reach him. Poor man ! he has lost both wife and sister in the last two months. He has a beautiful face and voice, and is the most perfect gentleman in Washington. After a short interview with him he handed us over to his Chief Clerk Brown, who took us to the Library of the State Department. Here we saw the original of the Declaration of Independence, the whole correspondence of André and Arnold the traitor, Thos. Jefferson's design for his epitaph, Geo. Washington's account books and writing at the age of thirteen, Ben Franklin's letters and papers, and many such—all very interesting, and wonderfully preserved, and unknown to the public. This morning at 10 a.m. we went to the White House as directed, and after a certain amount of pushing about by more or less irresponsible officials, and explaining that we did not come to see the rooms, we were shown in to the President. Cleveland was much what I had expected ; he has proved a rugged, firm and thoroughly *honest* man in office and he looked it. I was favourably impressed."

I omit to record an incident which is burnt into my brain, and of which I need no reminder, which occurred during my interview with President Cleveland. Looking out of the window a tall obelisk was visible, and remembering that I had read that two were shipped from Alexandria I said with great assurance : " Oh, yes, I see that's your Cleopatra's Needle." " Well," said President Cleveland, " we call it the Washington Monument." I seem to have paid my respects more than once to our Ambassador, Sir Lionel Sackville West, but not to have been impressed with him.

I had a charming time in Washington, and met many beautiful young women. Some of these received me in the Virginian fashion, that is to say in the parlour while Poppa and Momma were hidden upstairs. In one case after I had been sitting alone with the young woman for an hour she said : " Isn't this like Darby and Joan ? " so I thought it high time to leave Washington.

We had a look at Baltimore, and went on to Philadelphia, and I was quite pleased to be in a familiar town again, but I do not seem to have liked Philadelphia better than on my first visit. One exception I should like to mention, a charming man called Rosen-garten, a lawyer, who was most kind to us, and showed us everything. Among other things he showed us Girard College, an unsectarian foundation for orphans from eight to sixteen. " There is too much drill and the kids are made to pray by machinery. In chapel Matron and Usher supervise them and insist on saying their prayers watching ;

and woe betide any hapless infant who has not struck the proper devotional attitude, or who ventures to peep through his hands. These things I saw with my own eyes. The service lasted forty minutes, and consisted of hymns about blood, uncouth prayers, and a sensational sermon on hell fire in the very 'vulgar' tongue."

Rosengarten told us an excellent story of one of his adventures during the Civil War, when he was a Colonel, and was dispatched to arrest John Janney a Quaker, who had signed the Virginian Act of Secession. He found them all at a "meeting" so he just sat down and said: "I don't want to disturb your meeting, but I warn you that at the end of it, it is my duty to arrest John Janney." One of them arose and said: "Will thee take off thee hat?" "No," he replied, "it is a friends' meeting." "Yes, thee hat is a military hat." So he took it off, and then his sword also, after some demur, and one of the Friends took them out. After an hour or so, the meeting was over. "Now," he said, "I must remind you that I want John Janney. Pray stand up." About twenty of them stood up. "Nonsense," he said, "I want the John Janney who signed, etc." "Oh, that John Janney," they replied, "why he took out thee hat an hour ago." He added that after the war John Janney came and called on him to apologize for slipping away, but said it would really have been very inconvenient to him to have been arrested just then.

One other most delightful man we met in Philadelphia was the famous Dr. Weir Mitchell, the specialist in nervous diseases. He was a most intelligent man, with most interesting conversation, and he presented me with a novel he had once written, which I have always treasured. From Philadelphia we went to Boston where we renewed a few acquaintances and then back to New York.

I find that I have quite omitted to mention a delightful visit soon after we landed to Professor O. C. Marsh, our steamer companion. He received us in his house at Yale University, of which he is a professor, and which he had built like a wigwam—a central hall with all the doors opening from it. He entertained us most hospitably, and gave us the most perfect breakfast I have ever had in my life. He took us round the Museum of fossil bones and so on, to which he had been the largest contributor, and gave us some introductions to Western people, which proved most useful afterwards. He also told us many most entertaining stories about

his adventures in the Rockies, and of my whole time in America, our visit to him stands out as perhaps the most pleasing part.

I had now been nearly six months in America; I had travelled the Lord knows how many thousand miles and by every sort of conveyance; I had slept at least thirty nights in the train, and I had visited practically every place of importance except the Great North-West. I was dying for the sight of home and London again, and embarked without regret on the *Umbria* on May 8, 1886. Seven or eight days later saw me at Ferishtah. I had gained a great deal of experience, and I had laid up a great many interesting memories, some of which I was to refresh and renew in later years.

CHAPTER XVII

STEAM YACHT "ROYAL"

I HAVE always been devoted to water in any form from a puddle to the Atlantic, and I had for some time been running a fast little steam launch called the *Isabel* up and down the Thames. As a result of this I knew the course thoroughly between Westminster Bridge and Oxford. I had now an opportunity of securing a yacht which had belonged to a music-hall person, and was called by the uninteresting name of *Royal*. I dare say people who could afford a real yacht would only have called it a large launch, but it was none the less a perfectly good sea-going boat built by White of Cowes. I must admit that it was only a little over 50 ft. between perpendiculars, and that the extreme beam was 9 ft. 5 in., while, although it was called 23 yacht tons it was only in fact 11½ tons register. All the same I was very proud of it, and I succeeded in accomplishing some marvellous performances.

My original crew consisted of an elderly, lanky, hairy Scotsman called Saunders as engineer. He was a real engineer, but rather bad tempered, and rather too fond of drink. I had as my mate an honest but very ignorant Margate boatman called Parker, also rather fond of drink. We took the boat over, we got her to run, we coaled her, and after one or two trial trips on the river I decided to proceed to Margate, and then go further along the South Coast. The navigation of the Thames Estuary is intricate, and there are many channels of which a good knowledge is required unless you are prepared to use the big ship channel which is adequately buoyed. As our draught was only 5 ft. 4 in., we naturally did not propose to do this, so I picked up a water-rat at Gravesend who professed to know the mouth of the Thames intimately in order to pilot us. Away we went in fine weather, expecting to reach Margate about six or seven in the evening. We entered one of the smaller channels and went on successfully for some time, but about four o'clock in the afternoon my guaranteed pilot piled us up high and dry on a sandbank. As he naturally succeeded in doing this on a falling

tide, we had to stay there for the best part of twelve hours, and when the sand dried up the boat, which had a sharp keel, heeled over most uncomfortably. Shortly after we stranded, a preventive man from the coast guard service was placed on board, who informed us that as we were within the three mile limit it would be his duty to stay there until we were afloat again, although we protested that we had only come from Gravesend, and were only going to Margate. We ultimately got to Margate early the next morning, after an uncomfortable and anxious night. I then addressed the water-rat in language which I thought fitting to the occasion, and I began to reflect upon the circumstances. It was obvious that I could not afford an experienced skipper, nor would one be likely to serve in so small a boat, and it seemed to me that with the assistance of the excellent Admiralty charts and the use of common sense and intelligence, I could perhaps manage at least as well as a water-rat who professed to know the channels and didn't. So from that moment I became my own captain, and began studying charts and buoys, and learning about tides. Later on I bought a sextant and taught myself actual navigation and nautical astronomy. I never had any reason to regret my decision to take charge, and I never ran aground again. I am convinced that the man was right who said that my grandfather would be prepared to take over the command of the Channel Fleet at a moment's notice, although so far there had been no seafarers on either side of my family.

Full of courage—perhaps the courage of ignorance—and with the self-confidence of youth, I now decided to cross the Channel with my ocean-going vessel, and not merely to make a short crossing, but to go from Margate to Ostend, a distance of sixty miles. On a suitable and calm day we started from Margate about 4 a.m., and steered by compass across the waste of waters. When about half-way across we ran into a thick summer fog, and I continued on my way full of apprehension. After about three hours of the fog I heard the siren of a light-ship, and approaching close found that it was the North Hinder Light, situated directly on my course and about half-way over. By some good fortune the boat had not been driven out of her reckoning by the Channel tides, and at the sight of the light-ship confidence and courage were at once restored. We continued on our leisurely way and after about seven hours more we saw to our intense joy Ostend spread out before us bathed in brilliant sunshine and we anchored safely in time for tea. The

result of this first voyage during which my engineer and my mate were filled with the gloomiest apprehensions, served to complete my perfect self-confidence.

We discovered one devastating fact. The yacht had been sold to me as being capable of doing seven or eight knots. This journey was made in perfectly smooth water and fine weather, and on the recorded time the real speed worked out to four knots. We at once decided that we must have a new engine and make it into a ten-knot boat. Saunders was delighted with the prospect, and recommended me to Messrs. Plenty and Son, of Newbury, whose excellent workmanship was well known on the river. On our return to England negotiations were opened up with a view to obtaining new engines and a new boiler to be put into my noble vessel.

We made some rather interesting journeys through the Belgian canals by Bruges, and so on, and just touched the Dutch canals. These were, however, less attractive, as the rule then was that only commercial traffic counted, and that a yacht could wait till a barge came along. After about ten days or a fortnight of this we returned from this expedition somewhat anxiously along the coast, and made a short crossing of the Channel. The rest of the summer was spent in cruising up the east coast, and thoroughly exploring the Broads. Here I picked up a second engineer named Moyse, who ultimately remained in my service for nearly a quarter of a century. He had been a sort of donkey-engine man on colliers and tramp steamers, and was not a trained engineer, and had no ticket, but he was prepared to make anything run or take on any boat, and he was possessed of a sense of humour. At the time when I took him on he had been trying to run a public-house at Gorleston with unsuccessful financial results. By the end of the summer my knowledge of charts and buoys had much improved and I had a very fair knowledge of the mouth of the Thames.

The winter of 1886 saw the *Royal* taken up the Kennet Canal from Reading to Newbury and moored at the wharf underneath the crane. Here the work of taking out the old engines and boiler and putting in the new ones was to be carried out by Plenty and Son, under the supervision of Saunders, who was left in charge. I was, of course, profoundly interested in this work, and made numerous visits, staying for many days at a time at the Queen's Hotel at Newbury. I spent nearly the whole of my time in the shops watching the operations in the foundry, the working of the machine tools, and the fitting and erecting, and absorbing a great deal of

minute and accurate knowledge about engineering processes. During all these months I had an opportunity of seeing engines grow to completion from the initial operations and also of learning the interior arrangements of boilers and studying riveting and tubing. I also, of course, learnt incidentally about compound and triple expansion engines, condensers and air pumps; saw how indicator diagrams were taken and learnt to interpret them—all of which knowledge has proved very useful to me in after life.

In the course of my many evenings spent as a familiar in the bar parlour of this country inn I had the opportunity of learning at first hand something about the life of a country town. I met most of the tradesmen at one time or another. I frequently shared my dinner with commercial gents travelling in one or other lines; and on market days I had an opportunity of seeing the farmers in the streets, and at their ordinary, and watching the cheap jacks plying their trade. I also observed the practice of the licensed trade at close quarters, and the humorous incidents occasionally associated with a publican's business. We had one good soul who always would, on market night, drink more than was good for him, and had at closing time to be conducted home by the red-haired potman. He used to prop the customer up against his own front door, knock and bolt, for if he lingered the indignant wife would reward him by emptying a jug of water over his head from an upper window.

At last after many delays the new engine, which was a nominal 7 h.p. compound supposed to develop between 40 and 50 h.p. at 100 lb. boiler pressure, was completed, and put on board with a brand-new boiler, and Saunders was in his element superintending the final fixing and making good of all connexions, steam pipes, sea-cocks, and so forth. Somewhere about March or April, 1887, the boat left Newbury, and then there still remained a good deal of sailor's work to be done in erecting the masts, examining the rigging, cleaning and painting. I had to part with Saunders as the combination of temper and liquor made him uncertain, but I got a very bad exchange in a man named Cockerton. My old Margate boatman was taken on again as mate, and we got a crew at last, and when we considered ourselves ship-shape went down the river to Gravesend, where we swung for compasses.

I then piloted the boat round to Dover, and everything appeared to be satisfactory. The trial trip was made from Dover to Southampton, 120 knots, accompanied by Mr. Cecil Fane, representing Plenty and Son, and my cousin Lane-Fox, and the boat was found to develop

eight knots. I then took over the engines from the builders, and after one or two trips in the Solent returned eastward, entering Rye Harbour successfully by the lead at a rather low state of the tide. From there I went to Dover and then back to Shoreham, from which the start was to be made.

After four days in Shoreham Harbour all preparations were at last completed for the great adventure: stores of all kinds had been taken on including such a quantity of rifle ammunition that I still have several hundred cartridges rusting in boxes: the crew had been duly signed on at the Board of Trade offices under articles for a twelve months' voyage in which I was described as Master, and all was at last ready. The rest of the crew consisted of Parker, the mate, age forty-two: Jim Crunden, ship's boy, age twenty: John Cockerton, chief engineer, age twenty-five: and Thomas Moyse, second engineer, age twenty-five: with the addition of William Aylott, as cabin boy, who waited on and cooked for the owner. The passengers were Ion Thynne and Edgar Jepson. Moyse, who was determined that the tradition of the sea should be properly followed, brought the crew back mostly drunk after signing articles, but they were stimulated into activity with kicks and buckets of water. In the middle of the night, at 12.10 a.m., on Tuesday, 23 August, 1887, we passed Shoreham pier-head and set a course across the Channel for Cherbourg. Shortly before noon land was made out ahead, and as it became more distinct was compared with the bird's-eye view in the Channel Pilot and found to be the island of Alderney. The owner and master inserted a dispirited note in the log to say that the race of the spring tides had set us 20 knots west of our supposed position. I was a little consoled afterwards on discussing the matter with other skippers to find that this was thought not unnatural in a Channel crossing. We anchored inside the break-water at 1.45 p.m. On Thursday we went on to Jersey, and arrived there at 6.35. The whole of the Channel Islands navigation is deadly dangerous, and I was compelled to take a wide course into Jersey Harbour, because although I flew my signal for a pilot at La Corbière no pilot offered to board me until I was within two miles of the harbour mouth. I was very nervous, but satisfied at having navigated safely so far. Our next objectives were Brest and Bordeaux in the Bay of Biscay, and for so long a journey along so inhospitable a coast it was necessary to wait for fine weather. We therefore stayed nearly a fortnight in St. Heliers while the equinoctial gales blew themselves out. During this time we made many friends on

the island, and I remember that I walked half round it one day in tennis shoes. My men discovered a convenient pub about a quarter of a mile from the boat, and the delightful and intelligent ship's cat that we had used to go ashore and walk to the pub, and then walk back with them in the evening. Ion left us here and rejoined at Marseilles.

Finally the fine weather came (and one advantage of the Bay of Biscay is that you generally get three days' notice of any change of weather) so at 10.40 p.m., in charge of a pilot, we left Jersey with our friends assembled on the pier-heads and cheering us on our voyage. We had a fine moonlight night, and passed inside Ushant early in the afternoon, anchoring in Brest at 6.30 p.m., a total journey of 148 knots. On the following Sunday the 11th September, we left Brest, and started on our longest single journey, making a bee line by way of Belle Isle to the mouth of the Gironde. We passed Belle Isle about midnight, and here we nearly came to grief. The crew was divided into two watches, myself and one engineer, and Parker and the other engineer, and I took first watch this night. After identifying the lighthouse of Belle Isle I ran down to the cabin for a few moments to consult the chart, leaving the wheel in charge of the boy Jim, to whom I had given the course.

Feeling the motion of the boat becoming uneasy I ran up on deck again and found that the boat was heading straight for the lighthouse instead of the course set him and would in another minute be well ashore. As Belle Isle is surrounded by a terrible fringe of submerged rock rather like the Channel Islands, I had a very uneasy ten minutes while we were drawing away from the land till we got into deep water again. However, luckily our draught was very small and having safely cleared the island I left Parker in charge of the middle watch. The next morning broke bright and fine, and the engineers being anxious to clean the fires we stopped the ship and seized the opportunity of bathing over the side—the deepest water I have ever bathed in with about 1,000 fathoms beneath us. When I approached the mouth of Bordeaux River I signalled for a pilot because the navigation is supposed to be dangerous, but the French buoy their channels so luxuriously that only a fool could miss the course, and I held on till dark, when we anchored in the river, 256 knots from Brest. The next morning we got under weigh and completed the other 40 knots to Bordeaux, where we moored at noon.

We lingered a week in Bordeaux enjoying the town while I

picked up the sing-song Bordelaise way of speaking, and made an expedition to that delightful place Arcachon, and then we pursued our journey by canal to Cette on the Gulf of Lions. For this purpose we unstepped our masts and shifted our weight so as to bring her down by the head and reduced the draught to 4ft. 8in. Before I had finished with the French canals I got well used to the question: "*Quelle est votre calaison?*" and my reply, "*Mètre soixante.*" The French locks are admirably managed and the canals are as perfectly kept as if they were on exhibition. This was the Canal Lateral à la Garonne, and at Agen we had a very strange experience. We sailed on the canal over a tremendous viaduct spanning the river 60 ft. below. After Toulouse we entered the Canal du Midi.

On 29 September we moored at Carcassonne, and the log records curtly that the ship's boy fell overboard twice. The weather was perfect, and our usual practice was to steam for about nine hours, during which, if we were lucky, we managed some twenty locks, and some forty kilometres of distance, and to tie up for at least two hours in the middle of the day, and combine with our lunch a preliminary bathe and a subsequent siesta. It was on one of these occasions that I landed our ship's cat on the opposite bank of the canal to see what it would do, when, as I anticipated, it promptly leapt into the water, and swam across to us. I think this was one of the charges made against me at the Old Bailey ten years later.

Jepson was an active person who liked plenty of exercise, and it was his practice to put on running shorts and run some five miles or so along the bank of the canal. Naturally he ran faster than we did, and on one occasion I found him the centre of a curious scene. He was apparently detained in custody surrounded by a group of about ten people including two *gardes champêtres*. He explained to me that he had been arrested, but did not quite know why. I began inquiring in my most arrogant manner why this honest British subject was detained, and a little civilian who was both nervous and pompous thrust himself forward and declared that he was the Maire de Poilhes, and that he had been arrested because he was running about the country in indecent attire. I asked the Maire with severity whether in France it was considered indecent for a man to expose his shins, and so he then shifted his ground, and said that the *garde champêtre* had taken him for an escaping *forçat*, so then the British lion began to roar. I pointed with great indignation to the Blue Ensign floating at my stern, and declared

that France had offered an insult to the subject of a friendly country. I struck my breast, I tore my hair, I threw out my hands and declared that the matter could not rest there. By this time the Maire was paralysed with terror, and realized that he had made a fool of himself; he assured me that the matter was all right, and that he was willing to hand the prisoner over to me at once. I waved the suggestion aside and declared that having arrested him he would not get rid of his responsibility so easily; he must keep his prisoner and produce him before the proper Court and take upon himself the responsibility of explaining to the tribunal why he had arrested him. Jepson, who had a faint idea of the trend of the conversation, was not at all taken with the prospect as he was by now getting chilly, and wanted to come back to the warm security of the ship. Finally, with a great show of magnanimity, I consented to receive an apology from the Maire, and to relieve him of his prisoner, and said I should consider whether it was my duty to report the matter to the Sous-prefet at Béziers. Moral: when you have to do with a slow-witted and local official take the initiative and bluster—if you are sure you can keep it up. Jepson told me afterwards that not unnaturally they had supposed him to be telling a fairy tale when he pretended to belong to a British ship that was coming along the canal. I need hardly say that I did not trouble the Sous-prefet in Béziers where we arrived the next day, but I told the story to a local reporter in the hope that he would put it in his paper, and that M. le Maire would get chaffed.

Béziers is an interesting place from a canal point of view, for you get a run of open water, and you pass under a tunnel and then the canal literally steps down the side of a hill through a series of locks to the town. We stayed there Sunday and Monday, and on Monday I left Parker varnishing the decks: coming back in two hours I found him in a drunken sleep on the deck glued to it by the contents of the varnishing pot which he had overturned. The log calmly remarks "The crew were mostly drunk and entries were made in the Official Log." This was not my only trouble at Béziers; I went to the local theatre in the evening and my hair, which I wore rather long, unfortunately attracted the attention of a patriotic and slightly drunken Frenchman in the pit. After turning round during the first interval and gazing at me through his rolled up programme which he used as a telescope, he went rather further in the second interval and started shouting, "*Espion Allemand.*" Finally one of the *agents de sûreté* came up and asked me if I was

in fact a German, which naturally I denied with indignation, but in order to avoid an *émeute* which seemed to be brewing, I thought it wiser to leave before the conclusion of the piece.

Soon after leaving Béziers we came to the end of the canal, and ran across the open water of the Etang Thau, and arrived at Cette on the Gulf of Lions, 273 knots from Bordeaux. Cette is an uninteresting place, but the Gulf of Lions has a bad character which it richly deserves, and so we waited a day or two for fine weather before starting for Marseilles, which we reached at seven o'clock, having done 942 knots from Shoreham.

We stopped at Marseilles the greater part of the month of October because it had been decided (I do not remember why) that it was necessary to fit a new propeller. I made friends with the French engineer we employed, M. Pognano, and watched the French methods. I also considerably improved my knowledge of French technical terms including learning the five words they have for valve. Changes occurred here both in the crew and in the passengers : Ion Thynne rejoined the saloon and Parker the mate was discharged on account of drunkenness, and replaced by a man called Linton, who didn't turn out a good exchange.

During the long stop here we adopted the regular habits of the Marseillaises where even the banks closed from 12 to 2, and some houses even from 12 to 3. In the evening Jepson and I played dominoes regularly in a café on the Cannébière, and became quite well known as two of the regular habitués. Walking home about midnight we used to walk carefully in the middle of the street, while I kept my revolver handy ; this was on the advice of old Pognano. He said that in the quarter near the harbour there were any number of people who would cut your throat or knife you for 10 francs, and his instructions were quite simple and direct : " Walk in the middle of the street, if any man sidles up to you or offers to ask a question, bid him keep his distance ; if he doesn't, shoot him dead." I suggested that this method, however desirable, was perhaps a little drastic for civilized countries. " Oh, no," cheerily replied old Pognano, " you just leave your card on the body, and all the police will worry you for is to pay the expenses of the funeral." However, we acted so carefully on the first part of his advice that happily the necessity for the second part never arose. On arriving at the harbour the vessel was anchored a quarter of a mile off with the crew asleep, but my shout of "*Royal*, ahoy" was sufficient to wake them up and bring the dinghy. I was glad to find the other

day when it was necessary to shout down organized opposition at the Cannon Street Hotel, that my power of raising my voice had not left me.

At last our repairs were finished, at last the engineer's bill, which looked enormous in francs, was paid, and we hauled in our mooring ropes thick with the sewage which Marseilles discharges into its harbour, and set out again at 8.40 a.m. on the 26 October with our new passenger and our new mate. While lying in the harbour we had had experience of the awful mistral which had come suddenly with great violence and caused several ships to drag their moorings. It was indeed getting late in the season, and on this occasion we had a risky run. We met a heavy swell from the south-east with rising north-westerly wind and finally decided to anchor for the night not very far from Hyères in the Rade de Bormes. Here I set an anchor watch, and saw the mysterious charcoal burners' fires flaming at night in the woods. At half-past six next morning we got under weigh with a very changeable north-westerly wind, but the barometer was behaving suspiciously and the skipper was on the look-out. At 9.45 it fell a flat calm for five minutes, and then a very heavy swell appeared from the south-east. The wind blew hard, and soon raised the swell to a very heavy awkward sea 12 to 20 ft. high. I immediately started running for the land as fast as I dared, and although we did not ship very much water we rolled our lee gunwale under several times. By the time we had got into comparatively smooth water, the engine room was awash within a few inches of the fires, and the bilge pump had ceased to work, being choked by cinders that were washing about. Had we been twenty miles farther out when the squall struck us, we should certainly have gone to the bottom, and I was very glad to anchor in perfect peace and bright sunshine in the harbour at Cannes at 1 o'clock.

An incident characteristic of the two men occurred at Cannes. I served out a bottle of whisky to the men in recognition of the storm we had passed through, and went ashore for a walk. When I came back in an hour or two I found Moyse and Cockerton sitting on the hatch of the fore cabin, and Cockerton wailing with a bloody nose. Moyse was in that early stage of liquor in which he was feeling perfectly happy and at peace with the world.

"If you please, Sir," said Cockerton, "Moyse hit me and made my nose bleed." "Why did you do that?" I asked Moyse. "Well, Sir," said Moyse, "the fellow said I was trying to pinch

his job, although he was an engineer and I wasn't, so I landed him one on the nose." I said: "Well, you are a pair of fools, but you deserve what you got, Cockerton, and I'm not going to interfere."

Two days later we had a calm and uneventful journey to Nice, and after a day of idleness there, ran round to Monaco. The harbour at Monaco was not very well protected, and as the weather thickened Linton took the boat back to Nice. We spent some days in Nice harbour going to Monte Carlo by train, and enjoying the Riviera. Here the ship's boy deserted, having been terrified by the Cannes squall, and filled up by Moyse with stories of the dreadful journeys that were before us. His conduct in the squall had been that of a white-livered coward; he tumbled aft into the cockpit shaking with sobs, and declaring that he had a poor old mother and would never see her again. I assured him that if he didn't go forward to his proper place in double-quick time he never would see her again for I'd throw him overboard then and there to make sure of it, and instead of giving him the whisky he sought I offered him a rope's end. He was no loss.

On Sunday, 6 November, we left Nice at 9 a.m., intending to go to Genoa, but about tea-time as the wind freshened, I decided to make for Savona. I've always regarded this as one of the triumphs of my career as Master, for it was pitch dark, rather windy, I had never seen the harbour before, and it had a very dangerous patch outside, but I took my ship in with confidence and safety, and berthed her in the proper place at 6 p.m. Some of the local people were surprised when they found us there in the morning.

Ion Thynne soon found a café in the market place where he started drinking somewhat too freely, which led to two rather amusing incidents. A pretty Italian girl was sitting next to him when he suddenly put his arm round her waist and kissed her. Unfortunately her lover happened to be there, and before you could say Jack Robinson there was a commotion, stilettos were out and Ion was in considerable danger. With perfect calm and in the blindest way he assured him that it was the English custom to kiss any pretty girl that you found yourself sitting next to, whereupon peace was at once restored, knives were put away, and they fell back in their seats murmuring: "English custom, Ah! English custom, the mad English." On another occasion alcohol had inspired in him a fine democratic frenzy and he mounted the fountain in the market place and started delivering in English an impassioned revolutionary harangue. The local policeman felt this was irregular,

and tried to make Ion Thynne desist or to remove him, but as Ion was twice his size and nothing would make him desist, he finally adopted the easier expedient of removing the audience. Amusing though they were, these excesses were embarrassing, and I thought it better that we should part company, so Ion Thynne went home from Savona.

It was by now well into November, and the Mediterranean, always a tricky sea, was not very safe for my little boat, so we had to make short journeys by the land. Savona to Genoa, 21 knots; Genoa to Portofino, 16 knots; Portofino to Leghorn, 66 knots. I was very much impressed by the beauty of Portofino which at that time was quite unknown and nothing but a tiny little fishing village. We left Leghorn at 1.15 on 14 November, and greatly daring reached Porto Ferrajo in the island of Elba, 52 knots, where we arrived at 8 a.m. My note says: "The wind rose, and during the day blew a hurricane from the south-south-east." Jepson and I spent a day or two inspecting the island of Elba on account of its historic interest and struck some very excellent native claret. I took a dozen bottles on board, but like so many native wines they could not stand travelling.

We left Porto Ferrajo and experienced a very heavy sea during which we passed three British men-of-war under topsails only. Setting our own square and mainsail to steady us we reached San Stephano. Some extracts from the log will serve to show some of the difficulties we had to contend with.

19 Nov., 1887. Both to-day and yesterday endeavoured to round Argentaro, but were unable to get beyond Cala Piatti Pt. on account of the heavy beam swell from the south-east running there. Returned to S. Stephano.

22 Nov., 1887. Left S. Stephano at 7.15 a.m. Heavy swell from south-west, so could not safely round the land. Ran out about 4 knots south on the port tack, then came round with reefed main and fore sail and headed about east-south-east to south-east by east on the starboard tack, swell about on the beam and round about 2 points off the bow, freshening. Rode the seas well and came in with the land about Montalto. Stowed canvas: wind freshened from south-south-east and blew strong. Along the land to Civita Vecchia where anchored at 3 p.m.

We spent the best part of three weeks at Civita Vecchia waiting for coal, and this long period in harbour had a demoralizing effect

upon the crew. Jepson returned home from here, and I also shipped Moyse home. In connexion with this I had my experience of the oldest pawnshop in the world, the Monte di Pieta at Rome. I had to buy Moyse's ticket, and found I had come without my pocket-book, so I was compelled to pawn my watch. I spent altogether a week or more in Rome while the boat was lying at Civita.

Finally, on 12 December, we left Civita Vecchia with only myself and the mate, one engineer Cockerton, and the cabin boy Aylott remaining. Cockerton was so much affected by drink that he let the steam go down and when on looking into the engine room I found him lying on the engine plate senseless, I had to go down and stoke myself for two hours to get the steam up, while we sluiced him with buckets of sea water. Somehow we reached Porto d'Anzio 60 knots. The next day we started again in the morning with a good deal of trouble from wind and sea, and on this day it was the mate Linton who was suffering from alcohol. The log says: "The mate showed signs of lunacy, and all but put the vessel on Nave Rock near Gaeta. He also threatened to stab the skipper." This describes what was really quite an exciting moment. Linton, who to judge from his eyes was not so much drunk as mad, was ordered to rig the side lights ready for the night, and went forward muttering. Aylott came running to me and said: "You had better look out, Sir, he's getting a knife, and says he's going for you." I was steering so I said: "Take the wheel a minute," and ran down to my cabin and slipped into my pocket the loaded revolver I always had ready there. I had hardly resumed my place at the wheel when Linton began shuffling aft muttering to himself with his hand behind his back. When he got within three yards I said: "Stand there and come no nearer," and in the meanwhile my right hand was in my pocket, and he was covered. I gazed firmly into his eyes for about two minutes at the end of which time he thought better of it, and went forward still muttering, and I doubt if he ever realized how near he came to having a hole drilled in him.

On December 14 we left Gaeta in the morning with a threatening sky and a freshening wind, but soon got into comparatively smooth water in the Bay of Naples, but with the weather so thick that one could scarcely see a mile. On entering the harbour at 2.40 I replied with pride to the challenge where I had come from—"da Londra." By 3.30 I was safely in the naval harbour, and the outward half of my journey was at an end; 1,574 knots from Shoreham.

The interregnum is thus described in the Log :

"The ship was laid up in Naples Harbour from 15 December, 1887, to 6 May, 1888, both days inclusive. Chief engineer and cabin boy were left on board, and the rest of the crew discharged, while the Captain returned to England.

"6 May, 1888. The skipper returned from England and took charge. Mate and 2nd engineer shipped.

"7 May, 1888. Took in coal and water. Steamed out at 10 a.m. to try the engines with eleven passengers aboard. Ran into Castellamare and returned to Naples about 5 p.m. Bottom very foul."

These brief entries cover a good deal, not all of which was known to me at the time. Cockerton and Aylott were left in charge, it being the duty of the former to keep the engines in good condition, and of the latter to keep the cabins of the ship clean. Instead of that they spent their whole time drinking and receiving and extending hospitality to the crews of other ships. In the course of some tomfoolery Aylott discharged my Winchester rifle, and made a hole in the side of the ship, fortunately above the water line. The bullet also passed through his foot, and he spent six weeks in a hospital in Naples in consequence. The engines had never been touched, and were indescribably filthy, and Moyse told me afterwards that the day before we arrived Cockerton had concealed his wickedness by covering the rust on them with a coating of white grease—this being the first attention that they had received since I left. I brought out Moyse with me again as second engineer, and a new mate, Bowles, who was a really capable fellow. After the first trial run described we spent a week cleaning up and getting things into order, and then took two more trial runs to Capri, and to Torre dell' Annunziata. At Torre my beloved and intelligent ship's cat which always used to walk round and look at the anchor chain at night to see that we were properly moored, was stolen, as I understood afterwards, with the connivance of Cockerton. I deeply regretted this loss.

Finally everything being ready on Saturday, 19 May, 1888, we filled up with fresh water and coal, swung for compasses at Pozzuoli, hoisted the Blue Peter, and left Naples at 7 p.m. on a fine night and with a glassy sea, intending to go to Corsica. We did well all night, but next afternoon a breeze sprang up and as it showed signs

of freshening we anchored in the island of Giglio at 7 p.m. The next morning at 7.30 a.m. we left the island, passed between Elba and Pianosa, and anchored in the harbour of Bastia in Corsica at 5 p.m. After exactly twenty-four hours here we started at the same time the next afternoon, ran down the land to Garaglia and then steered across the open sea for Nice. I had the middle watch and when I came on deck just before midnight I found a heavy swell running and my mate rather uneasy. The middle watch is acknowledged by all sailors to be the dreariest watch at sea, even in the most favourable circumstances, and I have never passed, and I hope never to pass again, such an anxious four hours as I had that night. The good little boat forged ahead steadily keeping very close up to her 8 knots, while I kept lifting a nervous eye at the wind. About 1 a.m. it freshened from the east, and the sea began to get up with a hellish rapidity which is characteristic of that infernal Mediterranean. It freshened steadily until 3 a.m. with some nasty seas, and there we were some thirty or forty miles from the nearest land and compelled to go through with it if we could, or go under if we couldn't. I had a very nervous time because although I was not yet twenty-three years of age I felt to the full my responsibility as master of the ship, both for the safety of my ship and for the lives of those on board. Like St. Paul's sailors on a similar occasion I prayed earnestly for day, and it was with immense relief that I saw the dawn begin to break about 3.30. The Log thus records our ultimate safety. "Towards 4 it dropped, and on the appearance of daylight we found ourselves drawing under the shelter of the land." It was with devout thankfulness and a great peace in my heart that I handed over the command to Bowles at 4 a.m., and after that we had an easy run to Nice, where we anchored at 9.30, having done 387 knots from Naples in three bites—pretty good for my little toy boat! We had shortened by something like 120 miles the distance we had taken creeping out to Naples along the coast. After a day's rest we ran 113 knots to Marseilles, and our troubles were over, for from here we had decided to cross the whole of France by canals.

I had a little trouble here with Cockerton, whose behaviour was unsatisfactory from first to last. He threatened to desert because he had been put in the Official Log for drunkenness, so I told him that unless the threat was withdrawn I should keep him in irons until we had left the port. Moyse who was more practical, and didn't want to be landed with a double share of work, hid his

boots. As a result of one or other of these threats he came to me in an hour and promised to behave properly if I would give him a good discharge in England.

We started up the Rhone on 30 May, and fought for three days with its terrific current. At Holy Ghost Bridge at Avignon the current was as near as possible 8 knots, and we were only just able to get through by sitting on the safety valve, which reduced the cowardly Cockerton to a gibbering pallor. All the way up the Rhone we took a pilot because as the bottom consists of large stones and the current is very swift it would have meant for a boat like mine with her deep keel that if she grounded she would instantly have broached to and been turned over by the current. On the third day the pilot just scraped the bottom once and replied to my indignant remonstrance that he was trying to save a little distance. I was very angry with him and told him on no account to try and do such a thing again as it meant destruction to the ship. In spite of that he did scrape the bottom again two or three hours afterwards and made the same excuse. On this occasion I did not argue with him but I merely pointed to the fierce muddy torrent of the Rhone swirling past, and swore to him that if he touched a third time I would throw him in. He didn't touch a third time.

On Saturday, 2 June, we reached Valence, where we remained the whole of Sunday to rest, having finished with the dangers of the Rhone. Here Santayana joined me for the journey through France, which we continued by Vienne, Lyons, and the canalized Saone, passing Verdun, which has since become so famous, and entering the Canal de Bourgogne. We adopted the same routine now and trimmed the ship in the same way as we had when going through from Bordeaux to Cette. We passed Dijon, and we reached the top level of the canal 1,250 feet above sea level, the Bief de Partage, where we went through a tunnel two miles long, after the lock-keeper had telegraphed to know whether the line was clear. We now began to descend the Atlantic slope, and managed a sort of average of 90 locks and kilometres a day; I mean if we did 18 locks we did 85 kilometres, and if we did 46 locks we did 27 kilometres. We reached the end of the Canal de Bourgogne at Laroche on 15 June, and started the canal into the Yonne on the 17th. On the 18th we reached the Seine and although we had 12 locks to negotiate we did 102 kilometres in the day, our run being thus described: "Stood down the river Seine without a pilot. Steered by the general appearance of the water and went full speed most

of the time. Did not touch anywhere. Gave $\frac{1}{2}$ franc to lock-keepers and got them to telegraph from lock to lock, so were not kept waiting." This night we moored in Paris, where we stayed a week, and where Santayana left me.

At one of the locks we came rather too near the lower gate, while the water was rushing out and our bowsprit kicking to and fro got over the counter of a French steam barge just ahead of us, and completely raked down a flimsy wooden erection on his stern. The French sense of humour was very much tickled by this in view of the use for which this erection was designed, and the crew of both boats were dissolved in inextinguishable and Homeric laughter. Indeed the French were so tickled that they accepted a compensation of 20 francs with gratitude, considering the joke well worth the money.

On Sunday, 24 June, we left Paris, and with a succession of pilots went down the river Seine reaching Havre on the 26th. On Sunday, 1 July, we left Havre at 3 a.m., faced the sea again, and made across for Dungeness, where we made our name, and in thickish weather we entered Dover Harbour at 6.15, and passed the first custom house we had been troubled with since we left. The next day the crew were officially paid off at the shipping office, and I performed a feat of navigation far exceeding in difficulty anything that had taken place on our foreign journey, and thus described in the log.

"Left Dover at noon. Down Gull Stream to N. Foreland, round Longnose buoy to Horse Channel. Driving rain and sea. Very thick; wind freshened to a gale off shore. Much spray. Thro' 4 fathom channel, round Nore and up Sea Reach—Anchor at Gravesend, 8.20."

Next morning we left Gravesend at 6, went up the river and moored off Broom Hall, Teddington, before 11 a.m. on Tuesday, 3 July, 1888, 1,460 knots from Naples.

Thus the voyage was successfully concluded, a self-taught infant navigator of twenty-two having taken a little boat from London to Naples and back, a total voyage of over 3,000 knots, without the loss of a single spar. Picture to yourself if I was proud!

CHAPTER XVIII

MABEL EDITH

HERE was I in the summer of 1889 a young man of twenty-four, living quietly in my spacious solitude of Broom Hall, working away at our new amusing electric business, and reading largely. One day my solitude was invaded by the announcement of a visitor, Lady Scott. She was accompanied by a young and beautiful daughter of twenty, and she made various explanations and excuses as to having supposed I was someone else, or that she knew someone I knew, and she hoped I would pardon the mistake and so on. My unsuspecting and simple mind swallowed these protestations whole, and the pride of the proprietor was flattered when she expressed a wish to look over the grounds. Moreover the daughter was beautiful and very attractive, and we had common interests in the river, so that it was not very surprising that by the time the ladies left I had promised to run up in my launch and look them up at Walton.

I was not to learn for a year or two that this was the first step in a deliberate plan of campaign. Lord Craven had been their objective until a month or two before, but it was my misfortune that he had had the skill to elude them.

I went to Walton and found the ladies living in a tumble-down, rambling, creeper-clad but rather attractive house called "The Hurst," and I was petted and fussed over there in a very attractive manner. There were other visits, there were launch expeditions together, but before I had known them a month I had been warned by my relations that Lady Scott was rather too well known in society, and had rather too coloured a past. I was preparing to sheer off, but she was clever enough to perceive this, so she engaged my professional attention. She placed with my firm an order for wiring her house for electric light and installing a small Parsons turbine; I was naturally gratified at the prospects of getting an order, for the Parsons turbines were quite new things, and I was pleased to supply one, while my friends Plenty and Son, of Newbury, could

easily supply the boiler. I threw myself into the project with enthusiasm, took measurements, made calculations, notified the fire office, and in due course submitted a complete estimate, which was immediately accepted. In consequence I naturally became a frequent visitor to the house, and the acquaintance rapidly developed.

I also made the acquaintance of the other married daughter, Mrs. Dick Russell, and her husband. We were always having meals together, making expeditions together on the river, driving together, or playing lawn-tennis, and it was not long before I began to look upon Mabel with a growing affection. She was exquisitely beautiful, particularly in her figure, and both she and her mother were always beautifully dressed. However, as I afterwards found, money matters were rather pressing in that household, and it was necessary to quicken my rather slow advances. So one evening, when we were alone, Mabel explained to me that we were getting rather conspicuous, and that people were beginning to talk, and she thought it would be better that we should not see one another again. The dodge is an old one, but it worked perfectly, and I left the house an engaged man. I remember very well that the next day when I went down to see my old friend, Mrs. Dick, at Winchester, I felt quite clearly in my heart that the thing was a mistake.

I had seen enough of the family to know that our temperaments were entirely different; that to me they seemed to take a flighty and almost a loose view of things, while they probably looked upon me as a serious minded old fogey who wanted waking up; but I was very lonely, not at all happy, and Mabel was certainly very attractive, so I took no steps. Long before we were married, I was passionately in love with her, and what is still more amazing I so continued up to and for some time after the first trial. Meanwhile the protests and warnings of my relations came thick and fast. I was informed that Lady Scott's husband, Sir Claude Scott, the banker, had left her, that she had had an intrigue lasting many years with another man which was notorious, and which had ended in an action by her resulting in a compromise for a considerable sum, and that since then her life had been practically that of an adventuress.

I found her most charming in her manners to me, rather hysterical it is true, and inclined to take a lighter view than I did of moral delinquencies, but obviously devoted to her daughters, and particularly to Mabel, and very plausible. She told me what I still

believe to be true, that she had been really devoted to this man, that she had practically ruined herself in affording entertainment and amusement to him, and that though he had promised to marry her, he had deserted her as soon as she was set free to be married by the death of her husband. She also asserted, what I do not now believe, that there had never been any impropriety in their relations. However, I believed it then implicitly, and I drew up a wonderful document with statements from an old retainer Nurse Vale, a sort of nurse of Greek tragedy, Bertie Scott, a relation, other friends, and letters from her husband before his death, all tending to show that she was a virtuous and a maligned woman.

I waved these so-called proofs in the face of my family, but ineffectually. I am afraid their attitude was symbolized by my Uncle Algernon, who, on being told by a cousin that he had met a certain Colonel H. with Lady Scott, and asked who he was, said: "I suppose he is one of the proofs." The situation was not made easier by the record of the other daughter Giddy, who, though now married again and living happily as Mrs. Dick Russell, had been the heroine of the famous nullity suit of *Scott v. Sebright*, in which the milieu disclosed was to use that expressive French word *louche*. So there was considerable turmoil and great coming and going, while my cousin St. George in the middle of it was setting everybody by the ears with the best intentions.

None the less, the marriage was arranged, and the marriage was going to take place. There was, however, a legal difficulty—Mabel was a ward of Chancery, and as she did not reach the age of twenty-one until the 1st February the following year, she could not marry without the consent of the Court. She was entitled to funds amounting to about £26,000 on coming of age, and naturally I wanted these to be settled in the ordinary way upon the children. The great Sir George Lewis was a neighbour and a friend, and I had made his personal acquaintance for the first time when he was called in to advise. There was some sort of mysterious hitch as Mabel and her mother only desired that £20,000 should be settled. Sir George Lewis was as overbearing as usual about the matter, and as it was pretty obvious that the Court of Chancery would not be satisfied to release the odd £6,000 without knowing why, it was ultimately decided that the marriage should be postponed until after the 1st of February, when Mabel would be of age, and would settle £20,000. Not until the marriage was over did I discover that Mabel had some £3,000 of debts of her own, and also wanted

to pay about £6,000 to her mother's moneylenders, who had been held off until these funds could be touched. Even as the settlement was ultimately drawn by George Lewis it contained provisions for a divorce, which is not usually contemplated at that moment.

However, time went on, months ran by, and the day of the ceremony approached. A large furnished house, 48 Eaton Square, had been taken at £1,000 a year, the wedding was to be at St. Peter's, and the reception in the new house afterwards. Relations had been conciliated, and had consented to attend the wedding in the church, but the stricter ones refused to attend the reception, where Lady Scott would be hostess. People were most kind, wedding presents poured in, and rooms were engaged at Torquay for the honeymoon. Then at the very end, Mabel became ill with a sort of bronchitis. On the very morning of the wedding the doctor told me she could not possibly leave town, but could just get up to be married, and she was in fact married with cotton wool stuffed all under her clothes.

Jowett came to the wedding, and my old friend the Daker officiated, assisted by the vicar, Mr. Storrs, whose son is now Military Governor of Palestine. Both my grandmothers and other relations were there. On the next day Mabel was going on very well, but I find a note that Dobson, who was my butler, "was scandalized at her seeing people and at our not going away on a honeymoon, and thought the proceedings most irregular." That night she was seized with acute pleurisy, and suffered great pain for the next three days. My journal says: "I was frightened out of my life, for she assured me she was going to die. Never had I had such an awful time or felt so frightened at the very idea of losing my precious darling, and she was so sweet and unselfish all the time, apologizing for giving so much trouble, and causing so much anxiety."

When she recovered we went to Torquay on our honeymoon, and we were very happy. Our happiness, however, did not last long. Mabel and her mother were very devoted to each other, and the result was that Lady Scott was always about the house in Eaton Square. She was always extremely kind and did everything she could to compose differences, and in fact a letter she wrote to us, beginning "My two Darlings," correctly defines her attitude, but still I did not care for having my mother-in-law always about, nor did visitors to the house. Society was prepared to be extremely kind to us, but not to swallow Lady Scott.

However, I do honestly think that I must have been just about as trying a husband as Mabel could have had to put up with. I

was prickly all over with principles, I had that same violent reforming zeal which made Rosalind so effective and so unpleasant to live with, and I was very tidy and faddy about little things. Mabel, on the contrary, came from a milieu where there were no principles, where you lived like butterflies, and each day took care of itself, and however fond she may have been of me, and I think at one time she was, she must have found me maddening to live with. I did not easily adjust myself, and did not like leaving loose ends, and so she must have thought me absurdly finicky. I was also too young with the self-confidence and arrogance of youth to make adequate allowances for different points of view, and for the way that she had been brought up, but I was really devoted to her: I never intentionally hurt her feelings. However, she had a bad temper as well as me, and on May 6, exactly three months after our wedding day, she left me to go to her mother. There was a brief reconciliation afterwards which lasted a week or so, and then our married life together came finally to an end.

From that day they started a relentless persecution of me which continued without intermission for six years, and for still another six years after that kept me tied to her. I find it very difficult after even this lapse of time, and with all the knowledge I have had, to allot the blame with any certainty. They took their troubles to George Lewis, who, being more accustomed to dealing with people who had something to fear, adopted towards me those methods which had been so successful with others. Whether he realized it or not, what they chiefly desired to get out of me was money.

Her mother again was a weak, kind-hearted woman, but she was by instinct a blackmailer and a preyer upon men, and I doubt if she ever fully realized what she was doing. I cannot, however, acquit my wife of perhaps the most serious blame of all, for she did know the truth, and therefore she knew that her allegations were false, and she did know that I loved her, and after all, none of these weapons could have been used without her knowledge and active consent. Nor is there anything in her demeanour throughout the trial, in her letters, or in her interview with the *Hawk* to negative the idea of ruthless and relentless determination to destroy her husband. Against this, however, it must be said that I do not think the two women Lena and Mabel were deliberately wicked with their eyes open. I think they were not so much immoral as unmoral, or as a friend of mine used always to put it "they have

the morality of the Choctaw Indian." They had no morals, and they had no principles in the ordinary sense, and therefore one cannot justly say they offended against their conception of right in the things they did.

Judging as well as I can from Lena's letters which were the most outspoken I think their attitude of mind was something like this: "Here am I a beautiful girl and the world owes me homage and money so that I may enjoy the world: this husband of mine has refused me both, and it is my simple duty to myself to dispose of him and put him out of the way, so that I may find another and a richer husband. The methods used for that purpose are of no importance, since all methods are justifiable to prevent my young life being wasted in poverty." It seems to me that consciously or unconsciously they reasoned it in that fashion. As between the two, Lena was naturally the more wicked as being the more experienced, but Mabel Edith was the harder, crueller, and more bitter.

There was supposed to be an arrangement by which Mabel was to live quietly with my grandmother at P. L. for three months, at the end of which time she was to return. In the meanwhile I had taken by the Scotts' desire a house at Maidenhead, which they had chosen, and which I called Amberley Cottage, which was intended to be our more or less permanent home. Broom Hall they thought gloomy and I had therefore sold it at a considerable loss. It may be readily imagined that the quiet and orderly life at P. L. was by no means to Mabel's taste, and I do not think a fortnight out of the three months had elapsed before she was arranging to get away. Of course Lady Scott remained the difficulty; P. L. would not receive her or ask her to stay, but desired to separate her from Mabel. Those two, however, neither desired nor intended to be separated, and in a short time she was again with her mother at Walton. Meanwhile my people at P. L. had been rather got round by Mabel, and the uncle there had evidently been fascinated. This I judge from the fact that later when Mabel had been to call on my people at his house at High Pitfold, after he had said good-bye to her officially in the presence of Granny, he ran down to the station to say good-bye a second time, gave her roses, and then wrote to her as well.

An unfortunate incident happened about August, 1890. The income from both Mabel's funds and my funds were paid into a Joint Account at Childs, on which we both had power to draw. It was originally arranged that I was to pay Mabel £80 per month

out of this account while she was away, but later she expressed a wish to have her own money. I therefore stopped the payments, instructed her dividends to be paid into her own account at Childs, instead of to the Joint Account, and asked the Bank to advise her. For some reason they did not do so, and she therefore had some cheques returned. She decided to regard this as a grave and deliberate insult, and announced her decision never to return. The bona fides of the matter is shown by what happened afterwards. I had given her authority to draw on the Joint Account, but she did not formally give me authority to do so although in practice I drew most of the cheques, and a year later she began an action in the King's Bench founded on this technical point, and requiring me to repay every cheque I had signed, although each of them had been drawn with her knowledge and consent.

She and her mother now began to consult Sir George Lewis, and to cast about as to how they could get money out of me. The amount on which they fixed their minds was £1,000 a year; she had £1,000 a year of her own, and with this it would have been £2,000 a year for herself and her mother to live on. I not unnaturally replied that as she was still my wife the proper course was for her to return to me, and that there was no reason at all why I should make her any allowance. I also refused to consider anything in the nature of a Deed of Separation which involved the payment of money to her. It then became necessary to consider other means of extracting money from me and she wrote a letter to my Grandmother Russell to say that after serious thought and acting entirely on her own initiative she felt that she was bound to take proceedings for a Judicial Separation to protect herself from the cruelty which she had suffered at my hands.

This was the first time that I had heard of any charge of cruelty. I remained unmoved by this threat, and sure enough under Sir George Lewis's advice, at the end of 1890 I was served with a Petition for Judicial Separation on the ground of cruelty. It is no exaggeration to say that I was thunderstruck at the particulars of cruelty given in this Petition. It was not merely that they bore no relation to any facts, but I was so horrified to think that she should be such a liar and that she should think of me with the animus and hatred which the Petition appeared to disclose. It was after lodging this formal document that she became known to me and to the rest of the family as Mabel Edith from the words of the Petition, "Your Petitioner Mabel Edith."

The charges were of all kinds, from the trivial to the incredible. One was that she was kept up until midnight night, after night at Eaton Square, or even until three o'clock in the morning helping me with electrical accounts. Another was that I tried to revive her by sprinkling water over her when she had fainted. Her general allegations were that she was sworn at, and her health was injured, and there was the usual charge of flourishing a revolver, fortunately rather discounted by our proving that the revolver was locked up in a furniture warehouse at the time.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FIRST MATRIMONIAL SUIT

IN addition to these specific and ludicrous charges the Petition also contained a charge in general words. As we could not afford to have anything new sprung upon us at the trial we asked for further and better particulars. In response to this order they filed the most amazing charge relating to "a man called X" who stayed at Eaton Square after the marriage and at The Hurst as Lady Scott's guest before the marriage. He was a man of absolutely blameless life and assured position. No grosser piece of malignity and cruelty was ever perpetrated by man or woman than this dragging him into a private duel. From this moment, of course, any settlement or any attempt at a settlement was necessarily at an end, and the other side were held at arm's length. I had been seeing Lady Scott occasionally, and she had been coming to Amberley Cottage, professing to act as mediator, although really acting as a spy, and as we found subsequently corrupting my servants. From this moment everything in the nature of personal communication necessarily ceased. My last words to Lady Scott were: "Of course Mabel doesn't believe this nonsense about X." "Oh no," she replied, "but she thinks it will bring you to reason." "And you?" "Oh, I know it's not true." "Well, don't you think you ought to stop her? It will ruin her reputation." "Oh, she won't listen to me. George Lewis is advising her."

Throughout the whole of this and my subsequent matrimonial litigation, I had the most devoted and faithful adviser in the shape of my solicitor, Mr. A. P. Doulton, who threw himself heart and soul into the fray. My counsel were Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Inderwick, and Sir Frank Lockwood, with Robson, who was afterwards Attorney General as my junior, and the other side had Sir Edward Clarke and Lewis Coward. The Scotts were adepts at enlisting popular sympathy and working the Press, and every sort of paragraph appeared hinting at the awful revelations there would be in this *cause célèbre*; and how this young wife, so popular and so beautiful,

would emerge triumphant. There began also that rain of anonymous letters which never ceased for six years. Robson and Doulton who naturally knew the facts more intimately, remained quite calm, but even Sir Charles Russell was a little shaken, while Frank Lockwood used to return from his dinings out full of the things he had heard.

About a fortnight before the case came on, Charles Russell delivered a lecture to Doulton and me, and pointed out that at present not many people knew of the scandal, but after the trial everyone would, how serious the position was, how rash I was to go on, and how wise I should be to settle, and then sent us both out of his room to talk it over. In deference to him we pretended to discuss it for five minutes, and when we returned I simply said: "I have considered it very fully. I could not possibly submit to such a charge being made without meeting it, and I have sufficient confidence in a jury of my fellow countrymen to believe that the truth will prevail. Even if I were assured that it would not prevail, I would still never consent not to fight." Charles Russell was very angry and shoo'ed us out. On the third day of the trial, after my cross-examination was finished, as I left the box he came forward and shook hands with me and said: "I congratulate you, Lord Russell, you were perfectly right, and I was entirely wrong."

However, I anticipate. On 1 December 1891 the trial began, and we had our first surprise, for in his opening remarks Sir Edward Clarke threw overboard and dropped the gross charge. He desired to treat it as non-existent, and as never having been made, but needless to say we were not letting him have such an easy get off, and when Mabel Edith was in the box on the second day, Charles Russell cross-examined her, and compelled her to admit that she intended to make a serious charge, but that she did not make it now, and withdrew it. At the end of this day and after her evidence I was hissed on the steps of the Law Courts as I came out. Lady Scott was not called, and Mrs. Dick Russell was not called, but Nurse Vale was called, but being an honest and God-fearing Scotch woman did not help her side. On the third day I went into the witness-box and was examined in chief by Mr. Inderwick. I have never seen a more masterly performance. Examination-in-chief is a more delicate art than cross-examination, and throughout the whole time I felt like a swimmer who is being supported in the water by a strong hand, and Inderwick succeeded in getting out everything he wanted without any leading questions or any hesita-

tion. All through the time of the trial I was tortured not by the trial itself, but by the horror of seeing my name in large letters on every poster in the London streets. I had always shrunk from publicity and felt as if I was being skinned alive in public. I am more hardened now. On this day as Lockwood put it I drew my first hand, for one of my answers was received with applause when I made it clear that Mabel Edith and her mother had known all there was to know about me before the marriage. I forgot to mention that with the same malignity as in the X case they had thrown to the public the name of a young woman who belonged to the period before the marriage, and who was in no way connected with the case. On that incident the Judge remarked in his summing-up: "I cannot help thinking that those who instructed the learned Counsel to put those facts were actuated by nothing but malice."

I was cross-examined by Sir Edward Clarke, and I had been warned that he was the most deadly cross-examiner in England. The instructions which had been given to the poor man were so entirely at variance with the facts that I found no difficulty in flooring him at every point, and he sat down a beaten man. Ever since this experience I have held the opinion that no exception ought ever to be taken to cross-examination on the ground of its severity, because if the witness is telling the simple truth and the whole truth he need have no difficulty and nothing to fear; whereas if he is not he deserves no sympathy. However, Clarke was always a dogged fighter, and made an excellent speech in summing up his case, although dreadfully handicapped by the lies his client had told. The fairest way for me to set the matter before my readers is to give the material portions of the summing up of the Judge, Sir Charles Butt—

"Now, Gentlemen, this is a suit in which the wife claims a decree of judicial separation from her husband on the ground of his cruelty.

Now I come to the fourth charge, that this young and beautiful lady was ordered by her husband to attend to the servants' W.C. Ask yourself is it possible that such a degrading service could have been put upon that lady without its being the subject of common discussion in the servants' hall. I think it is a very grave matter in this case because if you believe that the charge is not true, then it is a wicked, a false, and a malignant allegation which has been made by Lady Russell for the sole purpose of injuring her husband,

and with the full knowledge that it is contrary to the truth and the facts. If that be the case how can you trust any word which she has said in the witness box

He admits that he did put restraint upon her. Well, to what extent? Restraining a woman from this that or the other by personal violence is one thing, restraining her by the exercise of proper authority is another, and it is impossible for us to judge of all the reasons, or of the manner of the restraint suggested. I think having heard the lady's story, you should also ask yourselves was there not some reason why this husband, acting as a husband might well do, nay, as a husband ought to act, for putting restraint upon this young lady? Of course we are in the presence of conflicting evidence, but let us see if we can find any facts which are not seriously in controversy as throwing light upon this matter. The restraint which we know of beyond controversy and beyond doubt (and I will tell you directly why I say so) is a restraint upon this young lady going to improper houses. I should rather imagine that these young ladies did not suffer much maternal restraint before marriage, when we know what their mother was not only inclined to allow but to encourage their doing after their marriage."

Reading from the pleadings—

"Upon the return of the said John Francis Stanley, Earl Russell from the Levee he again used insulting language and told your Petitioner to go to the devil and handed her over to her mother." It is rather an odd collocation, but they are the words of the Pleader not mine.

Referring to the X charge he said—

"Had that charge come before me I should not have allowed it to remain, because it is perfectly clear and the Solicitor-General's view is that that implies a charge of the most disgraceful immorality. As I have said before, if those particulars had come before me I should have said to the Petitioner's legal advisers: Strike that out of the Particulars and pay the costs and I should have struck it out as a scandalous matter—or base your charge in proper and manly language and say what you mean, and he would have made his charge. But they did not dare to stand by the bold straightforward charge of base criminality.

"I cannot help saying, and I ask you whether you think that

a man in the position of Lord Russell, charged in such a way with such a matter as is suggested here, and as the Solicitor-General said was suggested here, could afford to let it pass *sub silentio* and could afford to pass through this or any Court of Justice without facing that matter and having it out with those who alleged it. I think Sir Charles Russell was perfectly right in the line he took. I do not think he would have discharged his duty to his client if he had let that matter pass in the easy way in which it was intended to gloss that over on the other side. He challenged it. What has become of it? Why that which I thought would come of it. It is a charge the making of which everyone must deplore. It is alleged by this lady and insisted upon by her in the witness box, and Mr. X. whose name I think has been most cruelly, recklessly, and unwarrantably introduced into this matter is called and denies it, and there is not a suggestion to you of anything in that gentleman's life past or present which would lead you for a moment to entertain such a charge against him. Lord Russell has given an equally unqualified denial to it, and so for the moment, the matter rests. I think where a Judge has a strong opinion upon the effect of evidence in a cause he not only should not attempt to conceal that opinion from the Jury, but he should let them know what it is that they may give such weight to the views of an experienced person in such matters as they think fit. But in telling you this, I also desire to tell you most decidedly that, as I am sole Judge of the law here, you are the sole judges of the fact, and you are not to take, and it would be wrong if you took, any direction from me as to the facts so far as the truthfulness or the untruthfulness of evidence is concerned. That is for you, and my opinion is not to have anything like the weight of inducing you to find a verdict which you otherwise would not do. You are as absolute judges of the fact here as I am of the law, and I do not wish to impose any sort of obligation that does not weigh upon and rest with you. Because, Gentlemen, it is part of our law, and it is one of the most important elements in the constitution of this country, that Juries should have the right to deal with the facts and decide upon the facts of the case not only without troubling themselves with what the Judge thinks upon them, but, if needs be, in direct opposition to his charge or direction, and that is one of the safeguards of public liberty in this country.

“ Now, Gentlemen, having said that much, I must say further that I cannot agree with the view that this charge is to be dismissed

from these Pleadings as an irrelevant matter. Let me ask you this question. Has Lady Russell told the truth, or has she sought to deceive you? Now, Gentlemen, the learned Solicitor-General, behaving (I have known him for many years, I am happy to say) as I have always observed him behave, like an honourable and straightforward man, finding how the matter stood, has got up and withdrawn this charge, and has declined to press it. But the consequence of the charge having been made cannot be withdrawn. It is not true that that young man X was visited in his bedroom in the small hours of the night and morning on four separate occasions by Lord Russell. If it be not true, either Lady Russell has sworn to that which she knows to be false, or she has sworn to that which she does not know to be true—I mean, as to the fact of his going up to that young man's room. In either alternative, what is the value of her evidence upon any one of the dozen or twenty subjects upon which she has spoken? The whole case against her husband rests upon her testimony, and if her testimony cannot be regarded as of any value in such a matter, what becomes of her case? What becomes of her alleged right to the remedy which she seeks in this Court?

“One more observation, Gentlemen, and I have done, Why on earth if that charge is not true was that matter of this young man's career at Oxford referred to? What earthly bearing on this case could such an incident have if it were not for the purpose of making you believe that he was a man who was addicted to such practices as were at first suggested in these Pleadings? Now we know the facts, or some of them. There was some disagreeable occurrence about a letter to a man (I know not what), Lord Russell's account was this: ‘I was asked about it; I heard about it, and I demanded an inquiry. The present Master of Balliol,’ Professor Jowett with reference to whom Sir Charles Russell's observations were perfectly well founded—a man of the highest distinction and of the highest consideration—‘was the Master of my College. He was also Vice-Chancellor of the University. The inquiry was not made, and I took my name off the books,’ says Lord Russell. Well, so far the matter ended: but he was asked also: ‘Is it not a fact that you have been received as a guest at Professor Jowett's house since.’ ‘Yes, it is: and more than that, Mr. Jowett was present at my marriage.’ Do you suppose, Gentlemen, that if Professor Jowett had thought that any imputation of this sort rested upon his former pupil (I do not know whether that is the correct ex-

pression, or Undergraduate of his College) that he would have been present at his marriage or would have had him to visit him? Why is the allegation made? It is another piece of malignity imported into this case for the sake of enhancing and pointing it to make a moral of the most improper allegation in the Particulars. From whom does it come, and how does it come?

"Gentlemen, I have ended the observations I have to make in this case, and if you think the charges which are made in this Petition are substantially proved, then, of course, you will find a verdict in favour of the Petitioner to the effect that the husband has been guilty of cruelty. If you are not satisfied, and think that the charges are either disproved or are not brought home with that cogent evidence which it is incumbent on those making the charges to give, then your verdict on every principle ought to be for the Respondent."

THE ASSOCIATE: Consider your verdict, Gentlemen.

THE FOREMAN: We should like to retire, My Lord: we want to know the issues which are to be pronounced for?

SIR CHARLES BUTT: I had better give you the Pleadings. The specific issues are these—

THE FOREMAN: We want to know what is the question we have to answer?

SIR CHARLES BUTT: It is this—Whether John Francis Stanley, Earl Russell, the Respondent has been guilty of cruelty towards Mabel Edith, Countess Russell, the Petitioner? That is the only question for you. I think I have explained to you what cruelty would be, and what would not be cruelty. That is the question formally drawn which will be read to you on your return. I will hand it to you now (handing it). If there are any documents you would like, either the diaries or the correspondence, you can either take them with you or can send for them.

THE FOREMAN: My Lord, as to the incident, is that charge withdrawn?

SIR CHARLES BUTT: That charge is now withdrawn from the case, or I should have left it to you. The charge is admitted by the Solicitor-General to be untrue, and that is now withdrawn. You recollect the statement of the Solicitor-General as to that in his speech?

THE FOREMAN: Yes.

(The Jury retired at 5.15. At 5.45 they sent a paper to the learned Judge, and 5.55 they sent another paper to the Judge, returning into Court at 6.10.)

THE ASSOCIATE : Have you agreed upon your verdict ?

THE FOREMAN : We have.

THE ASSOCIATE : Do you find that John Francis Stanley, Earl Russell, the Respondent, has been guilty of cruelty towards Mabel Edith, Countess Russell, the Petitioner ?

THE FOREMAN : No.

The case was over : the Jury had acquitted me : round upon round of applause began in the corridors, and swelled down through the crowd of people gathered there to the very doors in the Strand where I had been hissed two days before. Butt looked up with a twinkle in his eye and said : " That noise is not in this Court, I have no power to stop it," and added *sotto voce*, " and I would not if I could."

George Lewis was not used to fighting honest men ; he had adopted his usual tactics of bluff and judging from his long experience he thought a guilty conscience would cause me to collapse, but I had called his bluff, and when once you call, the bigger the bluff the worse the fall. Mabel Edith had been found by the Jury to be a liar and she had been denounced by the Judge as a malignant woman who made wicked and monstrous charges. How did she meet this exposure ? By going the next day to the *Hawk* a scurrilous rag edited by Augustus Moore, repeating her charges, and saying that if she had only had a proper chance she could have established them. And this after a four days' trial !

CHAPTER XX

LOCAL POLITICS

IN June, 1890, I took up my residence at Amberley Cottage, a house which we had chosen together for our joint home, and had been over together, and of course at that time I was still hoping that Mabel Edith would return to it. In fact she never lived there. It was a rough-cast riverside house about half a mile above Boulter's Lock, on an estate called Maidenhead Court, which had been developed by Charles Boxall, who lived in the largest house on it. It was unfortunately separated from the river by the towpath, but it was a pretty little house of the villa type with a little verandah and a suburban garden. Of course I needed to put in electric light and build a magnificent engine-house. I had my old engineer Moyse with me, the sole survivor of the crew of the *Royal*, and he also ran the launch which I still kept on the river. During my first ten years of course I drove horses, as motor-cars were not then practicable, and I used to do the two miles to Taplow station in about 10 minutes.

Boxall was a successful solicitor of the firm of Boxall and Boxall, in Chancery Lane, but like many successful solicitors he took more interest in the things he did away from his office. He was very keen on this estate, which he had developed, and he also had an estate at West Chiltington, Sussex, where I have often shot partridges with him and French, in the days before General French became so famous. Even in those days, French had the same capacity for out-walking and wearing out all the other members of the shooting party with his energy as his Staff have subsequently experienced. Boxall was very kind to me, and we took quite a fancy to each other. I used often to go up to his house to play billiards after dinner in his Baronial Hall, of which he was very proud. We used to discuss legal matters, and also every turn and twist of the developments in the matrimonial cases. Mrs. Boxall was an amiable woman but rather deaf and could not, therefore, contribute much to the conversation. Boxall among other professional cares had the serious task

of looking after the young Duke of Manchester, and his estates. We used to go to each other's houses when there were any interesting guests to meet. He introduced me to a neighbour Archer, with a pretty wife and two unmarried sisters-in-law, who afterwards disappeared from this country, having robbed them of all their funds of which he was trustee.

In the year 1894, the Parish Councils Act was put into operation, and Boxall suggested that I ought to run for election for the Parish of Cookham which we were in. The only public speaking I had done so far was the speech I had made, on my return from America, under the auspices of Henry Villiers, when he asked me to recount my experiences to an audience in his parish. I was very reluctant to put myself forward, to speak in public or to enter into conflicts, but Boxall over-persuaded me. I stood and was elected, and not unnaturally was appointed chairman of the Parish Council. The District Council election was held under the same Act a little later, and I was persuaded to stand for this on a Progressive platform with Stone, a doctor who lived at Cookham Dene. We stumped the Parish which was an extensive one, held meetings in schoolrooms, and were triumphantly returned at the top of the poll turning out two old members who had sat for years. In all these contests my most active ally was a little Radical named Cooper, who was a grocer in Cookham Village. Incidentally I may say that I do not know any ordeal more trying for a public man than to find himself on the platform in a cold deserted schoolroom on a winter's evening addressing six dispirited and uninterested yokels. It is necessary to have something to say, and to be determined to say it without any assistance from your audience, and a man who can speak with any animation under such depressing circumstances need not be afraid even of addressing the House of Lords. Under the Act District Councillors were also Guardians of the Poor, and in this capacity we had the administration of Maidenhead Workhouse, where meetings were held.

I found myself then fairly launched in Local Politics, and being full of reforming zeal, I found more than enough to occupy me. On the District Council we had the care of the roads, and it was important to see that the best methods were adopted, and that contracts for hauling and supplying stone were placed with the proper people, and not merely given to those farmers who thought they had a prescriptive right to it because they sat on the Council. In this Captain Woodhouse our Chairman always supported me,

but the cause was unpopular. We also had to keep the Sanitary Inspector up to the mark in regard to smells and condemning any unsanitary property irrespective of who the owner might be. It was also our duty to be vigilant in preserving Rights of Way. On the Board of Guardians we were re-inforced by a contingent representing the Borough of Maidenhead with that fatal predilection of helping each other to any good job going which always exists in small boroughs. Our Chairman was a very competent man named Walker, who was also keen on honest administration.

I recollect one or two curiosities of local administration. I discovered by accident that the casuals admitted to the Workhouse (and being on the Bath Road there were a large number) were given one bath full of water and one towel the size of two pocket handkerchiefs to eight of them. I protested against this filthy practice of pretending to bath eight dirty men in the same tub of water, but was voted down by a large majority on the Board, the general feeling being that there was no knowing what we were coming to if tramps were to have such luxuries. My threat to stump the district and oppose every member of the majority at the next election was without effect, but an exposure in the *Westminster Gazette* did the trick, and at the next meeting my proposal was carried. Many of the Guardians expressed themselves as pained at "the want of loyalty which Lord Russell had shown to the Board" in bringing their affairs before the public.

At Maidenhead we had the old mixed workhouse with all its faults. The young women of the maternity cases were mixed up with the old women who were permanent inhabitants, and who were always said to have the most deplorable moral influence. So were the children, although we had begun to board most of them out. Mollie and I used to compare notes about our respective workhouses, and ever after one day when she accidentally fell into the river she swore that I pushed her in because she said that her workhouse was larger than mine.

One of the things that was brought home to me was the absurd minuteness of the control of the Local Government Board over Poor Law Institutions. We could not appoint or dismiss any official, even a nurse or a gatekeeper, without their sanction. L.G.B. Orders prescribed the exact weights of bread and meat, and so on to be allocated to each pauper, and it is even on record that one Order specified the number of raisins that were allowed in plum-duff.

Another incident was equally instructive, and more discreditable. The Master of the Workhouse bolted with about £18 worth of the public money. After several weeks the police found and apprehended him. It was a fairly gross case of embezzlement by a public official and clearly he ought to have been committed for trial. Fortunately for him, however, his father-in-law was a prominent tradesman in the borough. A picked Bench of Justices was hastily got together, and after ascertaining how much of the £18 he still had left, he was fined £12, so that he made a clear profit of £6 on the deal. I also recollect one very scandalous abuse of the Poor Law. An old woman was allowed 5s. a week out-relief. Sir Gilbert Clayton-East, Bart., one of the richest landowners of the district, employed her as gatekeeper at one of his lodges on the terms that she got the lodge to live in rent free and he paid her nothing. The peculiarities of the Poor Law make a case of this kind difficult to deal with; the only alternative to supplying this thrifty baronet with a gatekeeper at the public expense being to compel her to come into the Workhouse as an inmate. The result was that beyond exposing the scandal we could not in practice do anything.

Only very minor activities are possible to Parish Councils, but here also I was very busy. We prepared an official map of the various public rights of way in the Parish and had endless trouble in walking over them, fixing their exact course, and negotiating with angry landlords. In our Parish there was a space called Widbrook Common, where there were Common Rights of Pasturage, but we had not much to do with this as the Manor of Cookham still possessed a Court Leet. These cheery Manorial customs resulted in Wetherby when he died at Cookham, being deprived of a horse worth hundreds of pounds as a heriot.

I served six years on these Councils, and about this time I was also made a Justice of the Peace of the County of Berkshire, and sat at Maidenhead at our Petty Sessions. I found the usual ferocity of a County Bench in full force; it was a saying in Maidenhead that a man would rather be had up three times before the Borough than once before the County, and I well recollect that on one of my earliest appearances I succeeded by a little cross-examination of the witnesses in getting no less than five summonses taken out by the Great Western Railway dismissed. The whole affair was preposterous and trivial being nothing but a personal quarrel between a railway gatekeeper and a man and woman who had been using the crossing on a Sunday. None the less they would have

been fined on all the summonses if I had not been there. I happened to travel to London in the same carriage as the inspector who had been prosecuting, and he admitted to me that if he had known the facts they would never have issued the summonses. On another occasion I succeeded in getting a charge against a female servant for murdering her illegitimate child dismissed, as an excellent doctor would not swear that the child had had a separate existence. Some of the Bench had hankered after a committal on the second charge of concealment of birth, but I managed to talk them out of this. It always seems to me a mere dodge for getting the unfortunate mother on one thing if you cannot get her on the other.

On one occasion there were only two of us on the Bench; my colleague wanted to give a boy a month's hard labour, and I thought a 40s. fine would meet the case. He tried to get me to split the difference and make it fourteen days, but I remained firm, and the boy got off with a fine. My experience does not lead me to think that our unpaid Justices have any desire to do anything but justice, but I do think that they lack imagination and are a little too apt to be perfunctory, and let the police have their own way. I used always to constitute myself counsel for the prisoner, and never found that my Bench resented the facts being elicited or refused to take a reasonable view upon them. On one occasion a policeman gave evidence that he suspected a man of poaching and followed him, but did not succeed in catching him before he got home. "I then searched the prisoner's house thoroughly, and I found the dead body of a rabbit still warm under some coals." "You had a search warrant of course," I said mildly. "Oh, no, Sir," replied the policeman quite startled. "No, you wouldn't." I said. Of course the whole proceeding was grossly illegal, and if the man had only known he could have shut his front door in the face of the policeman.

I also attended Quarter Sessions at Reading, but these were very unsatisfactory. Mr. Mount, M.P., was the Chairman, and his only idea was to convict everybody, and then to impose the maximum sentence. I recollect my delight at one case where he summed up in a very few minutes firmly for a conviction on the thinnest possible evidence, and the jury without leaving the box, remarked: "Not guilty." I was talking in the train one day to counsel who had been prosecuting before Mount, and he said: "You know I am always afraid of getting a conviction because old Mount is so ferocious." In the particular case we were discussing,

Mount had reduced the sentence to half on the earnest plea of Counsel for the Crown.

One curious case we had related to a respectable farmer who was charged by the Great Western Railway with stealing two of their tarpaulins. It was proved that one of his ricks was covered with these tarpaulins, and there was some evidence that on a visit of inquiry at his farm he had denied all knowledge of them. It was a case which was quite as consistent with carelessness and indifference as with felonious intent, and after a stiffish fight he was acquitted amid applause in Court. I happened to travel up to London with the prosecuting counsel and expressed my surprise that the Company had prosecuted an apparently respectable man in a case of such doubt. Counsel said: "Yes, that's all very well—we didn't much care whether we convicted him or not—but do you know that the Company has had 10,000 tarpaulins returned as a result of this prosecution? They were keeping the whole countryside in tarpaulins."

I cannot conclude my account of Local Politics without referring to Mr. Ward, the true type of the local pluralist. He was Clerk to the County Justices, he was Clerk to the Borough Justices, he was the Clerk of the Rural District Council, the Clerk of the Guardians and Clerk or Secretary to practically every other organization in Maidenhead. He was a genial, kindly, competent old man, rather old-fashioned, but on the whole preventing the various bodies with which he was associated from making fools of themselves. The only trouble was that if you got on the wrong side of him you were likely to find all sorts of avenues blocked and unexpected difficulties cropping up. Fortunately I never did, and we were on very good terms: indeed he rendered us valuable assistance in the Old Bailey trial. There were many other characters worthy of the pen of a Dickens about whom I could say much, but I have not got the pen of a Dickens, and I am not sure that they may not some of them be alive, so I had better not.

Towards the end of my period at Maidenhead after I became a member of the L.C.C. I spent as much time in London as in the country. At one time I used to play whist every night at the N.L.C. until one or two in the morning, and then walk home to my rooms in the Temple, but about 1896 I ceased to have time for this. I was also connected with some smaller clubs, which were associated with various progressive causes and the Suffrage Movement.

I think the Pharos Club started about 1899; the subscription

was one guinea, and the rooms were in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. It was one of those numerous clubs for the poor and the progressive which spring up from time to time, but which never seem to continue because generally after a year or two of enthusiasm the majority of the members fail to pay their subscriptions. Its type I think is represented at the moment by the 1917 Club. Anyhow, Mollie was very keen on it, and I served on its committee while it existed, and very curious Committee Meetings we sometimes had. Most of our members were interesting by reason of some form of activity or other and they were always very kind to us. At the dinner Mollie was presented with a cigarette case which unfortunately she lost some years afterwards in the snows of the higher Alps.

Mollie had entirely converted me to the women's cause, and I was an ardent suffragette, while Mollie herself was on the committee of the Women's Freedom League. I spoke often for them and at other suffrage meetings, although I never quite cottoned to the W.S.P.U. The Pankhursts seemed to me much too autocratic—on the other hand, their driving force was tremendous, and their power over audiences surprising. I cannot say that I approved the violent tactics, but I could not help observing with regret that they produced much more effect on Members of Parliament than any amount of argument.

There was another movement with which I had a good deal to do, viz. the agitation for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. I remember vividly one meeting at Essex Hall that I presided over which appeared to be attended by most of the criminals in London, all of course wrongfully convicted, or so they said. Whether the C.C.A. now that we have got it has done all its advocates hoped for is I should imagine doubtful, but it has at least done a good deal in standardizing sentences, and one hopes that it has made a second Beck case impossible.

Many of the members of the Pharos Club were interested in one or other of these activities. We had one really distinguished member, Hermann Vezin. Old Gaffer Green, whom I mention later in connexion with the vestry at the National Liberal Club, was also a member. There were weekly discussions at the Club on various subjects which were always hotly argued, and at which C. H. Norman was always sure to be on the other side if there was another side to be on.

In due course the Pharos Club died and Mollie incited me to start a new one, the Queen Square Club at number 9 Queen Square.

Here I was sole proprietor and Mollie managed everything. We served a perfectly satisfactory lunch for 1s., and dinner for 2s. and 2s. 6d. We had the usual weekly discussions, and a very comfortable club-house, and in about the third year the usual thing happened. The members all failed to pay their subscriptions, and as the Club did not pay anyhow, even if they all had paid, I had reluctantly to close it and sell off at considerable loss.

The following characteristic week from the year 1897 shows the kind of a way I was occupied. On the Sunday I was at Telegraph House after inspecting some of the building that was going on. On the Monday I left Rogate at 10 o'clock, did some business in the morning, lunched at the Reform, called on my solicitor, and took the 6.30 from Paddington to Amberley Cottage. On Tuesday I sat on the County Bench, left Maidenhead at 12.45, and attended the meeting of the L.C.C. from 3 to 7. At 8.5 p.m. I left Waterloo for Winchester to stay with Mrs. Dick, and the next morning called upon the Daker who was ill, and saw his doctor. At 1.8 I went from Winchester to Southampton and saw two people on business, and returned by the 2.58 from Southampton to Waterloo, and played whist at my club. On Thursday morning I got through some letters, at 2 I attended an Embankment sub-committee, at 3 the Highways Committee, at 4 the Parliamentary Committee, and caught the 6.30 from Paddington home to Maidenhead. The next morning, Friday, I left Taplow at 9.23, and attended the Asylum sub-committee of Colney Hatch. At 4 o'clock I was back at Spring Gardens attending the Water Committee and at 8 I went to a dinner party. On Saturday at 11.20 I went back from Paddington to Maidenhead, and in the evening entertained Dr. Burland and another medical friend, while Boxall and a local parson, who was a friend of mine, paid me a call. I kept up this extreme activity for about six years.

CHAPTER XXI

THREE WEEKS IN CALIFORNIA

IN 1894 I had become well acquainted with a very charming and attractive lady of artistic tastes who stimulated my admiration for Sarah Bernhardt. We constantly went together to see her magnificent performances, and in that emotional atmosphere we very soon thought that we were in love. At any rate, she wrote the most charming love letters, and I thoroughly enjoyed her society which I found most exhilarating. I did not, however, altogether approve of her principles, and I did not think that our temperaments were at all likely to suit in any serious union, and so I decided to run away before my feelings were too deeply involved. And naturally I ran to America, which I had not seen for ten years, and where I had always wanted to return. I sailed from Liverpool on the *Cephalonia*, a ten-day Cunarder, bound for Boston. She had only 30 or 40 first-class passengers on board, so that it was almost like making a yachting trip, and I found myself furnished with two magnificent *cabines de famille* instead of the humble berth I had paid for. Also one saw more of the ship's officers than is usual on an Atlantic liner, and I early made the acquaintance of Charles Burland, the ship's doctor, a mountain of a man. His experience and his fund of stories were as large as himself, and we struck up a friendship which has lasted ever since. Years afterwards he left the sea, married and settled down to private practice, but after two or three years of this he told me that he found it intolerable to have to go about in a top hat, be polite to fools, and attend church on Sunday. So he went into the marine department of the Board of Trade, where his sterling qualities brought him in due course to the top of the tree. He introduced me to the Captain, Seecombe, almost unique I should think amongst skippers in his devotion to Browning. This formed a great link between us, and I spent a considerable portion of the voyage yarning with him in his cabin or up on the bridge with him. He had another peculiarity in his official handwriting which was a marvellous kind of exquisite print-

ing with each letter separate. We carried on a correspondence for many years until at last misfortune came upon him. He was a thoroughly careful skipper, and he condescended to use the lead, which is more than ordinary skippers of fast liners will do. Indeed, his confidence in the lead was his undoing, for bringing the old *Cephalonia* home one day he struck a fog which lasted all day in St. George's Channel and got a line of soundings on which he entirely relied which would lead him well outside the Skerries, but the next thing he knew he was piled up on the rocks at the South Stack. The passengers were easily got ashore, the mails were landed, and with that luck which attends the Cunard the ship was got off and beached in Holyhead Harbour before she sank. But of course these big companies never forgive their captains whatever the reason, and that was the end of Captain Seccombe's employment at sea. On this my first acquaintance with him we waddled most agreeably across the Atlantic at our 13-knot speed, with nothing except a 24 hours fog on the Banks to disturb us.

I had another reason for going direct to Boston besides the enjoyment of the uncrowded boat and the extra days at sea, and that was to see Santayana, whose acquaintance I had made in 1885, when we were both undergraduates. He was still at Harvard, only now in the capacity of Professor of Moral Philosophy, and I spent an interesting week with him at the Colonial Club. The interest was increased by the society of Professor William James, whom I found most agreeable and interesting, although I have no pretensions to be a philosopher. The heat during this week was something intolerable, wet and clammy, with the thermometer at 100° day and night. When one had a bath, the cold water was hot, and one had no sooner rubbed oneself down than one broke out again; one lay on one's bed at night entirely uncovered, and soon found oneself in a little pool of water. The only relief, and that momentary, was to travel on the front seats of electric trams and get slightly chilled by evaporation.

It was during this visit that Santayana introduced me to a rather interesting Club in Boston of which he was a member, called the Tavern Club, whose motto was displayed over the fireplace:

Mihi est propositum in Tabernâ mori
Et vinum appositum sitiendi ori
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
Deus sit propitius isti potatori.

When I left Santayana I wasted no time on intermediate places, but went straight through to San Francisco. I did, however, have to waste rather more time than I intended, because a great railway strike was on, and as we ran into Chicago we passed miles and miles of burnt freight cars standing three and four deep in the sidings. Later on in the mountains we carried a detachment of Federal troops with us and only travelled by daylight for fear of ditchings or wrecked bridges. After my week of heat in Boston, I found the dry temperature of 90° in the cars when we were crossing the Alkali desert, quite moderate and comfortable. At Sacramento we learned that the precautions taken had not been without reason, for the strikers had a few days before blown up a bridge across the Sacramento River, whereby an entire train was hurled to destruction. For weeks afterwards there was heated argument as to the rough measures which General Dimond, who was in charge of the Federal troops, had taken to quell the riot.

I put up at the Palace Hotel, and started to seek out my friend Dicky Tobin, whom I had principally come to see. In these days he is the sober President of the Hibernian Bank, but in those days he was one of the fashionable young men whose chief occupation was polo at the Burlingame Country Club, to which he shortly carried me off; not before, however, I had had to spend some happy hours with a San Francisco dentist, who, after he had got my mouth firmly wedged up and padded to his liking, sang to me from Gilbert and Sullivan about "a caricature of a face," and charged me a shilling a minute for the performance.

The Tobins are one of the old Catholic families of California, and if not actually forty-niners were at any rate very near it, and Dicky had two charming sisters of whom I saw a great deal. As well as polo he was very fond of driving a four-in-hand, and took us for long drives in that lovely scenery and glorious climate. John Drew was also at this time touring California with one of his companies, and was a very old friend of Dicky's, so he also was dragged into our festivities. Altogether I had the loveliest of lovely times, and only Americans can appreciate how lovely a lovely time can be. There is a freshness, an irresponsibility, a want of plan, a natural gaiety which, coupled with the divine air, make a lovely time in America excel anything that we jaded and routine bound Europeans can realize.

Shortly after my arrival, there took place a function known as the Country Club outing, which consisted chiefly of pony races

and polo at Monterey. Baldwin, who was a millionaire, arrived for this function, and we had the opportunity of examining his baggage at the station. This one bachelor was accompanied by eight trunks and sixteen smaller packages! Talbot Clifton, an Englishman, also took part in the proceedings, and in the course of them broke his collar-bone for the third time. Everyone was staying at the Hotel del Monte, with its lovely grounds, and it presented a very festive appearance every evening when all the best-dressed men and women in California were there. Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill were also staying there, she chattering gaily in the centre of an excited crowd, and he looking heavy and dull and more dead than alive. It was, in fact, very near the end of his life.

The Country Club in America is a thing which has no exact parallel in this country, although nowadays Golf Clubs more distant from London, such as Huntercombe, come fairly near to it. The idea is to get a place away from the town in lovely surroundings and convenient for excursions where sports are obtainable for those who want them and an alfresco life with dancing at night for those who do not. They are generally partly residential, but they nearly always admit women much more freely to share in their pleasures than we have a tendency to do here. Anyway, the result was all right, and we had a thoroughly delightful time, although it does not give one much to write about.

San Francisco in particular is a town one does well to get away from, because it is cursed almost every afternoon with a chill sea mist for about a couple of hours, so that it is really not safe to be without an overcoat, however hot the day may be at other times, or 20 or 30 miles away.

Not everyone realizes that so far as the trans-continental service is concerned San Francisco is cut off by water from Oaklands which is the railroad terminus, and you start your journey in a ferry-boat. I read a novel by an English writer the other day in which the man reached the station in San Francisco just in time to see the tail-light of his train disappearing; he was clever, because the only place it could have disappeared into would be the waters of the bay. However, this is not so bad as another writer, who, when the hero missed the Irish mail at Euston, caused him to overtake it in a fast motor-car at Bedford; a thing improbable, however fast the car. I have noticed, too, in the case of women novelists, that Victoria is almost the only London terminus they have ever heard of, and that they think nothing of starting from there for Derby.

My actual time in California was only three weeks, but if this be considered a short visit to pay from London, I was at any rate handsomely beaten by another friend who came all the way from London to spend a week-end in San Francisco. This is literally true; he arrived on Friday morning and left on Monday. He was Gaylord Wilshire, who is now a well-known socialist. In his younger days he was a millionaire, and might be so still if he had continued his ownership of the Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. Dicky Tobin and his millionaire friends had difficulty in explaining how Wilshire could have become a socialist, but the explanation they gave had at any rate the merit of being amusing. They said that he was a very good fellow and used to come to the Country Club and be one of the crowd until he fell out of a second floor window on his head, and ever since he was picked up he had been a socialist!

Full of regrets I tore myself away from all the charming society, both male and female, and all the gay times on the Pacific coast, and hurled myself into the eastbound express. I had many public duties to perform and could not stay away from England any longer. I duly reached Boston after a train journey of five days, and had six hours of acute anxiety there because the casual baggage man at Chicago had not put my trunk into the right train. However, it arrived just in time and I boarded my old friend the *Cephalonia*.

On the return journey we had even fewer passengers than on the outward, and I spent practically my whole time on the bridge or in the captain's cabin, or yarning with Burland, and found the ten day trip all too short. At any rate, the journey, apart from its very great intrinsic enjoyment, had had the desired effect, for I returned cured of my infatuation.

It is a curious thing how little any of the Americans who live on the east coast know of the west of their own country, and what a very minute proportion of them ever go to California. It is true that the war, which made it impossible for them to come to Europe, has done something to change this, and that more of them have explored their own country during those five years than ever did before. Indeed, Santa Barbara is now the recognized home of millionaires, but hardly any of them hail from east of Chicago. With modern travelling facilities, Los Angeles, is only 12 days from London, and 12 days of the most comfortable travelling in the world. I strongly recommend any jaded Londoner who wants a short rest to fly there and experience for himself the charm of that perfect climate.

CHAPTER XXII

RESTITUTION SUIT

WE left Mabel Edith after the first trial discredited and disgraced, as I warned her mother she would be, but still full of bitter hatred and running round to the *Hawk* to repeat her charges and express a wish that she might have the trial over again. Is it believable that the very next month, January, 1892, she was writing to me and offering to return to me and live with me again! Sufficient evidence surely that she did not believe the things she had said about me. I replied of course that I assumed such a letter meant that she was now sorry for her wickedness and was prepared to withdraw and apologize, and I said quite firmly that such a step was a necessary preliminary to any sort of discussion between us.

Then there ensued a curious correspondence explicable only on the assumption we had worked on from the beginning that money, and money alone, was her object. George Lewis had deserted them: perhaps they did not pay him: perhaps he was disgusted at having been so taken in before. Mabel Edith said that no one would be more ready to apologize than she but that first she must have a meeting with me and an explanation of the documents she held. I declined anything of the sort. Two or three letters passed in each of which she failed to come to the point, but on the 31st March we began to approach the truth, for she wrote to me saying: "I think now the position resolves itself into this. Do you intend to make any provision for me in the future with regard to money?" This was accompanied by a threat to go on the stage. I refused any allowance, pointed out that she was still litigating against me in the Queen's Bench action for the Joint Account, and told her that on the very day after the trial I had instructed Doulton to offer her an allowance but had cancelled this after her interview with the *Hawk*. I said again: "I am bound therefore to require from you a clear and definite confession of the falsity of those charges before I can see you again." I refused to answer further, and the

personal correspondence ended with a threat from her "to vindicate her character before the world." Then she wrote to Rollo Russell and tried to get round him, but nothing came of that.

So matters languished until August, 1892, when her new solicitor, Mr. Peckham, took up the running, and asked Doulton "what our client is to expect in return from your client on her seeing her way to comply with his request." Naturally Doulton replied that we had made no request, and that we took no interest in any statement made in expectation of a return. Then in September, Mabel Edith wrote to Lyulph Stanley in which there comes this phrase bearing out my previous analysis of their mental attitude. "It seems very sad my once bright life should be so ruined." She did not draw my Uncle Lyulph. It was interesting to learn subsequently that at this very moment she was actively engaged in corrupting my servants, and had several detectives watching me. A further attempt was made on Uncle Lyulph in December, which did draw a reply from him in the course of which he said: "You have made and sworn to disgusting accusations which were clearly shown at the trial not to be true. You threaten to renew this course of action, and write to me inviting my help in your affairs. I can only say I shall forward your letter to your husband with a copy of my answer." So that was that.

Meanwhile a curious incident had occurred. I was living at Maidenhead, and they were living at Bray, and on the 10th December, 1892, we met by accident at Paddington; she ran up to me as I was paying my cab, and said: "I want to speak to you." I said that I did not think it a convenient place, but she said she must speak to me. I said that considering the charges that had never been withdrawn I did not much care for a conversation, and thereupon she said that it was all a mistake, that it was all that brute Clarke, and that she and her mother had given him a talking to that he would not forget after the trial. (If they did this I expect it was because he did not win the trial for them.) She took me up to her mother in the train and said we would try and have a meeting quietly to which I replied that there would be no difficulty about that if she wrote and withdrew the charges, and I left her expecting to receive a letter of complete apology immediately. As they both hated Doulton I did not tell him about it at once, but all I did get was a letter from Mabel Edith asking for a meeting, and to this of course I made the standard reply that the apology must come first. But it did not come, and instead of that a suggestion that

the solicitors should meet—the very thing that she deprecated at our interview. We declined this proposal and nothing more came of it.

Sir Francis Jeune, as I mentioned before, was a Dover Street friend, and at this time the President of the Divorce Court, and after dinner one night he said: "How curious it would be if after all that had passed she were to present a petition for restitution." I laughed at the idea, and said that it was unthinkable. However, the unthinkable happened, and in March, 1894, I received the letter before action. Picture the position: she had withdrawn the charge at the first trial in 1891; she had repeated it to the *Hawk* a day or two afterwards; a month later she had offered to come back and live with me; her solicitor had asked what she was to be paid for her apology, and we had replied "nothing." We had met at Paddington, and she had unreservedly withdrawn the charge, and put it all on to Sir Edward Clarke, but in subsequent correspondence she could not bring herself to withdraw that charge in writing. Two years more had passed, and during all that time the charge remained unwithdrawn, unrepented, and unregretted. And at the end of all that and in that position she writes to me and says in effect: "I am coming to live with you again, and I propose you should receive me as your wife, and as for any little trifles I have been saying about you during the last three years do not let us worry about them." The position was clearly ludicrous; we refused the cohabitation, and we decided to resist the petition. We decided, however, to do something more. We said this position is so outrageous and so intolerable that we will take the bull by the horns and fling down our own challenge. We shall say that never at any moment did she believe the charges she made, that she only made them to extort money, that she has refused during all this period to withdraw them because she still thinks they may be used as a lever to extort money, and we shall say that not one single action of hers from the inception of the X. charges to this trial has been the bona fide action of a woman who genuinely thinks herself to have been wronged, and we are prepared to take the verdict of the jury upon that issue. Nay, we will go further and we will say that this conduct persisted in during this long term of years is cruelty, and cruelty of the most devilish kind, which ought to be if it is not within the legal definition and we will ask for a judicial separation on that ground.

Be it observed that on the simple issue that Mabel Edith had

raised of restitution the trial would have been a very simple affair ; she had merely to say : " I want my husband back, tell him to return to me." She was precluded by the circumstances themselves from attacking my character because that would not be consistent with wanting me back. By our action we deliberately put into her hands to use and make evidence in the case every single shadow of a suggestion or insinuation, every scintilla of rumour, every scrap of paper, which could justify her in saying : " Though I do not now say it is true, after all I did not act entirely without reason, and I was bona fide." Having nothing to fear we deliberately took this bold line.

Issue was joined and the trial ultimately came on on 4th April, 1895, before Baron Pollock and a special jury. Sir Henry James, Robson, who was now a Q.C., Bargrave Deane, afterwards a judge, and Arthur Llewellyn Davies appeared for me ; Murphy, Gill and Barnard for her. From the legal point of view, of course, the trial was interesting on the question of what constitutes legal cruelty, but the lawyers will find all that part in their Reports, and I shall quote here only the material portions of the Judge's summing up on the facts, prefaced by just a word or two from the evidence of the two women.

CROSS-EXAMINATION OF LADY RUSSELL

Q. May I ask you to tell me if throughout your correspondence in 1890 (before the trial) with Lord Russell there is any reference whatever that we can find to any suggested impropriety of conduct or crime with Mr. X.? A. I really do not know, I think not.

Q. Very well, you think not, that is my view. Then, when you received Lady Cardigan's letter did you give Lord Russell any opportunity of denying the contents of that letter ? A. No, I did not.

Q. You knew that lady and all about her, I presume ? A. I knew her, yes.

Q. Was she a friend of yours ? A. Yes.

Q. Had she expressed a wish to see Lord Russell and make friends with him ? A. Not that I know of, I really do not think so.

Q. Call your memory back. A. I am trying to remember. I do not think so—no, I do not think so, I am not sure.

Q. Ah ! A. No, I say I am not sure.

Q. What do you think ? A. I do not remember.

Q. Did she not tell you that she was sorry not to have seen Lord Russell, that she missed him, and was sorry not to have seen him? A. I do not remember. I have no recollection of it.

SIR HENRY JAMES: Now, take that letter (handing it to the witness): is that your writing? A. Yes.

Q. That is a letter of October 13th, 1889, you will see the letter of Lady Cardigan is November, 1890. I am sorry this interval has occurred, but the jury will probably recollect the answer to Lady Cardigan's. This is from you to Lord Russell: "We are not going to London to-morrow, so we shall expect you," etc., etc. (The learned Counsel read the letter.) Is that true? A. Yes.

Q. Now, did Lady Cardigan at that time express herself as being so sorry not to have seen Lord Russell? A. It is such a long time ago.

Q. I am going to ask about that, that is in October, 1889, do you believe that to be true what you wrote? A. Yes.

Q. You gather from that Lady Cardigan did wish to see your husband? A. Yes.

Q. When she saw you and expressed the wish to see your husband, did she tell you of immorality? A. No.

Q. Is it a fact that your husband refused to see Lady Cardigan? A. Yes, he said he did not wish to know her.

Q. Did you communicate that to Lady Cardigan. A. No, certainly not.

Q. You see you knew that a person, whom your husband did not wish to know, did make certain charges against him, and you have acted upon these charges? A. I saw no reason why she should write to me like that.

Q. A person whom your husband refused to know, and a person who wished to know your husband. Did you ever ask her when she learnt the foundation for the statements she thought right to make? A. Did I ever ask her?—no.

Q. So you do not know if she learnt them after she wished to see your husband, or before? A. No.

Q. And you never gave your husband an opportunity of even telling you those charges were untrue? A. I have written to ask him to meet me.

Q. Did you ever, before you used the information as part of your foundation for the charge at the trial, ask him if they were true or not? A. No.

BARON POLLOCK : I should like to ask, though I think it is clear already, at the time this lady wrote to you in familiar terms—she began by saying she had your little note—at the time you wrote that little note, never mind its contents, whatever it was, had you then known that your husband had no desire to know Lady Cardigan ? A. Yes, that was, I believe, before my marriage, I am not sure.

Q. In fact it was this, you had known her some time ? A. Yes, a great number of years.

Q. You have said he did not wish to know her ? A. Yes, my lord.

Q. And being on friendly terms, you wrote to her and she wrote to you ? A. Yes. I had not seen her, I do not think, since my marriage, except more than perhaps once or twice.

SIR HENRY JAMES : I am sorry to ask this about a third person, but your husband's objection to meeting this Lady Cardigan was on the ground of her life and character ? A. I do not know. I suppose he had good reason.

Q. Did not he tell you that his objection to meet her was on the ground of her life and character ? A. Yes, he said there was something about her life.

Q. Lord Russell had asked you to apologize to Mr. X. A. Yes. I believe so.

Q. Did you think that Mr. X. was guilty of the charge that had been made against him ? A. I thought my husband was guilty of neglect and cruelty with him.

Q. Neglect—you know we have got past that long ago. You have told us you thought there was something, and the relations made the charge, and with reference to the *Hawk*, and so on—you did think so ? A. Yes, I did.

Q. You do not now ? A. No.

Q. Have you ever apologized to Mr. X. ? A. No.

Q. Have you allowed this gentleman to exist under that charge without ever publicly withdrawing it, though you believed him innocent ? A. No, I have not apologized certainly, until now.

Q. Have you apologized to him now ? A. Not at present, no.

Q. Are you going to ? A. Yes.

Q. When ? A. To-day—I wish to apologize.

Q. Now ?

BARON POLLOCK : You do so now ? A. Yes, my lord.

SIR HENRY JAMES: For the first time? A. For the first time, yes.

CROSS-EXAMINATION OF LADY SCOTT

Q. You knew the nature of the charge—you knew what the charge is that was made against Lord Russell and Mr. X. did you not? A. I knew what was inferred.

SIR HENRY JAMES: And you knew that of course when the trial took place in 1891, and during the years 1892, 1893, and 1894? A. Certainly.

Q. Did you believe it to be true? A. No.

Q. Never? A. Never believed it to be true.

Q. Never suspected him? A. No, never suspected him. I was extremely fond of him.

Q. Never believed it true, and never suspected it? A. I did not wish to believe it to be true.

BARON POLLOCK: That is a different thing. I never believed and I never wished to believe it. Which am I to take? A. I think I may say I never wished to believe it.

SIR HENRY JAMES: Did you believe it, that is no answer? A. I am very sorry, I shall give no other answer.

Q. Did you believe it to be true? A. No, I have said so, I have said at first I did not believe it, and I did not wish to believe it.

Q. It will suffice for me if I have clearly from you that you did not believe it. A. I did not believe it to be true.

Q. And never have? A. And never have.

Q. Who is Mr. Hornyblow? A. A detective.

Q. How many did you employ? A. I really cannot say. I think about ten.

Q. At the same time? A. No, different times.

Q. One after the other? A. Yes, one after the other. When one did not bring any evidence, and I had paid him, I was not going to employ him again.

Q. This was your extreme desire to prove his innocence? A. Yes, it was partly that that I employed him.

Q. Ten; did you find the money for them? A. Yes, my friends.

Q. I have a good many communications, and you were telegraphing to them and writing to them? A. Yes.

Q. And doing your best to get evidence against Lord Russell? A. No, either to prove his guilt or not guilt.

Q. Why did you employ ten men in order to get good news?
A. They are all such story-tellers.

Q. Well, you know better than I, because I never employed any.

MR. MURPHY : Lord Russell would know, as he employed some.

SIR HENRY JAMES : But Lady Scott asked me, and I will give way to her opinion, as she has employed ten, and paid them.

Q. They could not get any evidence against Lord Russell?
A. No.

Q. They did not get any good news ? A. I do not call it good news.

Q. You did call it good news in your letter. Have you set anybody up for life ? A. No, I have no money to.

Q. Have you promised ? A. Well, ladies often promise things that they do not fulfil.

Q. Is that a virtue you attribute to man ? A. Yes.

Q. You had nothing to pay them with, and you were a bankrupt—a beggar ? A. Yes, but I had a little money now and then.

Q. Not kept from your creditors, I hope, to go to detectives ?
A. Oh well, I do not know. There is not enough to pay my creditors.

Q. You have paid nobody anything ? A. Yes.

Q. But under your bankruptcy what have you paid ? A. Not anything yet.

Q. But you paid the ten detectives ? A. Yes. The money has been run away with by detectives.

Q. How gratifying to your tradesmen and others who supply you with flowers and dresses ? A. Oh, they do not mind, I think.

Q. Really, that is too amusing. I think I must leave it.

CHAPTER XXIII

SUMMING UP

BARON POLLOCK: Gentlemen of the jury, you have now heard the whole of the evidence in this case, and the remarks that have been made by the learned counsel upon both sides. The case, no doubt, has occupied a considerable length of time, and, considering that the oral evidence before you has been very short, perhaps it might be thought that more time has been occupied than has been necessary. For myself, I do not think this is so, because the interests involved are large. The question of law is certainly a new and important one, and in the remarks that were made by learned counsel I think you have obtained an assistance in hearing what is to be said, and said fully, upon both sides of the question.

Now, you have been told this is a suit brought by the petitioner, in which she seeks for what is called a restitution of conjugal rights. By the law of this country, it is the duty of a man and wife to live together, and that duty is not to be cast aside lightly, and if any man or woman chooses to assert a right that he or she will not consort with her husband or wife, then the law says that the person who is so excluded from the society of the other may bring this action, and the person who so brings this action is entitled to succeed unless there be some sound ground of law to the contrary. Now, the pleading in this case—the answer—in the first instance is this, that the petition has not been presented bona fide and for the purposes of relief, because she, that is the petitioner, still alleges that the respondent has been guilty of this crime that has been mentioned. The next paragraph is this—one that was altered you will remember at the suggestion of the learned counsel during the case, and it stands now thus: “That the petitioner has been guilty of cruelty in falsely alleging and filing a petition and stating on oath that the respondent has been guilty of the crime.” I do not go on further. That is, therefore, the issue that is raised, cruelty or no cruelty. A good deal has been said, and, perhaps unavoidably with regard to the

question whether this suit—this very suit we are trying now—has been brought for a bona fide purpose. It has been said on the part of the respondent, you, the petitioner, did not come here with the honest intention of demanding that consort to which you would be entitled, and that residence with and comfort from your husband to which you would be entitled, unless there was some legal answer, but you came here merely—in plain language—to make the best bargain that you could to force upon me or extort from me some payment of money. Now, with regard to this part of the case, I feel bound to tell you that this question of bona fides in the present suit is in no sense in issue, nor can it be made the turning point to assert the law and to claim the right that is given to them by the law, quite apart from what their inward intention may be. Since 1884 the Court has the power of saying, If you don't choose to obey the order of the Court, then you must from time to time make payment to the petitioner in money. And therefore so practically it comes to pass, no doubt, that an action that is brought for restitution of conjugal rights may merely end in a payment being made by the husband to the wife. But that statute which changed the practice of the Court cannot in any way change that right which I have spoken of, which is the right of the petitioner to sue for restitution of conjugal rights. And now I am bound to tell you that unless the respondent's answer is a legal answer in the strict sense, then the petitioner is entitled to her right that she asks for. Therefore the case becomes practically in one sense simple, because you have to ask yourselves ultimately, aye or no, was the petitioner guilty of that cruelty which would be an answer to her demand to the restitution of conjugal rights, and that is intensified when you come to consider what is the other side of the question, namely, that if you find there has been such cruelty in this case, he would be entitled to ask for that sort of divorce from bed and board which is alone in issue in this case. Equally as it would be her right to obtain the order on one hand, it would be his right to obtain the other order, which would practically take away what rights she might have in making a claim upon him so far as to reside with him or having the marital consort.

Now then let us see what is this cruelty which is spoken of. We have for that purpose to turn to the earlier proceedings, and those earlier proceedings you will remember took place in 1890, the petition by the wife being filed on the 28th November, 1890, and the petitioner in that case was seeking for not a divorce for

they could not have a divorce from matrimonial contract, but was seeking for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, that is to say from bed and board. And in that petition the present petitioner made several allegations.

Now, it has been wisely and I think very wisely, agreed in this case, that you are not to be troubled with all the assertions that were made by her, the more so as when that case came on for trial at the end of the next year, 1891, it was heard at length, and all the evidence was given, and the Jury came to a conclusion in favour of the respondent, Lord Russell, and found that he was not guilty of any of these charges that were made against him, and therefore that his wife, the petitioner, had no right to succeed. That being so, it was decided that the only charges which should be treated of in this present suit were the charges which were made in respect of his conduct, which charged not only immorality but charged an absolute offence not only against all morality, but against the law, an offence that would have, up to an early period of this century, subjected him to a penalty of death, and even now inevitably, if proved against him, would ensure to him a long and severe imprisonment. In so far as anything took place in Court in connexion with those proceedings I tell you you cannot attribute to the petitioner in this case any want of good faith or misconduct which would amount to cruelty. But when you come to consider what is the object and importance of this proceeding in the present case it is obvious that they are most important because the complaint against her is not simply that she filed that petition and gave evidence in respect to it—the complaint against her is that from that time after the trial, although she had heard the verdict in favour of her husband—at the close of the trial, that she thenceforth wrote letters, made statements, pursued her husband, practically insisted upon the same charge that she had made in the action in respect of which she failed, and it is said that course of conduct was pursued not by one single act or one single letter, but by a continuance and persistence in conduct of that sort. It is said she was guilty of that class of cruelty that made it impossible for a man to say: “Come and share my house, my home, and my bed,” without some retraction on her part. And therefore you must refer to that action to see what was meant by the charge made, as to which I shall have a few words to say presently.

That being so, we now come to what is the evidence on the part of the respondent in this case, which is given before you to

establish the charge which he makes of the existence of cruelty—cruel conduct on her part which legally disentitles her to succeed in this action. I will just remind you shortly here what are the dates, because a great deal depends, when you have to follow the course of her conduct and the course of her mind, a great deal depends upon the time at which each event took place, as well as the circumstances of that event itself. This young couple we know were first acquainted, or acquainted so intimately as to think of marrying, in the autumn of 1889. They were married in February, 1890, and so sad already was the condition of the marriage, that they separated for a time as early as from the 6th to 13th May. They lived together then for a short time, but in June they left, and partly by the doctor's advice, and partly by arrangements of the family, it was thought wise to fix a certain time for their separation, and that time was fixed as three months. But it so fell out when that three months was once commenced they never cohabited again. So things went on, from bad to worse, until in November, on the 28th as I told you already, in the year 1890, the petition was filed. In 1891 that petition was tried during four days in December, from the 1st to the 4th, inclusive. The verdict was given acquitting Lord Russell, and then from that time forth the correspondence and the course of conduct commenced which is complained of by Lord Russell in this action—I am speaking now in general of the dates—and they never met again apparently until, on the 10th December, 1892, they met for a short time at Paddington Station. What actually took place there is not of so much importance except as showing the step in the correspondence, as it were emphasizing something that did occur in that correspondence.

You must now begin to ask yourselves what was the state of mind of Lady Russell in the early part of the case—how far was she led to believe, or could it be said that she knew anything against her husband that would justify her when the graver charges occurred in imputing to him more guilt and more misconduct than that she knew, and her mother knew very early, and before her marriage, that Lord Russell was a young man who had been sent down from Oxford. Why a young man is sent down from Oxford, of course is not a thing that is published by the College authorities, it may be a thing that is comparatively venial—the contravention of some College rule, or it may be an act of immorality, slight or of a very gross kind, but certainly, knowing, as everybody must have known, that sending him down was, one may say, the usual way where a man

has in some way contravened, either the rules of the College, or the dictates of morality, there could have been no difficulty, nor apparently was there any, in getting to the bottom of the case, because it is not to be supposed that because a man is sent down from Balliol College, Oxford, he is to be stamped as a brute or a grossly immoral man for the rest of his life. Accordingly it is clear that some one of his relatives went up to Oxford—Mr. Rollo Russell and Mr. Lane Fox who was more removed, and therefore a better witness, and looked into the question, and you have one fact which is worth a great deal more than opinion or even reflection. One of the most distinguished men who has been known to Oxford in modern times, Professor Jowett, who was really responsible for the sending this young man down, had subsequently invited him to his house—nay, he had come and been present at his wedding, and all that was known and further inquiry might be made because this lady—Lady Russell's mother, had made inquiries and had learnt from the tutor what were the real facts of the case. Therefore it does seem extraordinary that this commencement, unfortunate as it was, should be made the hinging point of an accusation so horrible, so monstrous, as was afterwards made against Lord Russell as the crime with which he was charged at a later date. Well, so much for that.

Now then we get on to the next step, which unfortunately has a much greater bearing upon this case—the X. incident, as it has been called, and that does, to my mind, seem to be one of the most remarkable things I ever heard in or out of a Court of Justice. The question is a pure question of fact for you. I only call your attention to it to show the importance of it. You must not for one moment be influenced by any view I am happening to express perhaps without intention. I wish to express as few views on points of fact as I can. You must not be impressed by any view I express on it in point of fact, but here is a young couple married, living in London—in Eaton Square—a gentleman of known position, educated apparently at a public school and a public university, holding a position of a quasi-public character, is known to the husband, and comes up and sleeps in his house. He has slept apparently for a short time at the house of this young couple before they were married. But a charge is made which does not seem necessarily to amount to more than this, that he was away perhaps unkindly or inconsiderately, from his wife's room upon two separate occasions. And there the matter is left. How it could enter into the

mind of a man—you have heard the evidence in Court—you have heard the allusions made to it in the letters, and you have been able to look upon it as men anxiously would upon a transaction so horrible, if the graver meaning were given to the absence of the husband, and you have to ask yourselves what really was the truth first, what really was the true account of what happened upon that occasion. You remember in the evidence, and in the particulars it is added to—of course very much added to afterwards, but take it in its early stage, remember who the parties were—where they were—the servants in the house and the whole thing—and can you suppose that people with a grain of common sense or good feeling could have ever twisted these facts into a charge of a man having committed an abominable offence? To my mind it is past belief. However, there it is. And then that event is followed up by what appears one of the most extraordinary things in this case. As I said before, we have nothing here to do with extraordinary cases, or to condemn or to praise people, but there comes to this young woman, early in her married life, as hideous, as cruel a letter, as could be penned by the pen of man or woman—and that is the letter which is called the Lady Cardigan letter, and which not only by insinuation by general words, but by beastly detail tells to a girl of the age that Lady Russell then was, conduct upon the part of her husband which would be as foul and as horrible as human mind could suggest. Well, that, of course, is a very different matter. It is said that Lady Russell knew Lady Cardigan and that she might be entitled to put some confidence in what she said. But still with this, as with the other incident, when you come to consider the whole of the conduct and the subsequent conduct of Lady Russell although all human sympathy may go a long way to screen a girl in her position from any very serious consequences, still you must remember she was not alone in the world. But when you come to ask what Lady Russell knew, it is right that you should remember that she was not alone in the world, and that it certainly became her duty, with the assistance of her mother, as far as she could, to form an opinion one way or the other as to what these things meant; because now you know the case that is put by Lady Russell and her advisers is this, that up to that time she did not herself intend to convey that there was anything upon these two occasions in Eaton Square except an undue want of attention and kindness and affection to her; and that as to this letter again that she really did not know what it meant. There-

fore, it was not a matter that was most in her mind. But when you come to ask yourselves the question what she knew afterwards and thought of, and when you come to ask yourselves the question whether or not these foul charges were in any sense backed up by Lord Russell's family—by the Dowager Lady Russell at Pembroke Lodge, or her daughter, Lady Agatha, then you have to ask yourselves, indeed, a very grave question, because with regard to this, there is an intense contradiction between the parol evidence given by Lady Russell and her mother and the evidence upon the deposition of the Dowager Lady Russell and her daughter, Lady Agatha. Well, so things go on until the trial. As I have said before, that trial Lady Russell had the right to insist upon, to see it through, and to give her evidence, and that her mother should give her evidence, and that the case should be heard, and that case was heard, and you know evidence was given, and, what is more important, you know what evidence was not given, because not one scrap of letter, affidavit, information, which is so constantly alluded to in several particular letters, and markedly alluded to in this correspondence by Lady Russell as the foundations for her then belief in the guilt of her husband, was forthcoming. It seems right you should bear in mind what Mr. Murphy said. Of course, if Lady Russell came to prove guilt against her husband she could not prove it by producing Lady Cardigan's letter, because that would not be evidence. Still, if there had been that bit of evidence in her possession, that some allusion must have been made to it, either in cross-examination or in some other way, I think is tolerably obvious.

Now then you have to fix yourselves upon what took place at that time—in this sense, that you have to ask yourselves this important question, whatever may have been thought of what was said with regard to the event in Eaton Square, or to the event mentioned by Lady Cardigan, however these circumstances may have been thought of less importance then and up to the time of the trial, what was it that Lady Russell charged against her husband? Now, Lady Russell had said that up to that time she did not intend to make this charge, and to use language which I do not think anyone could complain of, for good, pure, Anglo-Saxon language is the best in this case—she said she was bullied by the advocate who cross-examined her, that he bullied her into saying that which up to that time she had believed was merely an act of inattention and unkindness to her on the part of her husband, was the commission of as serious a crime as a man could commit. I do not intend to

recall to your mind now—you may see it again if you wish it for your consideration—exactly what passed in the course of that cross-examination, but it is not that of a person who had experience in Courts of Justice; very often persons who have had experience in a Court of Justice know that when a woman speaks of things that do not haply come under their knowledge, they speak in a general way, and the forbearance of men allows them to do so: but when a man is charged with an offence of that kind, whoever it be, whether it be man or woman, or whatever her age or position may be, she cannot shelter herself and say, “Well, I did not altogether understand it,” or “I do not think I had the experience of life to tell me.” She must have known, aye or no, what it was that was charged. Then unfortunately you cannot help asking yourselves the question: With what object did she do this? If it was a mere question of this little piece of neglect on his part, of absence from her bedroom, and then giving her a rude and unmanly answer afterwards, there would be no reason for the case being shaped as it was afterwards; but if you believe that she did at that time make that charge, of course you have to ask yourselves also, did she do it for the purpose of the cause, to win her case, or did she do it honestly, believing it to be true?

Well, if it stopped there, and the trial of the cause was the matter alone that we had to notice, as I said before, it would be very immaterial, because it would be protected within the law. Now comes the verdict and the verdict acquits Lord Russell, and acquits at the same time Mr. X. of any impropriety upon that occasion; and here I ought just to remind you of what Sir Henry James said yesterday, and that is, that before the trial when these particulars were asked for, and the particulars had to be given and not mere pleading, it certainly is remarkable that at that particular time in all this correspondence that had been going on, Lady Russell seems to have had in her mind the question of what has been called “the charge,” and it is impossible to suppose that those particulars such as they were, could have been framed except with her knowledge and consent. Then upon that comes the evidence which she gave: then afterwards comes the next step, which is, when the trial is over, and the verdict is in favour of her husband, you then find her going to the editor of the *Hawk*. It does to some extent affect the question in this case when you are following the mind of a person who gives herself up to that sort of conduct. But what happens is this: she goes and sees, just before the 8th December the editor

of this *Harek* newspaper, and he, for his own purposes, you know, to use a modern phrase, "interviewed" her, and asked her questions—pumped her, and tried to get out something with regard to the case. The only part that I need read to you, which is agreed upon as being the true extract of the matter furnished by her, is this—this is the lady's story—this is what Lady Russell is supposed to say in this interview: "I tried to save the family as I promised, but Sir Charles Russell would have it out, and I presumed after what he said that he was going to call his client's relations, then it would have been time to have produced their letters making the charge which I referred to. I have them all. I should also have liked to have called my mother and the butler." Never mind about the letters—but what does that indicate? It indicates that she had letters in her possession. Her solicitor may have said, "they are good grounds of evidence of belief on your part, but they are not evidence in proof of what you are asserting in your petition." At this trial here to-day and through the preceding days which it has lasted, the existence of any documents, especially letters written by Lord Russell's family, which made the charges—letters making not charges, but "the charge" which I have referred to—of course would not only have been admissible in evidence here to-day, and during the trial, but they would have been of the greatest importance possible, because when you are asking yourselves about the question of cruelty or not, Lady Russell says: "I had it on the best authority from people of gentle position and education, and of affectionate disposition—I had from them crushing evidence that this young man, my husband, was guilty of this crime, and, therefore, to say I am guilty of cruelty, when I was only doing my duty, would be absurd." The trial has come! The trial has passed. The evidence is closed, and not one single letter is produced which would justify the statement that is made there.

This is a subject I would rather not dwell upon for long, but it is right I should call your attention to it, because, as I have said, it is not merely the key-note with regard to this particular occasion, namely, the 8th December, 1891, but it is the key-note also of a great deal of what follows after. Because, after that trial, and from the date of that trial, it is that the respondent in this trial here to-day says: "You then went on persisting in this charge. You said you had in some sense the right to make it upon information given by my own relations, by interviews, and by letters, and you made mention of your precise documents and affidavits, and so

forth," and although a Jury, of course, would not scan too nicely the words used or written by any woman under those circumstances, still, in substance, it is said on the part of the respondent here: "You meant to allege that you had evidence against me for all these months, month after month, that you could produce, and which, if produced, would induce people to believe, or at least to believe that you had reasonable grounds for believing that I was a man who could have committed, aye, and who would commit again, if he had the opportunity, this horrible offence." Then you have to look at how far that is borne out on the one side and the other.

You have those interviews that are said to have taken place at Pembroke Lodge and elsewhere, and you have the evidence of Lady Russell, supported by her mother, Lady Scott, that things were said upon some of those occasions which even the Dowager Lady Russell spoke of as being horrible, that they were not fit to mention in the hearing of a young girl, and so forth, and that is repeated in the correspondence again and again. Well, you have heard the Dowager Lady Russell's evidence, and you must allow for any want of recollection and so forth, and that she is an elderly person; but what she says again and again is that nothing of that sort was said, although they did allude to the question of his early misconduct at Oxford. Then she says later on as to the incident: "I believe X.'s name was mentioned; I certainly did not say to the petitioner that I never liked X. because I have never seen him. I do not remember saying so. I did not say at the same interview to the petitioner, in Lady Scott's presence: If you return to your husband never have any of his college friends to stay with him. I never said any such thing." And then she says later on: "I feel certain I never told the petitioner that I ought to tell her of her husband's past life. I did not say that the respondent had been turned down from Oxford for disgraceful conduct with men. I did not add that it was almost too shocking to talk about. I have never said that he was a perfect disgrace to the family and not fit to live with any woman." And then: "Did you say at that interview that his Uncle Rollo had told him that after the Oxford incident the best thing he could do would be to blow out his brains?"—that is spoken of by more than one person, you know. It is alleged, both by the present petitioner and her mother, that when Mr. Rollo Russell went down to Oxford he said: "Well, you have behaved so badly that the best thing you can do is to blow out your brains." You remember the contradiction with regard

to that, both of Mr. Rollo Russell himself and by one or two other witnesses. That is a remarkable thing. That is a thing again—that is not like a horrible offence—or something that there can be any doubt as to the meaning of it—men or women, young or old, must have understood the sort of thing that was meant—it is therefore a conflict of testimony, and you must say whether you believe this was said or not. If it never was said, but was invented, of course it is a very serious matter. As I said before, I do not think it is necessary I should pursue the evidence that was given *viva voce* in this case, because I am sure you have it in your minds. They are matters of pure fact, which are entirely for your determination. In the course of your consideration if you require any reference to any particular statement, of course I shall be happy to give it to you. I think you are saved to a great degree in this case considering with too great nicety the conflict there is with regard to the parol evidence because you have the letters written by the petitioner herself and also the answers written by Lord Russell after the trial. There is certainly something very remarkable about those letters. If you think they are the letters of a person written by her honestly believing in his guilt, but with the kindliness of a woman prepared to forgive, and saying that under certain circumstances she would forgive him, you then of course would pause very much, I should think, before you would find those letters to be parts of the cruelty and evidence of the cruelty that is sought to be established. But if you think, on the other hand, as the case that is presented on the part of the respondent that those letters were not *bona fide*, and that this mention of evidence and information obtained from his own family—these affidavits and documents, none of which are forthcoming, the sort of allusions to X., to detectives and other matters—that they were used not with the honest purpose of pursuing a guilty man, but with a view of extorting from her husband some sort of compromise in the way of money, which certainly does leak out towards the end of the correspondence, coupled with the sort of threat that if she does not get it she must go upon the stage—if you think that that course of conduct was not honest but dishonest, then it is not for me to say what conclusion you should arrive at by your verdict. I can only say, then, you may deal with that as evidence of the want of good faith, which, as I have said before, bears such an important part in the consideration of what your verdict should be.

Then the correspondence goes on, and it is not really till the

statement is made by Lady Russell's counsel here, and till her statement is made in the witness-box, and by her mother, who includes in that Mr. X., that for the first time there is as regards Mr. X. a frank acknowledgment: "Nay, we never intend to make such a charge at all, and we consider that this gentleman is a man who, whatever his past, may go and live with his wife again." Women, heaven knows, are forgiving enough in these matters, and it is well they should be—that he has done no act that should prevent a decent and moral woman going back and discharging the duties of a wife to him, and therefore she asks at your hands this restitution of conjugal rights.

Now, you shall have these documents before you for your consideration, and I do not intend to pursue them further. I will only make this remark in conclusion. It has been said, and said rightly, that this is a case of what is called the first impression, that is to say, that there is no case of the same kind exactly, to which you could point and say, Judges have directed and Juries have given verdicts on similar facts. But it being a case of first impression, does not in itself so far as the facts are concerned, prevent you under the direction of law that I have given to you, giving a verdict in favour of the respondent, because, as was said by one learned Judge who presided over this Court—Lord Penzance—when it was complained, as he said, that they were endeavouring to alter the law, and to make that cruelty which hitherto had not been considered as cruelty, Lord Penzance says: "We are not altering the law, it is the facts that are altered," because he says, in his experience, dealing with that particular case, no such facts had ever come before the Court before. Perhaps the facts in that case were almost as remarkable as the facts in this. Therefore you must not, because this case presents new facts which had never occurred before, say that you will not act upon them. If you think the facts bring the case within the principle that I have mentioned to you in laying down the law, then you would be entitled to find your verdict for the respondent, but in doing so of course the fact that you are, in one sense, enlarging the law upon the subject, should make you very careful when you come to consider what your verdict shall be. Ultimately it must be a verdict founded upon your judgment, and upon yours alone. You will have had the advantage of discussing the case and considering it together—mind consulting with mind, and pointing out all the different circumstances which ought to bear upon that verdict, and having done that, you will then say in the

first place, Do you consider the conduct of the petitioner, Lady Russell, was that of cruelty—cruelty such as disentitles her to the right which she asks here, of restitution of conjugal rights? Again, I would ask you, as I have said before, the second question—Do you consider in the course of her conduct since the trial that she was acting *bona fide* or not?

Would you like, Gentlemen, to have these documents?

The FOREMAN OF THE JURY: Yes, my Lord, we should.

The FOREMAN: May we have a copy of the questions?

BARON POLLOCK: Yes, I will write them down. Do you find the petitioner has been guilty of cruelty against the respondent? Secondly, in her conduct and correspondence subsequent to the first trial, did she act *bona fide* or not? You do not care for the pleadings, I suppose.

The FOREMAN: No, my Lord.

(The Jury retired at 12.10, and returned into Court 12.30.)

The OFFICER OF THE COURT: Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?

The FOREMAN: Yes.

The OFFICER OF THE COURT: Do you find that the petitioner, Lady Russell, has been guilty of cruelty against the respondent?

The FOREMAN: She has.

The OFFICER OF THE COURT: Do you say that in her conduct and correspondence subsequent to the first trial she acted *bona fide* or not?

The FOREMAN: Not *bona fide*.

The OFFICER OF THE COURT: And that is the verdict of you all?

The FOREMAN: Yes.

CHAPTER XXIV

R. v. SCOTT

WE had won hands down before Baron Pollock and not unnaturally Mabel Edith had appealed to the Court of Appeal. The Court of Appeal held by a majority of two to one that the facts proved did not constitute legal cruelty, but they held unanimously that her conduct had been so infamous that no Court could grant her a decree of restitution. With this result of course she was not satisfied, because this gave her no opportunity of obtaining money from me and she appealed to the House of Lords from the refusal of a decree of restitution. As the case was going further I naturally entered a cross-appeal from the decision which set aside the verdict of the jury and the decree of judicial separation granted to me by Baron Pollock. Many things happened before this final appeal came on for hearing.

They were without money, they were embittered, and they were furious, and there was nothing they were not prepared to do in an attempt to ruin me for daring to resist their demands. Lady Scott bethought herself of a wretched creature called Aylott who had been employed in the wiring of her house at Walton, and whom she had complained of as a bad character, and asked never to have in the house again. She got in touch with him through a private detective named Littlechild, an ex-Police-Inspector, and he in turn put her in touch with another member of the *Royal's* crew, Cockerton. This man was a disreputable and drunken engineer, whose conduct has been more fully described in a previous chapter. These two hatched with Lady Scott a vile plot and got in touch with all the previous members of the crew of the *Royal*. One other named Kast was discovered willing to be bought with a promise of £500 and £1 a week for life, and these four conspirators then set about to concoct a series of filthy charges.

My first knowledge of the matter was the receipt by myself and my friends of printed libels of a most obscene and degrading character purporting to be in the form of statutory declarations,

but with the Commissioner's name omitted, and prefaced by a sheet signed by Lady Scott stating that she was impelled to take this action to protect her pure and holy daughter who had been so foully wronged. To this attack there was only one possible answer, viz., proceedings for criminal libel, but we were stumped by the initial difficulty of proving publication, as of course the printed signatures proved nothing.

We therefore advertised in the public Press offering a reward of £25 for the name and address of the printer, or of £100 for evidence sufficient to prove the actual publication by Lady Scott and her gang. Spurred by our activity they tried to get their blow in first, and issued a summons against me at Winchester, but when this was called on failed to proceed with it on the flimsy pretext that they had fixed the jurisdiction wrong. Meanwhile our advertisement had borne fruit : a low fellow named Carrez came forward and said he had posted the libels and handed over lists of names and addresses in Lady Scott's handwriting, and gave us ample evidence to prove publication. It turned out that his connexion with the matter was that he was a vendor of indecent literature and purveyor of rubber goods in a building on the first floor of which Lady Scott's sister carried on a massage establishment. On this evidence the Bow Street magistrate issued warrants for the apprehension of all the conspirators, and they were duly brought up at Bow Street the next morning.

The proceedings before a magistrate in cases of criminal libel are necessarily formal and the only thing of interest that occurred was an announcement of the prisoners' intention to justify. Lady Scott who had now sunk very low was represented by Newton, a police court solicitor, and Bernard Abrahams was also somehow mixed up with the proceedings. They were duly committed for trial on bail.

Then began for us a very strenuous time. We had to assume that they really might justify and we had to rake up every possible scrap of evidence about events ten years old to enable us to meet the charges and cross-examine the prisoners. The Log Book of the *Royal*, diaries, account books, letters and memoranda, were all carefully searched for and studied and frequent consultations with counsel were held.

By way of giving me something more to think about I received a telegram one day to say that my house at Maidenhead, Amberley Cottage, was burned down, and got back there to find nothing left of my house but a heap of smoking ruins.

Thanks to the devotion of my servants, my books and the furniture on the ground floor had been saved, although it had been necessary to throw them out into the snow, but my bedroom furniture, my household linen, and some cherished possessions such as the Grote printing press, together with everything else on the top floor had perished in the flames. So strongly was it believed that the fire was incendiary and that Lady Scott was responsible for it, that I had great difficulty in getting my house insured afterwards. As a matter of fact I am now inclined to think that it was accidental and due to the carelessness of some painters. Luckily the material required for the trial had already been handed to my solicitors.

In December, 1896, the trial came on at the Old Bailey, before Mr. Justice Hawkins. Lockwood, C. W. Matthews, and A. Ll. Davies appeared for me: Lawson Walton appeared for Lady Scott, and Marshall Hall for the other three prisoners. Rather to our surprise they actually did justify and therefore we could technically have compelled them to begin and prove affirmatively the truth of their charges. This however would have been bad tactics for when your client is innocent you always put him in the box at the earliest possible moment. For a reason that could not have been foreseen it turned out unfortunate in this case.

I went into the box and was cross-examined for three days. It may be imagined that towards the end of the time I was rather tired and not very clear. I was asked if I had not gone to Malta in connexion with one of the witnesses in the trial, and I totally forgot the obvious and final answer which was that I knew nothing about this witness's connexion with Malta until I was sitting in the train at Fenchurch Street about to start for the steamer. However in spite of the strain I kept my end up and was able to deal adequately with every suggestion made. Some of the witnesses on my side were also examined.

Then came an unfortunate incident. Hawkins liked to keep his Court very hot and very stuffy, and the air outside was very cold. Kast fell ill: the trial had to be adjourned and he died of pneumonia in prison, so that we never got the advantage of cross-examining him. Our material for cross-examination was deadly: we were able to show the numerous people Lady Scott had approached: the unlimited promises of money she had made, and the considerable sums she had actually paid: we were able to trace the growth and gradual development of the conspiracy, and we had the evidence



THE RUINS OF AMBERLEY COTTAGE AFTER THE FIRE

of the Chief Constable of Winchester of discussions between Kast and Cockerton, as to which would be the best place and best time to choose for the charge they were concocting. We never got the chance of using this carefully prepared material.

I ought to record here an action which is to be credited to Mr. and Mrs. Dick Russell (my sister-in-law Giddy). As soon as they knew the nature of the charges Lady Scott was making, they repudiated her, and they caused it to be conveyed to me that they had disassociated themselves entirely from her proceedings. I cannot say as much for Mabel Edith; she was a party to the whole affair, and assisted and supported her mother all through the trial.

When we resumed after the adjournment counsel for the prisoners adopted a very wise but a very disingenuous course. They said that the witness who had died was their principal witness (of course he would be), and that it was impossible for them to proceed without him. Hawkins, who at an early stage had formed a pretty strong opinion about the case, told them in effect that they must not suppose the sentence would be nominal, and that they could quite well go on with the evidence they had if they chose. He twice pressed this view upon them, but now the time had come for their story to be tested in cross-examination, they preferred not to face it.

The trial was further adjourned until the next day when Hawkins delivered a short summing up, the Jury returned a verdict of Guilty, and sentence of eight months' hard labour was passed on each of the defendants. By our kindness and at our intercession Lady Scott was allowed to serve her sentence as a first-class misdemeanant. It was sufficient; this broke the Scotts, and I never had any more of that sort of trouble from them.

I cannot find any shorthand notes of Hawkins's summing-up, but I quote the following from contemporary newspapers:—

8th Jan., 1897: Mr. Justice Hawkins in passing sentence said: "I am sorry to see at the end of this case so much determination to insist upon the charges made against Lord Russell, of whose life I know nothing except what has been given in evidence before me. It shows that there was a great deal of tact in the procedure of yesterday, in withdrawing, after repeated warnings, this plea of justification. If the object of withdrawing the plea of justification was to get rid of testimony that would be subjected to cross-examination, merely for the purpose of having a word or two of vin-

dictive comment uttered at the last moment, all I can say is that I am surprised. These libels were published—and it is well to bear the date in mind—at the end of 1896. They were published when the litigation between Lady Russell and her husband had come to a termination, save for the delivery of the judgment of the House of Lords upon a question of law. I must accept the withdrawal of the plea of justification, and must treat it as though it had never been. In a civil case, if this had been an action for damages, the damages would have been very considerably increased, if the defendants had thought fit to put upon record a plea of justification which they afterwards did not attempt to prove. What is the character of the allegations? They imputed to Lord Russell misconduct of a character which is very properly described as unfitting him for the society of decent men, if it were established as fact. Nobody can doubt it that, if there had been cogent evidence that the libels were true, the jury would have had no alternative but to act on their view of the evidence. They imputed crimes of the most abominable character, for which he would have deserved, if he had been guilty of them, the severest punishment. Now in what circumstances were the libels published? They were published broadcast—everywhere where it was thought that Lord Russell could be prejudiced. They were published for the purpose, avowedly, of influencing the tribunal which had to determine finally how the law stood with regard to this litigation. It was for the purpose of inducing the House of Lords, among other persons, to act upon these statements in the discharge of their judicial functions. A greater crime than that it is difficult to conceive. He went to Winchester and his conduct there has not been for one single moment impeached. On the contrary, during his stay there he won affections and friendships which he was proud of—affections and friendships which have not left him now. He formed the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Dickens, Vicar of S. John's, and the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, who hospitably entertained him. He has paid visits there since, and they came forward to testify what they knew of his movements in regard to one of the most important matters into which we have been inquiring. No slur of any kind rested upon him during that period. He went to Oxford. He was there for a time, and it is perfectly true that circumstances occurred there which were unfortunate, although, as he swore, the exact nature of the charge against him which brought on him the sentence of being sent down from Oxford was not known

to him. He went down. He desired, he says, to know the nature of the charge, but in vain.

In November, 1895, these statements which are the libels were signed by the defendants and by the man who is dead, and they were circulated by you broadcast to all sorts and conditions of men everywhere where you thought either a household or an individual or a body of persons might be prejudiced against Lord Russell. They came to his ears, and is it to be wondered at that he should consult his solicitors and counsel and take the best advice he could. The result was that steps were taken, when they came to the knowledge of Lord Russell, to have this matter investigated in a court of law, but before the actual information was taken, a very artful course was adopted. The information was taken, I think, with great laxity at Winchester under the circumstances which were narrated by the deputy clerk to the magistrates. I do not further allude to that, beyond to point out that Cockerton, who knew nothing about the Winchester incident, was the person who was sent down there with Kast for the purpose of laying the information. Lord Russell had the summons served upon him. Of course he had no alternative but to obey. He did obey it, and went down upon the day appointed for the hearing of the charge. Before he arrived, however, the learned counsel who appeared in support of the information against him rose and said that they had found out that the offence alleged had not been committed within the jurisdiction of the borough magistrates, and, therefore, he offered no evidence at all. Lord Russell was powerless. He was determined then that he would bring the matter to an issue; he laid the informations, and the result was that you and the others were arrested upon this charge.

"I cannot accept the reason given for pursuing the course taken yesterday. I must take it that the plea of justification has not been supported, and that the libels stand as libels without justification. I should not have said a word about this if it had not been again suggested that there is no money. I want to know the meaning of Cockerton and Aylott going down to the old pilot at Margate and telling him that he was a fool for not knowing about Kast, because there was plenty of money going. I do not understand it except in one view; and coupling that with the whole circumstances of the case, I, myself, have conceived a not very favourable opinion as to the manner in which this vengeance towards Lord Russell

has been pursued. I have now only to pass sentence upon you, having regard to the facts as they have been made to appear before me. I have given the matter great attention. I yield to no prejudice one way or the other. I entertain no sympathy one way or the other. But when I find a cruel libel persistently published: when there is not a single circumstance of any sort or kind occurring for eight or nine years—even with detectives' eyes on the place—upon which a voice has been raised, I think it cruel to rake up these things for the purpose of making such use of them as was intended. I have power to inflict more punishment—a great deal more—than I am going to inflict. The sentence upon each of you is—and I have taken into consideration the circumstance that the male prisoners have been detained in prison without bail—that you be imprisoned for a term of eight calendar months.”

The following are a few contemporary comments :

“Mr. Justice Hawkins remarked upon the vindictiveness shown by the defenders, which, he said, had surprised him. They were afforded the usual opportunity of making any statements they pleased in mitigation of punishment. They took advantage of that opportunity to repeat and emphasize the allegations which they had admitted their inability to prove. That conduct on their part induced him to infer a certain ‘tact’ in the course they had pursued in declining to bring forward the evidence in their possession. If it had been good evidence, even though it did not cover the whole case, it would have helped the case. If it were worthless evidence, the better strategy was to keep it back, and posture in the attitude of baffled virtue. The course surprised Mr. Justice Hawkins, having regard to the usual desire of persons under the grasp of the law to escape with the minimum punishment. But the case was one of those in which—so far as regards the principal person concerned—prudence and self-regard seem to have been entirely sacrificed at the shrine of vengeance.”—*Newcastle Daily*.

“In the first Russell matrimonial suit Lady Russell preferred a charge, which she was wholly unable to substantiate. Subsequently, when it suited her purpose, she withdrew her insinuations absolutely and without reserve. When she was asked in the witness box in 1895, whether she wished to go back to her husband, she answered in the affirmative, and declared that she believed him to be a pure and virtuous man. This was eight years after the offence

alleged by Kast. When it was found that the retraction had been made in vain, and that Lord Russell persisted in refusing to take back his wife, the resurrection of the old scandal was determined upon, and this time it was Lady Scott who organized the attack. Possessing an intimate knowledge of her son-in-law's whole life, she seems to have bethought herself of a cabin boy dismissed from Lord Russell's yacht as the most likely person to help her conspiracy. The fact that this youth was now a soldier in the Indian Army did not discourage her, and, undischarged bankrupt as she was, she contrived to raise enough money to tempt Kast to leave the service, promising to provide for his future, and giving him an earnest of her intentions by the lavish arrangements made for his reception after quitting the army. Unluckily he (Lord Russell) has been deprived by a technicality of which his accusers' counsel availed themselves, of the full and fair trial which he courted. His own life was exposed to the searching scrutiny of an unsparing cross-examination. Earl Russell has, however, the consolation of knowing that his earnest efforts to have the whole scandal thrashed out have convinced every impartial mind that he had nothing to fear from the most rigorous inquisition. He can fortify himself with the assurance that no sensible person will henceforth attach the slightest importance to the unclean ravings of a weak and revengeful mind."

—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"Here was a case in which a notoriously bad woman conspired with three common villains to commit what Sir Henry Hawkins deliberately described as one of the worst of crimes. They did it openly, flagrantly and persistently; their sole object being to ruin a nobleman, the woman's own son-in-law, against whom she had a long standing grudge, and at the same time to force him to pay a large sum of money, by prejudicing an appeal in a family suit which had been carried to the House of Lords. It came as near to the complicated crimes of the Borgias and the Medicis as is possible in the present state of society excepting that it was pursued with shameless publicity instead of with subtilty and secrecy. Earl Russell finding himself in frightful danger, sought the protection of the law. Yet, though the proofs of the crime having been committed were overwhelming and self-evident, it took him a month and must have cost him thousands of pounds to bring them fully before the Court. There was absolutely no defence; yet a sham defence was easily set up—a defence which enormously

aggravated the original crime—and was persisted in for weeks. Even after the death of one of the prisoners (which every lawyer knew must render the defence abortive, even if it had had any substance before) the disgraceful farce was continued day by day, with as much show of legal learning and judicial solemnity as if it had been a serious defence of innocent persons in peril of their liberty. To be ready to meet this pretended defence, Earl Russell must have been put to a further immense expense; yet at the first moment when he should have been in a position to confound his enemies by cross-examination, they dropped their precious defence and pleaded guilty.”—*Chelsea Mail*.

“From the beginning to the end Lady Scott and her daughter have laboured, with every invention of malignity, to create a prejudice against Lord Russell by dark insinuations or open accusations, which, in each case, when confronted with the consequences, they have either dropped or evaded or withdrawn. The shameful charge originally made against Mr. X. is one instance. The information sworn, but not proceeded with, at Winchester is another The terrible statements unconnected with Kast’s story, made on one point by Aylott, and completely dropped by the defence when the time for testing them arrived, are perhaps the worst instance of all. The counsel who undertook to defend Lady Scott were aware of all these circumstances. They were aware of the scantiness and of the worthless character of the evidence which they possessed. And yet it appears they did not forbid a repetition of the tactics which the accusers had followed all along; and after saying and eliciting everything which could possibly damage Lord Russell’s reputation, they practically threw up their case and declined even to attempt to prove the charges which they had preferred.
 Mr. Marshall Hall loudly announced his intention of ‘challenging the cross-examination of his learned friends’ on these men’s ‘story and on their characters and careers,’ and then without a word of warning these two gentlemen (Mr. Lawson Walton and Mr. Marshall Hall) suddenly turned round and announced that they would not call a single witness, would not expose anyone to cross-examination, and would not attempt to maintain any of the cruel charges which they had so freely made. We doubt if any event of recent years has so shaken the public confidence in the conduct and practice of the Bar. The course taken was, indeed, in entire agreement with the course pursued all through by Lady Scott, but the public had a right to suppose that eminent counsel

would refuse to countenance such methods. We do not wonder that Mr. Frank Lockwood protested against them. We do not wonder that the Judge expressed a strong opinion on the impropriety of withdrawing pleas with the object of getting rid of testimony 'which would be subject to cross-examination, merely for the sake of having a word or two of vindictive comment uttered at the last.'

.....
 "But in the face of that offer, and after all that they had promised in the way of evidence, the counsel for the defence refused to put their clients in the box. For such a refusal there could be no possible reason except that neither counsel nor defendants believed in the value of the evidence which they possessed. In the face of that conduct it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the defendants did not want to have the case tried out, but only wanted an opportunity to give publicity to the cruellest charges, and to rake up every incident and rumour that could possibly injure a much persecuted man."—*Speaker*.

Some time afterwards in July, 1897, the appeal came on in the House of Lords. Mabel Edith had withdrawn her appeal, and therefore the only one for consideration was my appeal on the issue of legal cruelty or not. I append a few short extracts from the judgments in the House of Lords.

HALSBURY, L. C.—"My Lords, before dealing with the appeal, I think it right to mention that I have received as I suppose all your Lordships have received, a document professing to deal with the merits of this case, and intended to influence the decision at which your Lordships might arrive. My Lords, that the sending of these documents was a gross and scandalous contempt and a breach of privilege cannot be doubted, and but for what I am about to refer to, it would have been my duty to move that the authors of this outrage should be summoned to the Bar of the House, and in the absence of some explanation or excuse to move that they should be committed to prison. My Lords, from what has happened in the criminal courts it is clear that the persons responsible have already been sent to prison for the publication of these papers as libels, and, unless your Lordships should think otherwise, I do not propose to take the course I have suggested; but it is only because justice has been satisfied by the punishment already inflicted, and it should be understood that it is only on that account that your Lordships do not proceed to punish one of the worst cases of contempt within my recollection.

“In dealing with the substance of this appeal, I think it is necessary to consider the nature of the jurisdiction which your Lordships are here exercising. It is, since the Act of 1857, that of the Spiritual Court. The Courts to which an appeal lies have to place themselves in the position of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and, except so far as the law has been altered by statute (a topic which requires separate treatment), to proceed on principles and rules as nearly as may be those on which the Ecclesiastical Courts acted previous to the passing of the Statute.

“Now, in dealing with a question like the present, involving the relations of married people towards each other, the Spiritual Courts always proceeded to act as having full jurisdiction over domestic spouses, and they undoubtedly recognized no middle course between the order for renewed cohabitation between them and an order for the separation from bed and board. So far, I entirely concur with the Court of Appeal.

“If the narrow proposition be that the cause of separation must be such as to cause injury to life, or limb or health, it is manifest that in many of the cases reported it would be ridiculous to suggest peril of life or limb, and the speculation as to health must become elastic, according to the health and strength or feebleness of the particular person towards whom the cruelty is exercised. I am not certain that, apart from all other questions which arise in this case, it would not be sufficient to say here that persistent accusations of the character which existed in this case and made by a wife might not be held to raise a reasonable apprehension of danger to health. There are few people who are familiar with the administration of the criminal law who will not acknowledge that madness and suicide are not uncommon consequences of persistent accusations of this character.

“It remains to consider whether, in this case, there was evidence for the jury of such cruelty as would have justified the Court in pronouncing a decree of separation.

“My Lords, it is a painful and a disgusting task to go through the evidence, but I think I can summarize it sufficiently for what I have to say without entering into minute details. It is perhaps sufficient to describe the respondent's conduct in this way. She persistently made accusations against him which, if believed, would drive him from human society; she made them where they would be most likely to be spread abroad, and as both in criminal and in civil jurisprudence people are taken to intend the reasonable

consequences of their acts, she must have contemplated that all who encountered her husband would regard him with loathing and horror. She did this, as the jury have found, without any belief in her abominable and disgusting accusations, and with a base motive of extracting better pecuniary terms from the husband whom she thus vilely slandered.

“My Lords, I know it has been said that the petitioner may safely disregard accusations which have been challenged to proof, and where the proof has signally failed. I regret to say I cannot acquiesce in that suggestion. It is true that in this House and in every court where the question has been litigated Lord Russell has vindicated himself; but how many people are there who will have had the opportunity of judging from the evidence and giving it its true weight? How many people are there who take the trouble to investigate any case in which they have no personal concern, much less a case of this repulsive character? For my own part, I believe an accusation of this kind is an incurable injury to the person against whom it is directed.

“And now, my Lords, if the jury were right upon the facts that they have found, can anyone conceive a Court enforcing cohabitation with such a woman? I think there can be but one answer to that question; and yet, as I have pointed out already, but for the Act of Parliament there can be no doubt on the authorities, the Court, if deciding to refuse separation would have been compelled, at all events before 47 and 48 Vict. c. 68 both to decree cohabitation, and enforce it by imprisonment of the husband who should refuse to comply with the order.

“As I have already said, it is immaterial for the purposes of your Lordships’ Order whether the construction placed upon it by the Court of Appeal be right or wrong; but I must express my dissent from that construction. As the Court itself declares, the Act in terms relates only to the consequences of not obeying a decree of restitution when made. It does not, I think, in any way refer to the grounds on which such a decree can be refused. It certainly does not in terms give the Court any power to refuse a decree which it did not possess before the passing of the Act. It attaches certain consequences to the refusal to obey a decree, and gives certain rights to the injured spouse in lieu of the old authority which a Court possessed to enforce obedience by attachment and consequent imprisonment.

“I confess I am unable to follow the Court of Appeal in saying

that since 1884, by necessary implication, the Court must have power to refuse a decree for restitution where the result will be to compel the Court to treat one spouse as deserting the other without reasonable cause, contrary to the real truth of the case.

"My Lords, it seems to me that this is reading into the Act of Parliament provisions which are not there, and giving a construction to provisions that are there which it is very difficult to imagine the Legislature to have contemplated, the purport and meaning of the Statute apparently being simply to provide a new remedy where a decree for restitution had been granted, and where the person disobeyed the order. I cannot conceive that any alteration of the law was contemplated other than that which was expressly enacted.

"My Lords, for these reasons I think that the order appealed from should be reversed, and the judgment of Pollock B. restored."

LORD HOBHOUSE: "Starting from this point, I cannot persuade myself that any judge would have felt himself so bound by precedent as to compel an innocent husband to take back a wife guilty of falsehood and persecution such as has characterized the conduct of the Countess in this case. It appears to me that, though the doctrine of danger has sometimes been laid down by the judges in terms more absolute than can be justified when the view is extended beyond the particular case under decision, on the whole they have been cautious not to attempt exhaustive definitions excluding other forms of cruelty which may occur in the infinite variety of human affairs. That violence and bodily danger are far the most common forms of cruelty accounts for the frequent repetition of the formulæ relating to such things. But we find not only judicial recognition that there may be other forms of cruelty, but judicial dicta and decisions taking a wider range, and quite irreconcilable with the rigid line by which it is now sought to confine the jurisdiction of the Court. The argument for the Countess is rested by her counsel on a legal conception of cruelty said to be fixed by decisions of Ecclesiastical Courts. They must then take the Ecclesiastical doctrines as a whole and submit to be tried by the question whether the Ecclesiastical Courts would have granted a decree of restitution to the Countess; and I go on to examine the authorities bearing on that question.

"That the conduct of the Countess was cruel in its nature, as men deem cruelty, I cannot doubt, nor that it was of singular enormity."

LORD ASHBOURNE : "The cruelty alleged and proved consists of false charges of abominable and infamous criminal offences put forward in the most deliberate way in judicial proceedings by the wife, withdrawn by her counsel in open court, reasserted by her with a view to publication in the Press, and put forward and persisted in by her in a long correspondence under circumstances which a jury has found not to be bona fide. She might have let the withdrawal of Sir Edward Clarke stand, and then I would not concur in the charge being subsequently treated as cruelty. But in the *Hawk* and in correspondence prolonged over years she has put forward this odious charge, when it is not suggested she believed in it, and when a jury has found she was not acting bona fide."

LORD SHAND : "Holding then, as I do, that the majority of the Court of Appeal were right in applying the test or criterion they did to the facts of the case, I agree in thinking the appellant's case fails. It is true that the conduct of the respondent cannot be condemned in terms too strong. The persistence in gross charges of foul immorality, the truth of which she did not believe, charges which were calculated so deeply to wound her husband's feelings and to degrade him in the eyes of the world, was cruelty. I should even say gross cruelty, in a wide and popular sense of the words. It has not, however, been shown that her conduct was such as the law holds to be sufficient to entitle the appellant to a decree of divorce or separation for it cannot be said that injury to, or apprehended injury to, the appellant's health has resulted."

Appeal dismissed with Costs.

"*Lords Journals*," July 16th, 1897.

This was the end of the whole business ; on the issue of whether Mabel Edith's conduct had been scandalous, vile or discreditable I had the verdict of the jury and every judge with me, but on the issue of legal cruelty, Pollock was with me, two to one against me in the Court of Appeal and eight to seven against me in the House of Lords, so that altogether I had nine judges in my favour and ten against me on this legal point. It was a small margin to lose by but after all a successful result would not have dissolved the legal tie.

CHAPTER XXV

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

AT this time I had a *pied-à-terre* in London at 2 Temple Gardens, which I shared with W. F. Sheppard, a senior Wrangler. I was also running for a couple of years the business of Swinburne and Co. at Teddington, and after that my electrical contracting business in the name of Russell and Co. at 11 Queen Victoria Street. In my leisure I was an active member of the National Liberal Club and served on its Committee.

At the top of the N.L.C. there was a small room adjoining the card room and known officially as the Small Smoking Room. To its intimates however it was always known as the Vestry from the select circle that used to assemble there after dinner in the evening. It was a queer mixture of all sorts of people with all sorts of interests, and we talked and talked perpetually about all sorts of things. Among the regular habitués there was a man called Leverson, whom we always called the Admiral, another old man whose name I have forgotten whom we called the General, A. H. Spokes, a barrister, now the Recorder of Reading, J. F. Green, or Gaffer Green as we called him, now the leader of a tame Labour Party in the House of Commons, John Sargeaunt, a master of Westminster School, beloved of all who knew him, and myself. Less regular members of our circle included Bernard Molloy, an Irish M.P. and a barrister, Hermann Cohen who has recently published some legal works, Edmund Garrett then with Stead on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who afterwards edited Rhodes's paper in South Africa, John Withers, now a famous solicitor, F. H. A. Hardecastle, for many years a very competent Chairman of the N.L.C. Elections Committee, and many others including a wild Irishman named Cassidy, and E. J. C. Morton the brilliant and short-lived member for Devonport. Among other things we discussed here were the various developments of the Mabel Edith litigation throughout which I was sustained by their sympathy. I also of course spoke about my local activities in the country, and in the Committees of the Club I was always to the fore.

Sometimes also I addressed general meetings or excited impromptu meetings of members after an election although the old standing order was then in force which forbade Peers to take an active part in parliamentary elections. As a result I suppose of getting known in this way I was astonished one day to be offered the opportunity of fighting West Newington at the L.C.C. Election in the Progressive interests. As there was a large Progressive majority the election was certain, and after some hesitation I accepted. My colleague was Mr. W. M. Thompson, the editor of *Reynolds*, who differed from me in almost every conceivable respect. However we managed to issue a joint address and we ran together and were duly elected at the very moderate cost of £80 each. I loved my constituency at West Newington and used often to attend meetings or deliver addresses, finding them very sympathetic and very progressive. At the next election however the secretary of the Association wanted my seat and persuaded the Association to squeeze me out. I therefore fought Hammersmith in the Progressive interest in the year 1898 with Sir Robert Head as my colleague. Needless to say we did not succeed in displacing the sitting members, Mr. Goulding and Mr. Bull now Sir William Bull, M.P. However I did a lot of canvassing, made a great many speeches and thoroughly enjoyed the election. As a reward of virtue the Progressive Party were good enough to make me an Alderman which gave me a seat on the Council for the next six years. Altogether I served on the L.C.C. for nine years from 1895 to 1904.

My work during that time was varied, interesting and considerable. The actual work is of course done by a large number of Committees which sit with their officials and adjust the various administrative details. The Clerk of the Council when I first became a member was de la Hooke. C. J. Stewart was appointed in my time and left us to become Chairman of Allsopps, a position which he afterwards resigned in order to become the first Public Trustee. He was succeeded by G. L. Gomme, a keen antiquarian who had been Statistical Officer in my time. The allocation of members to Committees was settled by a Party meeting. I tried to get on to the Thames Conservancy having been familiar with the river for most of my life, but failed by one vote. I was an ex-officio member of the Parliamentary Committee, and was elected a member of the Highways Committee, the Asylums Committee, and the Standing Joint Committee. The Council as a whole met at 3 p.m. on Tuesdays when the reports of Committees were considered and

dealt with and finished at 7 p.m. the time being very rarely extended. I understand that in later strenuous days they used to sit until midnight or even longer.

The Standing Joint Committee was a survival of the old regime, and consisted half of Justices of the County of London and half of members of the County Council. In the country it has the important function of appointing the Chief Constable and being responsible for the housing and pay of the Police and the Courts of Justice of the County. In London its functions though distinguished are minute and consist only of looking after the Clerkenwell and the Newington Sessions Houses. We used to meet at the Clerkenwell Sessions House and be subject to occasional irate incursions from Macdonell, the Chairman of the Sessions, as to the lighting or ventilation of the Court. I am not sure that on one occasion, when he was feeling particularly gouty, he did not threaten to commit the lot of us for contempt. The Council also fixed the salary and pension of the Chairman and Deputy Chairman of Sessions and it was in this connexion that they had their long wrangle with Sir Peter Edlin, which terminated by their giving him a pension equal to his salary for the sake of getting him off the Bench.

An incident occurred in connexion with this Committee which amused the Council. Cornwall who was rather grasping and already had more than his share of Committees endeavoured one year to usurp my place on the Standing Joint Committee. I explained this to the Council and moved: "That the name of Earl Russell be substituted for the name of Edwin Cornwall," and this was carried on a show of hands amid laughter.

The Highways Committee when I first joined it had far less important functions than afterwards. Contrary to the belief of a large number of its inhabitants the streets in London are not under the jurisdiction of the L.C.C., but of the various Metropolitan Boroughs. The only highway under our jurisdiction was the Embankment because this had been created by our predecessors the Metropolitan Board of Works. It was a very troublesome legacy because the corrupt practice of that Board had led to the reclaimed land being made up with every kind of rubbish, and the highway had no firm foundation. We decided to put down our own electric lighting station and supply our own electric light, and I had a long fight with John Burns about this, but succeeded at last in persuading the Council that the pretty station we should put up could not possibly disfigure the already hideous surroundings of the underground

station at Charing Cross and the iron railway bridge, nor does it. John Burns however, was a great man on the Council and the leader of the Labour Party and the authority on taste for London, so I had a long fight before I got it through. In 1903 the new Motor Car Act threw upon us the duties of licensing and registering motor cars, and being at the time Chairman of the Highways Committee, I obtained the number A.1. It got too well known in Surrey, however, so I relinquished it and understand that it is now assigned ex-officio to the L.C.C. Chairman for the time being. I always felt that a proportion of the unduly large fees which we received under that Act ought to be devoted to a certain amount of sign posting in London by the L.C.C., but this has never been done. At the moment they must be making a profit of many thousands a year under this Act, which merely goes in relief of the general rates.

The L.C.C. is the tramway authority for London and the privately owned trams were beginning to fall in. The Progressive policy was to force a settlement on the companies owning the tramways by taking over bits of the line as they fell in, and refusing all working arrangements. The companies were resisting this and asking for some common-sense arrangement, and the immediate question concerned the North Metropolitan Tramway Co. where the situation was further complicated by part of the lines being in the county of Middlesex. Finally the North Metropolitan Tramway Co. offered to take a lease of the whole of its system from the L.C.C. for fourteen years which was about the time when the last important bit fell in, and to allow all the other outstanding questions to be decided in favour of the L.C.C. The matter had been agitated for a long time and came to a head in my second Council. In this Council the number of Moderates and Progressives was exactly equal and at the material time I was Chairman of the Highways Committee. The Moderate Policy was to accept the lease, the Progressive policy was to continue harassing the Tramway Company, but on the grounds of practical convenience to the public and of putting an end to an impossible situation I and one other Progressive member of the Committee broke away from our Party, thus giving a slight majority of one or two in favour of the lease. Lord Onslow, a Moderate who was on the Committee, strongly supported me, but I had a very strenuous fight against my own Party and a very bitter opponent in Sir John Benn who was not too particular as to his methods or his arguments. On one occasion he made a most virulent attack upon me, accusing me almost in plain words of seeking some personal

advantage from the deal. It so happened that Benn's own conduct had just been the subject of an inquiry by a Committee of the Council because he was said to have borrowed money from an official of the Council. In my reply as Chairman of the Committee at the end of the debate, I said that Mr. Benn had made remarkable personal charges against me which the Council would hardly think it necessary for me to deal with, and that I should therefore take no notice of them beyond remarking that it appeared to be the peculiar misfortune of the honourable gentleman to be alternately the author and the object of charges of a personal character. The hit went home and the Council rocked with laughter. Another strong opponent was Allen Baker whose business was domestic machinery, chiefly for baking bread, but who as a result of newspaper boosting and Party support blossomed out on the Council as an expert on tramways. He used to prepare wonderful reports, and he used to make speeches to the Council showing how properly worked by the Council the tramways would bring in a profit of one million a year in relief of rates instead of a miserable sum of £100,000 or so reserved under the lease. Experience since the Council has really owned and worked the trams has not borne out his figures, and they now contribute nothing in relief of rates. However we had a very strenuous fight which lasted at least a year and in the end carried the lease by a minute majority. One result was that the Progressive Party decided to regard me as a traitor, and did not re-elect me an Alderman at the expiration of my term. However they did not really think me a traitor and bore me no ill will; they only thought I had been too easily misled by the specious arguments of the Moderates.

I was also in the chair when the Highways Committee took over the entire system of the South Metropolitan Trams, and for the first few weeks before things had settled down we used to meet almost like a board of directors in the old offices of the company somewhere in Camberwell New Road. One of the legacies we took over from the company was a lady named "Auntie," an elderly spinster whose duty it was to terrify tram drivers and tram conductors. The takings of each tram together with the series of tickets are handed in at the end of each shift of work in separate pouches with the man's name, and these are examined, checked and counted by an army of girls. If there was anything wrong or the takings were below a certain proper figure the unfortunate conductor used to be carpeted before "Auntie" who was so much dreaded that she was more effective in

keeping order than any ordinary man could have been. I also learned the curious fact that this one tramway system necessitated the employment of two pair-horse vans travelling round London all day in order to get rid of the accumulation of coppers at public houses and other places where they could be used.

Another considerable fight that was waged was on the subject of the over-head trolley system as against the underground conduit. John Burns the arbiter of taste for London plumped for the conduit. Allen Baker was called into service to devise arguments in its favour. Obviously it was more sightly and as obviously it was far more expensive in the first cost and possibly in working. I think that the over-head trolley system is clearly not permissible on a place like the Embankment, but I imagine in the streets where people have got used to it it is never noticed. However the Progressives succeeded in imposing the conduit system upon inner London. I have not heard any recent figures as to the comparative cost of operation. There was another grave subject of controversy, the extension of the trams and the linking up of dead ends. The Council wanted to cross the bridges with the trams and link up North and South, but the non-tramway-using public as a rule bitterly opposed this. It was also desired to bring the Edgware tramway down to the Marble Arch. Even now after twenty years these objects have not been accomplished except to the small extent of bringing the lines along the Embankment, across Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, and a great curse they have been to the other users of the Embankment. There was a fatal standing order in Parliament which gave any Borough Council power to veto any tramway proposal being even submitted to Parliament and however pleasing its exercise may have been to the localities such a power was obviously fatal to any comprehensive scheme of extension.

Another Committee which I found most interesting was the Parliamentary Committee presided over most of my time by Mr. Mackinnon Wood. Here County Councillors who were members of either House of Parliament together with about twelve elected members of the Council used to examine and lick into shape the proposals of various Committees which required legislation, culminating always in the great legislative effort of the year, the L.C.C. General Powers Bill. There were sometimes also important Council Bills for large improvements such as the construction of Kingsway. The Committee's other duties were to examine all other proposed legislation which might in any way affect London and to oppose or

try to modify the proposals in the interests of London. We had a very able Chairman in Mr. Wood and a most skilful and adroit Parliamentary agent in Mr. Cripps. Great fights often took place on matters of principle and sometimes even on matters of detail in drafting, and the discussions were always interesting and instructive. Cripps used to survey his unruly Committee with a faintly derisive smile as who should say: "Fight away, fight away about principles as much as you like, but I am the person who knows what can and cannot be done." He was always right.

I now come to the Asylums Committee which occupied a great deal of my time for many years. It was an arduous Committee of about 30 members, and to it were entrusted the insane population of London. Its duty was to house, feed, clothe and cure them. When I first joined the Committee there were five asylums under its care—Hanwell, Colney Hatch, Cane Hill, Banstead, and the new one at Claybury, each of which was administered by a separate sub-committee. The sub-committee sat at the asylum once a fortnight and the main Committee met at the County Hall once a month. In my time we acquired land and built a new asylum at Epsom, and, I believe, a second one has been built since near it. Additional temporary accommodation for 400 patients was put up at Colney Hatch, and I think at another asylum, so that these institutions housed 2,400 lunatics, with a vast staff of male and female attendants and all the other necessary medical and domestic equipment. In a fashion rather characteristic of English legislation, the imbeciles and mentally deficient were not under our care, but under the care of a special body called the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

Our Chairman was McDougall, chiefly known to the general public by his association with Parkinson in the unfortunate inquisitorial visits to music-halls when Parkinson was alleged by the ribald Press to have scratched Zoe's back to see if she had enough clothes on. As a matter of fact McDougall was one of the most worthy of men, most conscientious and very hard-working: his only fault being that he was a little lacking in the sense of humour. Our secretary was Mr. Partridge, a survival from the days of the Middlesex Justices who had the Lunacy Law at his fingers' ends; he also possessed a large fund of tact and common sense, and no committee could have wished for a better guide. Another of our members was Will Crooks, so justly beloved of all Londoners, and always kindly, humorous and hard-working. We had medical men, among them Sir William Collins, who afterwards became the best Chairman of

the Council that I ever served under. We were a very sober, discreet and industrious Committee.

At one time or another I served on the Committees of every one of the asylums and for some years was continually on four or five of them. This meant ten journeys a month by train to one or other asylum, starting early in the morning and occupying the day until three o'clock in the afternoon. Claybury was by way of being our model asylum and the medical superintendent was Dr. Jones, who is now well known as an alienist and an expert in shell shock under the name of Sir Robert Armstrong Jones. It was at this asylum that the baker over his warm ovens bred all the canaries for distribution to the wards of the other asylums. Colney Hatch was specially reserved for Jews and a kosher butcher was employed for their benefit. Although there is much that is distressing in asylum work particularly in the cases of advanced G.P.I., it is not without its humorous incidents. I was once inspecting the wards of Colney Hatch in the temporary building, when a young woman patient desired to speak to me. I listened to her complaints for which I could do nothing, and telling her so walked on. She followed me down the wards but a wedge of nurses skilfully inserted themselves between, and I escaped her persistence. A moment later there was a sound of crashing glass at the other end of the ward: she had revenged herself by taking off her slipper and was bashing in the panes of glass with it as fast as she could until she was secured. On another occasion I was going round performing the statutory duty of inspecting new admissions since the last sitting of the Committee, comparing them with their certificates, and hearing if they had any complaints to make. A patient sidled up to me with an ingratiating smile, a very puffy barmaid looking sort of person with fluffy tow hair, and announced herself as "Tottie Fay." I happened to know who Tottie Fay was: she was the lineal successor to Jane Cakebread and after well over a hundred convictions for drunk and disorderly the alcohol had at last made her brain fluffy enough to enable her to be certified and put where she could do no harm to herself and others. The conversation proceeded in this wise:

"Are you one of the Committee gentlemen, please?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Well I want to get out from here."

"Oh, yes, but you can't just yet, you know, you have only just come in. As soon as the Doctor thinks you well enough we shall let you go."

"Oh but I do not like it here. The society is not what I have been accustomed to."

"Well I'm very sorry, but I am afraid you will have to put up with it for a bit. We shall let you go as soon as we can."

"Well you see, sir, I do not like the society here—they are not the sort of people I have been accustomed to. Of course I am not much, I know—but my sister, she is a perfect lady, she lives under the protection of a gentleman!"

But we remained hard-hearted and kept Tottie for a bit in spite of her distinguished connexions.

Once when engaged in a similar duty at Hanwell and inspecting a male patient who had just been admitted and who didn't seem to have much the matter with him, I turned back to the doctor's certificate. On this certificate the doctor has to fill in a space giving the "facts observed indicating insanity." The only observed fact he had filled in here was: "Had delusions that his wife has been unfaithful to him." In the absence of any claim by the doctor to represent omniscience, I never could quite understand how he knew this was a delusion!

Hanwell was my special asylum, and for two years at least I was Chairman of its Committee. It was old fashioned, prison like and gloomy, and in my time large and very expensive alterations were undertaken to improve the lighting and ventilation of the older portions and to diminish over-crowding. We had a most efficient medical superintendent, and a bird-like matron of about sixty-five. Each of the officials used to present separate reports and the matron was responsible for the female staff. Whenever the sentence appeared in her report, "The matron asks for fourteen days' leave," I used always to chaff her and say "Do you recommend that, matron?" and needless to say she always did. At Hanwell we kept cows both for milk and food, and we had a considerable tilled area where we used to employ those of our patients who were equal to work outside. The others were employed in the bakehouse and the laundry and other offices. Work when they are capable of it contributes to the cure of the insane, but obviously it is rather difficult to manage as it is impossible to use compulsion. The plan we adopted was to make allowances of tobacco to the men who worked and extra tea to the women; but asylum administration bristles with difficulties as the mentally unstable are very suspicious and very jealous. Very few patients however are violent.

One of my earliest experiences at Hanwell was with a dear old

woman, who having ascertained that I was one of the Committee gentlemen led me to look at her room. It was a nice tidy little room with photographs of her children and relations and books and pictures, and she said, "I do wish, sir, you would let me go out and do some laundrying. I cannot earn anything in here and I keep on getting behind with my rent all the time." I assured her that her mind might be at rest on that score and that we would not evict her for non-payment of her rent. Among the sad cases was that of a woman who came in with puerperal fever every time she had a child. She would be discharged cured: she would go back to her husband, and in anything from ten to eighteen months she would be back again. These cases which are far too common, and cases like them, made all the members on the Asylums Committee feel that something drastic ought to be done to check the addition of fresh lunatics to the population. We had one man in Hanwell who had been there for 50 years supported all that time at the expense of the rates and giving no pleasure either to himself or to anyone else.

One of the duties of the Committee was to read all the letters the lunatics had written during the past fortnight and to decide whether they were sane enough to be forwarded or not. There were several waste-paper baskets full of them and the duty was rather an onerous one. One regular correspondent used always to write reams about plans for reducing the National Debt. The National Debt, the Holy Ghost, and the lost ten tribes seem to be among the most frequent obsessions of lunatics. The law requires for the protection of the liberty of the subject that any letter addressed to the Lord Chancellor, any of the Judges, any Secretary of State or any Commissioner of Lunacy should be forwarded to its destination by the asylum authorities. No doubt it is a wise provision but I often sympathized with the recipients at the sight of the perfectly incoherent rubbish that it was our duty to forward to them.

I remember another peculiarity of the law which was brought to my notice at Hanwell. A branch of the Brentford Canal came up to the asylum which is close to the River Brent, and we used to get our coal this way. One day when I was inspecting the unloading of a barge and saw the coal being wheeled a long way round I asked why a little tramway was not put down here going straight to the door across a little square patch. I was informed in accents of horror that the square patch was a cemetery and that being consecrated ground, no tramway could be put upon it without an Act of Parliament.

And yet we laugh at the Chinese for their superstitions about railways !

Of course asylum work is largely a matter of detail and incapable of being presented in a mere sketch. Perhaps the most responsible duty of the Committee was the giving or withholding of discharge to a patient. The case would not come before us unless it were already recommended by the Medical Superintendent either for out and out discharge or for release upon trial, but the responsibility for the discharge rested on the Committee. Some of the border-land cases present great difficulty, contrary to the opinion of those idiots who write to the newspapers and think that the state of insanity is as easy to settle as the name of a railway station. Contrary also to the general belief of the public we had no desire to retain the patient one moment longer than was necessary. During the whole of my time on the Council we were short of accommodation and I fear if anything rather too anxious to push them out. There were at least two or three unfortunate cases in which the patients discharged as fit to be on trial or as cured showed by their subsequent conduct that they were not. Of course the question of discharge on trial had also to be governed to some extent and considered in relation to the sort of home the patient had to go to. It would not be likely to improve a patient's mental health to return to surroundings of squalor, noise, and irritation. The general public hardly realizes the amount of quiet hard unobtrusive work that is done by members of public bodies without fee or reward.

As illustrating the difficulty of knowing whether it is safe to discharge a patient or not, there was the very peculiar case of a man called B. He had been a butcher in the service of the Army and Navy Stores and he had been summarily convicted at their instance of theft. He contended, whether rightly or wrongly we had of course no means of knowing, that his conviction had been unjust, and this preyed upon his mind so that when he was released from prison he was impelled to break their plate-glass windows. He was again arrested, examined, certified as insane and in due course reached Hanwell. I first became aware of his existence when the Medical Superintendent brought him up for discharge. He said, "Once every six months I have to certify to the Commissioners in Lunacy the facts observed indicating insanity, and it is impossible for me to say anything in the case of B. His conduct in the Asylum is exemplary : I doubt if he is really sane but I cannot name a single fact justifying that doubt, and I am bound, therefore, to

recommend you to discharge him." We had B up before the Committee: I cross-examined him about his sense of injustice and his feelings of revenge with the expectation that if he was still insane he would break out when confronted with his particular delusion. Not a bit of it; the man remained perfectly calm and assured me in express terms that he had put the matter entirely behind him and had not the least intention of being guilty of any further follies. There was no more to be said; we discharged him cured. The next day he broke the windows of the Army and Navy Stores again. He was arrested and had to be recertified at an expense of £5, and in due course returned to Hanwell. Here again his conduct was exemplary, and at the end of the next six or nine months events repeated themselves. The Superintendent recommended him for discharge and the Committee could find no reason against it, but warned by their previous experience he was only discharged on trial this time. It was arranged that an aunt living in Cornwall should be responsible for him and full of expressions of gratitude and assurances of good behaviour he was actually seen off from Paddington in the express by two warders. Three days later he was back in Victoria Street smashing the same windows. His subsequent history justified the diagnosis of insanity, and I do not think that he ever left the asylum. It was, however, one of those cases in which a non-expert member of the public who had not read the case book, but who had seen and spoken with B, would have quite truthfully reported that we appeared to be illegally detaining a sane man in custody.

Another smaller Committee I was on was the Local Government Committee in which we used to consider highly technical and legal questions of Local Government together with occasionally some questions of policy. Its work would be of no interest to the general public.

Looking back over my association of nearly ten years with the L.C.C. I recall many names and faces of interest, few of whom are still with us. There was Arthur Arnold, the Chairman of my first Council, there were the two important Progressive Leaders, Sir John Benn and Sir Edwin Cornwall, whose methods did not appeal to me: there was the weighty and well-informed Collins, there was Mac-kinnon Wood, afterwards Secretary for Scotland and always an effective debater, there was the genial Nat. Robinson, and there were the two strange Independents, George Elliott and Colonel Rotton. The latter was protesting one day in debate at some joke that had

been made about him before my time, when Benn rose calmly in his place and said : " I assure the honourable and gallant member that he is mistaken, all I said was that if the question was then ripe for decision, what must it be now ? " and sat down amid general laughter. Harry Marks that very doubtful financier who had the honour of being presented at Court by Arthur Balfour was for some reason one of our members and used to entertain us in the Smoking Room. Bobbie Phillimore was our youngest member as he was afterwards the youngest member of the House of Commons. In my first Council I sat next to John Lewis, the draper, until he was removed to prison by the tipstaff for insisting upon saying what he really thought about Lord Howard de Walden as a landlord : the sturdy old boy went to prison and would not apologize for months. Other names that come back to me are those of Dickinson the devoted worker, Lord Monkswell, that wonderful veteran Sir Algernon West, Sidney Webb, Mark Mayhew, the motorist : and among the Moderates Lord Onslow, Melville Beechcroft, Westmacott, Lord Peel : while among the Labour men I can only recall John Burns, Will Crooks and Steadman. I could not bear the Moderates, their policy always seemed to me narrow and selfish, their methods contemptible and vulgar, and their outlook that of a corrupt vestry. London is both suffering and paying to-day in its water supply as a consequence of their short-sighted policy in supporting the vested interests of the companies, as also it suffers for want of river steam-boats and many other municipal amenities. Still it gets the government it deserves for its apathy and want of civic spirit.

CHAPTER XXVI

LAKE TAHOE

A YEAR or so after the judgment of the House of Lords which left my matrimonial affairs in an unsatisfactory state I fought Hammersmith at the L.C.C. Election, and among my most prominent supporters was a lady called Mrs. Somerville. She was a well-known member of the Pioneer Club and an active supporter of Women's Suffrage and represented her Ward on the Hammersmith Board of Guardians. I was warned that she was a person of importance in the constituency and that I must not fail to satisfy her as to my soundness on the feminist claims. I did, I believe, succeed in satisfying her and I often met her canvassing and working for me with a friend Miss A. also a member of the Pioneer Club. We seemed to take to each other at first sight, and she paid me two or three visits at Amberley Cottage accompanied by her friend who acted as a most sympathetic gooseberry. It was not long before we both discovered that we liked each other more than a little, but there were difficulties. As a matter of fact, on principle Mollie would not be satisfied without a marriage, but she would be satisfied with an American marriage, even though it would not be binding in England. After considerable discussion we decided to seek an American divorce as it did not appear possible that either Mabel or I could divorce the other.

I might mention that we had been watching Mabel Edith at Bray, and although we were perfectly satisfied that both she and her mother were earning their living by men it was impossible to obtain any proof of this. There was an arrangement that all the servants should sleep in a separate building adjoining the house which caused them to be unaware of what went on at night, and there was also the difficulty that she was always with her mother. As Lockwood pointed out when we submitted the evidence to him: "You would never get a British jury to believe that a mother was a party to her daughter's adultery when it was a case merely of

inference and not of direct evidence." Neither could she ever divorce me because both cruelty and desertion had already been negatived in legal proceedings. These are the beauties of our English law.

The eccentricity of the route which we selected to reach America and of our wanderings after landing was no less than that of our purpose. It was the 4th of July, an appropriate day to inaugurate a visit to the United States and not less appropriate to our personal object. The evening train from Waterloo took us to Southampton, and the night boat from there took us to Havre. We had a very favourable journey across the Atlantic in *La Bretagne*, one of the C.G.T. boats, keeping up a steady pace of 18 knots.

We had slipped away silently and the whole thing was kept very quiet. It was therefore rather a shock to me on the day after I landed at New York to run into my old friend Burland in Wall Street. All I could do was to swear him to secrecy for eight months, and he faithfully observed this. We hurried out West but my experience with lawyers of Chicago was not very favourable. I visited one of the most eminent in order to get definite and reliable information as to the divorce laws of the United States. He received me in his shirt sleeves in his private room, with two doors wide open to adjoining rooms. He seemed surprised when I stated my business was private and informed me curtly that I could shut the door if I liked. (Subsequent experience in American novels has led me to the conclusion that the only kind of business which is considered private in America is the giving and receiving of bribes.) After long discussion and a second visit, he gave me his considered opinion that in the Territory of Arizona no residence was required to bring an alien within the jurisdiction of the local Divorce Courts, and in the State of North Dakota a residence of only three months. For this valuable information he charged ten dollars, and I subsequently ascertained that a residence of twelve months was necessary to give jurisdiction either in Arizona or in North Dakota.

We landed at Flagstaff from the train with some trepidation. It was reported to be one of the "toughest" places on God's earth, to have more saloons in proportion to its population than any other town, and we had no conception as to what sort of size it would be, and what sort of hotel accommodation we should get. Our doubts on the last point were soon set at rest. We found the New Bank Hotel not all bad, and the manager and his wife, both of whom were Californians, attentive and agreeable. Hot baths even were obtainable on a curious little wooden platform at the back of the hotel

at 2s. a bath. Flagstaff, to our surprise, contained some two or three stone buildings, and was not quite so small as we expected to find it. Foot locomotion was rendered possible by the system of elevated wooden side-walks peculiar to the West, but even so it was neither a desirable nor a safe place to walk about in after dark, owing to sudden terminations of the side-walks, and unexpected pools in the middle of the roads. Flagstaff has two trains a day, the West-bound going to San Francisco at 9.28 a.m. and the East-bound going to Chicago at 10.40 a.m. One of our regular morning amusements was to sit on the balcony and watch these trains when they were not too late. The station lay in a hollow with the line rising sharply on both sides of it and it was a fine sight to see the powerful American locomotives hauling a long train of cars up the grade without any apparent effort.

On the afternoon of our arrival we strolled out to read in a pine clump which afforded a scanty shade. We had the pleasure of watching a woodpecker pecking at the trees, seeing lizards running over the stones and stalking a very inquisitive Rock Squirrel, which allowed me to make a stealthy approach to within 4 or 5 feet. The animal is smaller than our squirrel with a less bushy tail and black bars along the back. Our natural history entertainment was wound up by a startlingly sudden fusillade of Katydids which frightened Mollie out of her wits.

The trip to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is made by a seventy-five mile stage drive from Flagstaff, so off we went. The hotel is situated on the very edge of the Grand Cañon, and immediately on our arrival we rushed to the edge to see it. We were faced by an immense chasm illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, so wide that we could not see the bottom from where we stood, filled up in the middle with plateaux, pinnacles and smaller heights; composed of what looked like striated layers of sand of various colours; but mostly a wonderful pink in the sunset light, for all the world like those glass bottles full of coloured sand that are brought back home from the seaside to adorn the homes of trippers; no sign of vegetation, no sign of water, save in the far depths a muddy trickle said to be the Colorado River. It is in fact thirteen miles wide at the top and one mile deep. The whole thing looked like some curious panorama or a magic lantern picture, unreal and unsubstantial; the eye refused to take in its size, its depth, and its solid existence. The bank we were on was well wooded; on the other side of the Cañon stretched away a coloured plateau for miles and miles, rising again

into strange barren striated hills, and known as the Painted Desert.

We looked at the Cañon again next morning from Grand View Point, which gives a better view of it; we saw it several times both morning and evening from the hotel, we descended into it and came up again, and the sum total of our impressions came to this: it did not strike us as "a harmonious picture, as a beautiful flower or as a sublime and complete expression of all that art has striven to show," as the railway folders put it. It did strike us as a wonderful freak of nature, immense, astounding and mysterious, but above all as sombre, gloomy and awe-inspiring. Possibly those who have seen it often, often descended into it, seen it under various aspects of light and shade, seen it by moonlight, may come to find it beautiful and fascinating; to us it remained a kind of gloomy horror which we were glad to have seen but which we had no liking for and no wish to see again.

The descent is by means of a trail, a great part of which is artificial. We had decided to camp at the bottom, and our expedition consisted of ourselves and guide on three horses and a pack animal to carry our blankets and provisions. Ladies have to ride astride on this trail, and Mollie had borrowed from the hotel a wonderful pair of bloomers in which she looked very well. Our guide was a one-eyed man named Joe, who turned out to have a considerable fund of humour. We set out soon after nine o'clock, accompanied by the Bennetts, the two most delightful Americans that we met on our tour, and the rest of their party, making a cavalcade of nearly twenty horses altogether. On the first part of the trail which is steep we were formed in line while a kinematograph picture was taken by Mr. Bennett for subsequent exhibition in Chicago as we understood. The next half mile of the trail was fairly level, but to me the most sickening and nerve-shaking of the whole journey. It wound as a narrow ribbon round the face of a precipice about 200 feet below the top, while a slip of three yards from the trail would have precipitated horse and rider down a sheer drop of two or three thousand feet. Further on the trail became in one part so steep that we got off and walked; then crossed on to a middle pinnacle by a bridge, partly natural and partly artificial, and again descended by a staircase cut in the living rock. Here Mollie lost her nerve and her temper, for, although there were no precipitous edges, the trail itself was very steep and she feared her horse more than she feared the Cañon. However, a little encouragement both spirituous

and verbal revived her and she took no more notice of anything afterwards. After these steep zig-zags the trail went for a long way with a gentle descent along the side of a hill, not too steep, with actually a tree or two upon it. It came out at a little plateau or mesa, about 2,000 feet below the top, where was a mining camp with half a dozen or so men mining for copper ore. The ore was packed in loads of 120 lbs. on the backs of little burros and the passing of a train of these fascinating little animals each with a bell, going up and down with their loads was one of the events of the journey. We lunched at the miners' camp and Mollie insisted on sitting on a powder barrel and having a long conversation with them. About half-past two we started off again, and after an hour of very rough and steep trail reached our tent about another 2,000 feet down by the side of a very tiny little stream. We had a drink and left our pack-mule here and then pressed on about 3 miles to the river. One cannot go on horseback nearer than about two or three hundred feet above the river and from here we had a view of it, muddy, deep, rapid, sombre, and many times larger than one could have conceived it from the top of the Cañon. We did not think it worth while descending on foot to the brink, and indeed we really did not think it worth while doing the last three miles at all and returned along them rather wearily to our tent. Six hours in the saddle on such riding as that for Mollie, unaccustomed to horseback and supposed three months before to be a hopeless invalid with heart disease, was not bad for one day. We had our dinner, lit a cheery camp fire with dead wood that was lying about, and Mollie brewed some most excellent punch which we all enjoyed immensely. Then Joe became friendly and conversational and told us of the last party he had brought down, who had been so horrified at the rough stone floors of the tent and the little camp bedsteads that they had at once turned and ascended to the miners' camp and slept there. It turned out that he had expected us to do the same and was disposed to be friendly once he had assured himself of our equable mood and temper. "Some people," said Joe, "are so fond of arguing about what they will do and what they won't do instead of going ahead. Why, I have had people down here who would waste an hour arguing and get so excited that they wouldn't even come out of the sun to argue." It appeared that many people who came down were hardly prepared for what was before them and gave a good deal of trouble; many also overestimated their powers of endurance, thinking they would go to the bottom and back on foot in a day, and when they found it more than

they bargained for bullied the poor guide. "Now I'm not cranky," commented Joe, "but when people are cranky with me I can be cranky with them."

The tent was not much more than a covering and the camp bedsteads were small and rickety, but we made shift to cover the rough stones and sand on which it was pitched with a piece of canvas we found there, rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept fairly well. Joe rolled himself up on the ground about ten yards from the tent and pillowed his head on a saddle. In the night a curious wind blew violently and we woke up to find our beds and everything covered with sand. We got up about six and found a pool in the river where we performed our ablutions out of sight of Actæon. When we returned to the tent the fire was blazing and the coffee hot, and we were in saddle and under way by eight o'clock, feeling very fresh and primitive. It was strange to see the sun slowly rising over the sombre height and illuminating the coloured layers of the perpendicular walls and the volcanic debris of the bed. The ascent, with the exception of the portion round the precipice, did not seem so terrifying, but we often wondered how we had ventured to ride down some of the precipitous and stony staircases that our horses now clambered up. I have said not a word of the horses so far, but no praise can be too great for the sure-footed, intelligent and patient beasts. Going down they feel for every step and plant their feet firmly before advancing, and coming up they climb like monkeys. Nothing will make them step aside from the trail to which they cling with an obvious knowledge that it is the only safe path. The art of riding in these places is not to ride at all, but merely to sit in the saddle. The more nearly one resembles a sack of ore, the easier the horses find their work.

Having corrected our Chicago information by a lawyer in Flagstaff, we decided upon the State of Nevada, and in due course arrived in Carson City, the capital. On Monday, the 28th August, after four days in Carson, we decided to start for our final abiding place on Lake Tahoe, by the Glenbrook stage. The information as to the time this started in the morning was of the usual vague character. However, we got our baggage ready at half-past nine and the hotel people warned the stage which came soon after ten o'clock. It was rather a smart-looking, red painted affair with four horses and it took all our luggage weighing some three hundred pounds without a murmur or any excess charge, although the amount supposed to be allowed is only twenty pounds for each passenger.

We started out from Carson along the plain towards Carson Valley for about three miles. On the way we passed an immense lumber yard about half a mile long full of timber, and the stage driver called our attention to a flume or wood trough filled with water for transporting the logs from the mountains to the plain. We soon turned with the flume up a cañon called Clear Creek, a name which the quality of the water fully justified, and began to climb, crossing and recrossing the flume and the stream. This cañon was the prettiest part of the drive and after some three miles debouched into a comparatively level road through a broader plain hemmed in by mountains near at hand. As we approached the head of this broad valley, the flume was seen descending precipitously down the face of the hill, but no means of exit for the road was to be perceived until we suddenly realized that it went up the steep part where the flume came down by a series of zig-zags. Although zig-zags, these were steep enough, and the surface of the road was four inches deep in dust so that it was a wonder how the four horses could pull the heavy lumbering stage up it. They did it, however, at a steady walk without stopping, while we obtained increasingly extended views of the valley we had come through and over the top of a lower hill saw Carson Valley and the town of Gardenville. At the top of our divide was a watering place for the horses, the second on the journey, and here Mollie and I surreptitiously refreshed ourselves with whisky as well as the water, feeling much oppressed by the intense heat. The stage driver had a humorous expression, but appeared to be reserved and morose as all our blandishments had not succeeded in drawing from him more than monosyllabic replies. We were now about three thousand feet above Carson and some thousand feet above Lake Tahoe to which we began our descent. After about a mile we got our first glimpse of it at the northern end, a most translucent blue in the sunshine. Our horses now went at a rapid trot down the other side of the divide, we passed Spooner's Ranch, Glenbrook appeared in sight, and fifteen minutes later we were deposited at the Lake Shore Hotel with the pier and the full breadth of the lake fronting us. The hotel-keeper welcomed us with more surprise than enthusiasm, and could not be got to realize that we meant to stay not only one night but many nights. With the greatest labour he and his Chinese cook dragged my heavy trunk up the rickety wooden, outside stairs to our bedrooms. These were furnished with a simplicity amounting to austerity, but there were compensations in their cleanliness and in the broad balcony outside

where we sat for many an hour reading in the sunshine or watching the sunsets.

Dusty after our stage ride and refreshed by a lunch which at any rate was as good as that of the Arlington Hotel at Carson, we strolled about to take stock of Glenbrook and found it even smaller than we had expected. In this country it was called a town, but we should call it a hamlet. Besides the hotel we only found about six houses inhabited and we put the total population at some fifty or sixty souls. There were a very large number of empty and deserted houses, the reason for which I afterwards found to be that until last year a very important lumber industry had been carried on in Glenbrook which was now discontinued, and the workers scattered. It had not yet become a tourist resort and this accounted also for the surprise of our landlord at our expressed intention of staying.

We took an early opportunity of making a circuit of the lake in the steamer leaving Glenbrook at 8.30 each morning. She was a very fine new vessel named the *Tahoe*, very comfortably and pleasantly fitted, two hundred tons in size, with twin screws and capable of a speed of twenty knots although she generally ran at about fourteen. The northern end of the lake is for some reason neglected and we therefore started across its breadth to Tahoe City, where the Truckee River forms the outlet of the lake and whence the stage runs daily to and from Truckee and the main line. We pictured this as an important town about the size of Carson and were reckoning that we could easily obtain provisions and so forth from there if we decided to settle at Glenbrook, but in this we were disappointed, for we found Tahoe City to consist of one hotel and some two or three cottages and to be distinctly smaller than Glenbrook. So deceptive are these high-sounding American names.

The boat waits here for the six-horse stage from Truckee and the stage waits for the train which, of course, is generally late, so we had about an hour and a half to walk about and explore. A new railway was in process of construction connecting Tahoe City with Truckee and following the Truckee River Cañon, so we walked about a mile down this. The Truckee River is not very large but flows swiftly with the most clear and beautiful water and the Cañon is well wooded and pretty. When the boat started again we went along the west shore passing Idlewild and stopping at McKinney's where according to the folder "a plain, honest, hearty welcome greets every comer." It was represented on this occasion by a large good-natured woman

on the pier whose manner was certainly hearty. Some fourteen miles back of McKinney's up in the hills is a place called Rubicon Springs with the usual natural hot springs in which this country is so prolific. Mollie could never now see a mountain rill trickling across a road without at once declaring that she had discovered a new hot spring.

A short stop at Rubicon Park eight miles further on and another eight miles beyond that brought us to the feature of the lake, the famous Emerald, so called from the beautiful green colour of the water. The usual colour of the deep lake water is a lovely blue, clearer even than the blue of the Mediterranean, with the same ice-cold suggestion as the Lake of Geneva, but without the large amount of solid matter brought into that lake. The shallowness of Emerald Bay causes this colour to become a bright emerald green. The entrance is very narrow, only a few hundred yards across, and the bay itself is about half a mile wide and three miles long. The steamer takes you right round it and round a curious little isolated rock at the end of it called Fanette Island, the only island in the lake. The sides of the bay rise steeply and moisture hangs about it causing the vegetation to be thicker and greener than in other parts of the lake.

After leaving here, we stopped at Dr. Brigham's private pier with an exceedingly pretty house and grounds supplied with water from Cascade Lake, his own private lake five hundred feet above Tahoe. Dr. Brigham was an Englishman who had settled here and shown by his grassy lawns and neatly arranged garden what could be done in beautifying by those who think it worth while to take pains.

The next stopping place was Tallac, the fashionable resort of the lake, where, on a subsequent occasion, we spent three days. Tallac is situated exactly in the centre of the south end of the lake where flat ground runs back from the lake for three miles, whereas on all the rest of the coastline the hills rise either immediately or within half a mile of the water. It has a most comfortable and luxurious hotel, where we revelled in an unwonted abundance of waiters and good food. Among the natural attractions are a dozen or so pretty lakes of various sizes, while the ground surrounding the hotel is nicely arranged. We only found time to visit the two principal lakes, riding to Fallen Leaf Lake in the morning and to Cascade Lake in the afternoon.

Tallac is a most attractive place although somewhat expensive, and we would very willingly have spent a week there. We were very much annoyed however by its air of fashion and by the absurd way

in which the women dressed themselves in smart clothes and the men in brown boots and other things, obviously preferring parading up and down wooden side walks and verandahs to enjoying the country life in the country. There is one private house there belonging to Tevis the principal proprietor of Wells Fargo's business, and of course enormously wealthy. It stands on the beach in about two acres enclosed by a wire fence and looks more like a suburban residence than the sort of private park that an English gentleman of similar wealth would think necessary for comfort.

After leaving Tallac the steamer made two unimportant stops at Bijou and Hobart, and so brought us back to Glenbrook about three o'clock after a circuit of about sixty-four miles. The steamer fares are very high, amounting to about twopence a mile, owing to the absence of competition, but even so there did not appear to be sufficient passenger traffic while we were on the lake to pay for running a boat like the *Tahoe*.

There are natural hot springs on the lake itself at the north end where there has been an hotel, now deserted but which was at one time visited by the steamer and ought one would imagine to be as good as any other of the resorts.

Lake Tahoe is twenty-five miles long and twelve miles wide, covering a total area of two hundred and four square miles. It is situated 5,260 feet above sea level and is 2,000 feet deep in its deepest part. No words are too strong to express the crystal purity of its waters which enables you to see the bottom through thirty feet of water with perfect distinctness. The mountains surrounding it tower from two thousand to four thousand feet above the lake, and the purity of the air rivals that of the water. The natural scenery is most attractive but has been terribly spoiled in some places, and notably around Glenbrook, by the way in which the mountains have been skinned of trees by avaricious lumber men, leaving only barren and scrubby crags. Although increasing in popularity every year, it is by no means so frequented yet as it deserves to be, but if it is to maintain its beauty it is to be hoped that the Government will soon intervene to preserve all trees within two miles of the water.

We began soon to look out for a home and ultimately found a tumble-down, untidy but prettily situated place belonging to Mrs. Short. This lady had allowed the house to fall into great disrepair and we had some difficulty in coming to terms, but ultimately obtained a lease, Mrs. Short undertaking to do some of the most necessary repairs. Our next care was to make an expedition to Car-

son where we purchased mattresses, blankets, sheets, curtains, table linen, cutlery, kitchen things etc., to the value of about £50, and had on the whole a very favourable experience of American shopping.

In the matter of servants, fortune as usual favoured me. Mollie had set her heart upon Chinese servants of whose quiet ways I also approved, and we had been struck with the excellent cooking of the Chinaman at the hotel. What then should happen but that he, being about to be discharged for the winter, should offer himself to us condescendingly, saying that he liked us and adding as a recommendation that he knew the ways of English people and was used to their eccentricities in the matter of afternoon tea and tarts with crust on only one side of the fruit. We closed at once with his offer, whereupon he offered to stand me a cigar, and Mollie a drink. This American freedom was too much for her and she declined it haughtily.

His name was Charlie and his wages were to be \$40 a month or £96 a year. Enormous as this sum was I found it was the same he had been receiving at the hotel, and therefore agreed to it. He undertook to find us also a boy who should act as housemaid and do the washing at \$30 a month. A few days later this "boy" arrived from Tallac and when presented to us turned out to be an aged Chinaman of fifty or so, called Jim.

On the 12th September we went to Carson to make arrangements for our winter supplies with the butcher and grocer, and to meet Stanley, Mollie's eldest son, whom we had sent for. He arrived the next morning very nearly dead, having travelled from London without stopping, and having been put off his food by the journey. A careful calculation of times had succeeded in making a telegram hit him on his departure from Chicago which sustained his hope that an indefinite number of days in the train would ultimately bring him somewhere.

We dragged him out of the train, unconscious of having arrived and took him off to Shaw's Hot Springs, where we all had the luxury of a wash. We were independent of the stage, having become bold enough to drive ourselves in and out with Dan Couillard's team of white mustangs and his buggy. We therefore started back about three in the afternoon, and the nature of the stage road, which we explained to him was a good one, caused Stanley as much surprise as in his exhausted condition he was capable of feeling. We were glad to get away, for we felt some embarrassment in walking about Carson with him, because of his turned-up trousers and his general

English superciliousness. He had pained our loyal Nevada souls by an impertinent way of commenting on the streets, sidewalks and shops of Carson and even on the sacred Capitol building itself.

Behold us then on the 20th September entering joyfully into possession of our own house, Mollie, Stanley and myself with Charlie and Jim. The next few days appeared to be devoted entirely to the consumption of tin-tacks: old carpets were got out, shaken and tacked in bedrooms, passages and staircase: our one magnificent new carpet was tacked in the parlour: yards of American cloth were tacked to tables and Mollie most industriously cut up cretonne and tacked it over resurrected chairs. After we had consumed I know not how many dozen packets of tacks, we sat down to look about us, and lo! we had a home.

The house stood back some hundred yards or so from the lake, was long and narrow in its ground-plan and was of course built of wood. Situated in the middle of a five or six acre field containing a few apple and plum trees, it was surrounded on the west and north by a comfortable verandah and connected by a long wooden sidewalk with a small gate fronting the lake. Near this gate stood the neat and pretty house of the Blisses. The southern end of the village terminated here, there being only Captain Pray's old mill and two or three dirty cottages between us and the woods and the main road leading to Bijou and Tallac round the lake shore.

Inside, the feature of the house was a double parlour extending the whole width, lighted by two windows on the north and two on the south, and furnished with a cheery, open fireplace four feet wide, an unusual feature in American houses. Here we lived and moved and had our being, the northern end having my writing-table with books, papers and so forth, while Mollie sunned herself at the southern windows and scattered around her needles, thimbles, scissors, cigarettes, novels and a mandoline. In front of the fireplace was a little round table which served to support the lamp at night and books and papers in actual use.

The curtains were of heavy green material of that primitive construction where the support was due to three rings slipped over three French nails. When these were drawn at night and we were gathered round the lamp

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to keep out the winter's cold, we felt that there was no cosier fireside in England than we had created in this desolate Nevada.

Many cats were deserted in winter in Glenbrook, whereupon they would run wild, starve and breed. A mother was bringing up such a family in a heap of old lumber at the back and was discovered by Charlie when she had finished one chicken and was beginning a second. We thereupon declared war, and after two days I succeeded in shooting four kittens with my revolver though I had not yet bagged the old one. The mother fled and Mollie discovered the last remaining kitten deserted and starving the next day. She brought it in very wild and not a month old, and it developed into our most cherished companion and pet, with a complete confidence in the security of its home. We called the cat "Tita" and adored it and brought it back with us, but after getting it safely to Maidenhead, lost it.

Mollie built a sort of wigwam in a little bay about half a mile away, and even when the weather got colder she frequently would when especially happy take a stroll along the edge of the lake through deserted woods and, shivering over a feeble fire on the beach with a feather in her hair and cigarette ash smeared on her face, pretend to be a Red Indian. She generally returned from these strolls very glad of soft cushions and a warm room.

CHAPTER XXVII

GLENBROOK IN WINTER

AMONG the inhabitants of Glenbrook our first acquaintance was naturally the stage-driver who brought us to Glenbrook, who perhaps cannot strictly be called an inhabitant. As I think I said before, on our first acquaintance with him he was very taciturn and uncommunicative, and only smiled sourly to himself when he heard Mollie declaring that some native shrub was a hazel nut. At that time he thought we were "gold bugs" and was not going to be drawn into any condescension to haughty Britishers, but later we established very friendly relations, and whenever he met Mollie they at once fell into a violent argument about women's rights. This he invariably concluded by saying: "I do not know what more you want. I always say a woman has every right a man has and one more—that's the right of protection." The idea of male protection was like a red rag to a bull and always sent Mollie off fuming, mollified only by a very feminine admiration for his eyes.

We had one experience with the stage-driver which we shall always remember. W. J. Bryan, the silver candidate for the Presidency, was to speak in Carson on his return East from the Yosemite Valley by way of Lake Tahoe and Glenbrook. Great preparations were made for his arrival; Nevada senators, the Governor and his wife, and many others crowded into Glenbrook overnight, and severely taxed its accommodation. The *Tahoe* was specially chartered to take him round the lake, and a special four-horse stage was to whirl him from Glenbrook to Carson. Meanwhile the mail was sent round the lake on the *Meteor*, and for the arrival of this boat the ordinary stage had to wait. The stage-driver had long since promised to take us into Carson, and pass Bryan's special stage on the way, but when the day came the fulfilment of this promise seemed impossible. Bryan arrived on the *Tahoe*, a more or less enthusiastic crowd of thirty met him on the pier, salvos of imitation artillery were let off from the Round-House,

and after a few minutes handshaking Bryan and his wife, escorted by the Governor, entered the special stage and were driven off. Quarter of an hour after quarter of an hour slipped by as we waited for the dilatory *Meteor*, and when at last she came a dawdling passenger fooled away another three minutes.

When the stage began to move Bryan had more than an hour's start of us in a journey of fifteen miles, and so far from overtaking him we began to doubt whether we should be in time to hear his speech. But the stage-driver kept on bravely, and spun us over the two and a half miles uphill to Spooner's in fifteen minutes, took us bravely down the terrific zig-zags on the other side of the divide, and then settled into a fine swinging pace along the comparatively level Clear Creek Cañon. Still no sign whatever of the dust of Bryan in the distance. Mollie and I were on the box-seat alongside the driver, holding on for dear life, and swearing that whatever happened it would be the best drive we had ever had. Inside was the one unfortunate passenger being rattled about like a pea in a drum, and expiating the delay he had caused us. Our horses were in simply magnificent condition, and kept up the terrific pace over the rough road without a sign of a falter or a stumble. We emerged from the defile of Clear Creek on the open plain only three miles from Carson, and at last in the distance nearly a mile ahead we saw the dust of the Bryan procession. Then our excitement ran fever high, and the driver and his horses settled down to work as if they had not already torn wildly over twelve miles: then it was seen how training and good condition tells. The stage rocked from side to side, the dust flew in clouds about us, the horses galloped and gradually we overhauled the procession. About the Indian College we passed the buggies at the tail-end. Then we overhauled them one by one. Only half a mile to Carson now, and Bryan's stage surrounded by horsemen and cyclists and followed close by other vehicles still some two hundred yards ahead. They begin to suspect that we mean to pass them—they whip their horses—but in vain. With one final effort our untired steeds rush on: we close with them, we draw ahead, and a hundred yards only from the town we shoot ahead of them. As we pass Bryan gives us a kindly genial smile, but the Governor scowls darkly at seeing his honoured guest in a special conveyance thus flouted by the ordinary stage. We are in the streets of the town, we are hailed with shouts, two bands strike up, men and women cheer, girls throw bouquets at us and we realize to our dismay that we have not only usurped

Bryan's position in the procession, but also his triumphant reception.

Another minute and we draw up at the Post Office with the mail. One hour and twenty-eight minutes from Glenbrook to Carson, and the stage-driver's promise redeemed! We can take breath again and look about us after the delirious excitement and enjoyment of the last hour and a half. Mollie gathers up a Bryan bouquet, the symbol and trophy of our victory. We stagger down from the stage with trembling knees and creep into our hotel to wash, full of mutual congratulations, while I promise the driver a fortnight's free drinks at Glenbrook. Never was such a glorious drive, and never shall we forget its memory.

The appearance of Bryan had not struck us with special favour at Glenbrook. He is a large, full, somewhat inferior looking man, more like a police court solicitor than anything else. But I had been much interested in him ever since his Presidential campaign of 1895, and we had come into Carson specially to hear him speak in order to ascertain what the exponent of such a fatuous policy as the Silver Standard could have to say that entitled him to so large a following. Here, too, he was at home, for Nevada with its vast production of silver was of course a Silver State from those interested protectionist motives which sway the short-sighted Americans ignorant of political economy. He spoke in the open air from the steps of the Capitol, Governor Sadler presiding. The audience which was composed of men, women and children, and may have numbered some two thousand, stood about on the grass of the enclosure. Throughout they were most attentive, and for an open air audience remarkably quiet, silent and motionless. He began, and the first thing that commanded attention was the beautiful quality of his voice, penetrating, clear and pleasant to listen to.

Of what he said of silver I need say nothing, but when he spoke of the evils of Trusts, of the danger of Imperialism, and the necessity of hearkening back to the old watchwords of liberty and equality, we both found ourselves in deep agreement with him. I cannot reproduce his speech, but it was sympathetic and convincing to those who heard it, and the man struck us as unmistakably sincere. We came away full of liking for him, and admiration for his principles. There was of course no chance of his being elected President, but were he to be, one felt that in spite of his Silver heresy, the United States would have much to gain from his rule.

We returned next morning soberly with our stage-driver, who told us that his drive had been the talk of the town, and that in consequence he had been stood more drinks than was altogether convenient. We were received at the hotel by our landlord, Dan Couillard, a French Canadian, and a good-natured man, whose chief vice consisted in pouring the profits down his throat. He had two children, Virginia and Arthur, and his wife had just given him a little baby not one month old when we first came, in whom Mollie was much interested. The rest of the establishment consisted of Mrs. Fouke who had been acting as monthly nurse, and was now waiting in the dining-room. A lively lady this, of many occupations, who took rather a fancy to Mollie.

In searching for a house we made the acquaintance of a Miss Jellerson of the Hotel Dirigo, whose adopted daughter had married a man called Andy, who worked at the Round-House, and whose grandson, about five years old, we often saw about the village. Andy's half-sister, Mrs. Short, was a business-like little woman, who owned much property and subsequently became our landlady. She had two sons, Joe Short, who worked on the boat, and Frank Short, whom we only saw for a few days, when he looked on at the ploughing on our field. This was mainly accomplished by Crawford, the hired man, an industrious little person with multifarious duties. He accomplished the ploughing after many days in a number of patches with furrows running in all directions, and one patch of nearly an acre abandoned altogether as being too hard for the plough.

Every morning at half-past eight the *Tahoe* started round the lake with the mail, and every day while we were at lunch the stage came in from Carson. As we sat in the sunshine on the verandah of our hotel, one of the first things we noticed was, that every day at half-past two the village woke from sleep and performed an evolution like a Dutch mechanical toy, after which it sank to rest again. The figures were put in motion by the sound of a whistle, and on looking up, the *Tahoe* would be seen rounding the point into Glenbrook Bay, and heading for the pier. At the same moment the four-horse stage came out of its stable and rumbled down to the pier, where also, gathered as if by magic, were a small crowd of men and women. The steamer made fast to the pier, its passengers came ashore, and stretched their legs, the mail was taken to the Post Office and thence to the stage, which also loaded up with passengers and freight, and for five minutes all was bustle and con-

fusion. Another whistle from the steamer, its passengers hurried aboard, it backed from the wharf and set out across the lake, while at the same moment the stage turned round and was seen galloping away up the road to Carson. The crowd melted away, all the figures ceased to work, and once more the mechanical toy was at rest for twenty-four hours.

It was the steamer's crews and the engineers of the Round-House with whom we next made acquaintance. In command was Captain Pomin, a naturalized German, who had lost all trace of his native accent, with two Teutonic looking sons who worked at the Round-House. I think I have before mentioned his brother at Tallac, whose nationality was undisguised. The purser on the steamer collected the fares, looked after the meals, sorted the mails en route, and sold photographs. Pete Hawkins was the engineer. The bar-tender, the cook, and the waiter disappeared with the advent of winter, and are out of the story. The cook especially, a Chinaman, for we heard afterwards that he had been shot in a gambling saloon in Sacramento.

The Round-House, so called from its connexion with the old lumber railway, was now occupying itself with construction work in connexion with the new railway from Tahoe to Truckee. At its head was Joe Hurlbut, the master mechanic, a veteran of the Civil War, who displayed the sign manual of his profession in a right hand lacking most of its fingers. Under his charge were such various matters as the making of ties for the new railway bridges, the repairing of the frames, wheels and axles of old lumber cars, the overhauling of the old locomotive and its fitting with the Westinghouse brake, the making of switches and switch levers, the construction of pile drivers, and the care of the three steamers' engines. His gang was of varying numbers, for the crews of the *Meteor* and the *Emerald* worked in the shops when the boats were not out. Hunkin the blacksmith, Charley Dover the carpenter, Andy and Quill are among those whom we identified by name. Mr. Hurlbut lodged and boarded at the hotel, and we therefore early made his acquaintance, and obtained from him the run of the shops.

Three more distinctive inhabitants remain. Miss Davies, the school-ma'am, who taught about eight children in the little new brown schoolhouse opposite the cemetery at the top of the village: Bob, the storekeeper, a rotund and cheerful person, who always explained how busy he was: Gus Rother, the postmaster, another

French Canadian, also a carpenter, and one of the earliest inhabitants who had been a Justice of the Peace in the days when the place was populous with lumber-men. We had also our village reprobate, Joe Sutherland, commonly called Clubfoot, a clever fisherman and a persistent drinker. The Chinese fisherman on the beach, and the three Chinese partners who ran the kitchen-garden, complete the tale.

I find now that I have forgotten the ruler of all this work, Mr. D. I. Bliss, a reputed millionaire, whose pretty little house stood at the end of our side-walk. He was the moving spirit of the old lumber business, of the steamers that ply on the lake, and of the new railway on the other side, but we saw very little of him. He had also a house in Carson which he was giving up to live in San Francisco, much to the annoyance of the Carson newspapers. For my part, though fairly content with Glenbrook, I could not blame anyone for preferring California to Nevada, as a place of residence. With his son, Duane Bliss, who remained in charge of the Round-House as superintendent, we later made some acquaintance and a very pleasant and attractive young man we thought him.

I made some inquiry into the system of elementary education in Nevada and found that the State was at the head of it with a special minister, but the administration and the rating was based upon counties as the unit, each school being under the immediate supervision of the trustees. In places like Glenbrook the school was only opened for from six to nine months in the year, being closed when the weather became too bad. Attendance is compulsory as with us. I came across a pamphlet of regulations and was much amused to discover in it the following oath which both the school-ma'am and Mrs. Short as a trustee had been compelled to take, though I am sure no one would suspect them of any pestilential desire to fight a duel!

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support *protect and defend* the Constitution and Government of the United States, and the Constitution and Government of the State of Nevada, *against all enemies whether domestic or foreign*, and that I will bear true faith allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution or law of any State Convention or Legislators to the contrary notwithstanding: and further that I do this with a full determination, pledge and purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever. And I do further solemnly

swear (or affirm) that *I have not fought a duel, nor sent or accepted a challenge to fight a duel*, nor been a second to either party, nor in any manner sided or assisted in such duel, nor been knowingly the bearer of such challenge or acceptance, since the adoption of the constitution of the State of Nevada, and that I will not be so engaged or concerned, directly or indirectly, in or about any such duel during my continuance in office. And further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties of the office of _____ on which I am about to enter (if an oath) "so help me God" (if an affirmation) "under the pains and penalties of perjury."

Sworn and subscribed to before me _____ of the
 county of _____ and the State of Nevada, this
 day of _____ Anno Domini

The store was a great and marvellous place. When we first went in we were astonished at its size and the number of articles kept there: flour, jams, brooms, hammers, saws, grocery and household articles of every description, ordinary drugs, mattresses, pots and pans, blankets, hats, sweets, boots, cartridges, coal, oil, fishing lines, tobacco, dress materials, blue overalls, ribbons and innumerable other articles. We learned with astonishment from Bob that at one time the turnover of the store had reached \$20,000 a month, which represents something like £40,000 a year. This stupendous sum seemed almost incredible in the quiet deserted Glenbrook of our day, and must have represented very large profits. Nevertheless, the store had ruined Mr. Short, the deceased husband of our landlady, because he gave too much credit.

With the approach of winter a gradual change crept over the spirit of the scene. The first indication was the substitution of the smaller *Meteor* for the magnificent *Tahoe*. The visitors and the servants of the establishment of Tallac, McKinney's and elsewhere, gradually streamed away from the lake by way of Truckee or Carson. A month later came the second change which was more keenly felt. The daily stage was suspended, and only brought the letters three days a week, staying overnight and running back the other three days. The *Meteor* now went round the lake on Tuesdays and Saturdays only, and the gay uniforms of the captain and purser were donned no longer. A little later and the *Tahoe* was pulled out of the water for her winter's rest and wooden roofing to protect her from the snow built over her; later yet the *Emerald* followed her ashore.

In the midst of all these preparations we woke up one morning to find it winter. A strong wind all night had brought snow, and in a day or two we had a couple of feet of snow and 20° of frost. We found it a little cold at first, though not nearly so cold as we had expected. That cold snap lasted only four or five days, and after that we had a month of most enjoyable weather. No rain, no snow, from 2° to 20° of frost at night with the thermometer nearly always rising to 40° in the daytime in the shade, while in the sun it was so warm that one could frequently sit out for half an hour at a time on a still day.

The end of this period brought us near to Christmas, and then came more snow intermingled with occasional rain and thaw, as dirty as an English winter. Some days even we had mountain mists which hung about all day, and even for three days together. This cleared out and finished all the rest of Glenbrook that was movable. The Blisses and their servants had already gone, Mrs. Short followed, Miss Jellerson with her adopted daughter, her son-in-law, and her grandchildren went to Carson. The large saloon was closed, and what custom remained transferred to the bar of the hotel. Bob the store-keeper left, ostensibly for Honolulu, and his place was taken by one of the young Pomins. Joe Sutherland, the reprobate fisherman, left us his boat for the winter, and was promptly jailed as an ordinary drunk on reaching Carson. Railroad work on the other side was suspended, the men paid off, and the locomotives brought over here.

Behold the surviving representatives of Glenbrook! Our own establishment, Crawford representing Mrs. Short, Couillard and his establishment, Pomin the skipper and his family, Gus Rother, Duane Bliss, Hurlbut, and a much diminished gang in the Round-House. But this diminution in numbers was not without compensations, for the fewer there were of us the more we saw of each other. Many a ride did Mollie and I have on the locomotive with Duane Bliss, when she was pushing cars up and down the track; and many a Sunday evening did Hurlbut spend with us, sometimes playing whist by the light of nature, and sometimes entertaining us with stories of the Civil War, of Virginia City, of railroading in Canada, and other experiences. Often, too, the stage-driver whose name we discovered to be Ed. Hadsell, and who now had to sleep three nights a week in Glenbrook, dropped in to have a drink of whisky and to fight over women's rights with Mollie. Many an afternoon we strolled up to the Round-House for half an hour, and watched

them blacksmithing or repairing the bogey trucks of passenger cars or overhauling locomotives.

Nor were we without amusements for ourselves in addition to the occupations I mentioned previously. We had bought a set of chessmen and played chess daily on the draught board constructed by Stanley, while Mollie is credibly reported to have studied a chess problem out of the *Standard* for two days and two nights, giving up only when unconsciousness supervened. The little bay which held her wigwam was warmer than could have been thought possible from two to four in the afternoon when the sun shone upon it and here she often sat for an hour at a time in the open air with perfect comfort, although the thermometer stood at 32° to 40°. Stanley constructed a raft on which to paddle about the bay, which certainly did float, though it could scarcely be said to steer. Our usual complaint, so far from being ennui, was that it was almost impossible to find the time in the busy day for any extra employment such as writing letters or reading aloud.

The last Thursday in November was Thanksgiving Day, on which a national holiday is decreed throughout the country. Tradition accompanies this by the eating of turkeys, for which shooting matches are held. We had great fun that day in Glenbrook, the whole male population shooting all day on the pier with every kind of rifle at turkeys and targets and in the evening when these were exhausted at bottles in the water. The intervals were filled up with drinks also according to tradition, and every one was good humoured and merry. A repetition of the shoot on Christmas Day did not for some reason prove so entertaining, though we were much amused at the conclusion by two exceedingly drunken men who stood on the extreme edge of the pier threatening every moment to fall into the water, waving their loaded rifles vaguely at the lake, the mountains and the sky, and offering to shoot each other a match at anything from two dollars to ten cents. Amusing though they were it was not without relief that Mollie saw them disarmed.

Our sense of justice induced us to get up a shooting match for the Chinamen who were not allowed to compete in the other. It was not, however, a conspicuous success. Our own two Chinamen were the only entries. They fired three shots each at 20 yards, and missed the target altogether, so we ate the turkey. When Christmas came they much embarrassed us by giving us various quite costly Chinese presents: silk pyjamas and handkerchiefs for myself, a magnificent coat for Stanley, and a dress length of the most

exquisite China silk for Mollie. The fact is that our Charlie was quite an exceptional Chinaman with a perfect mania for generosity. Although he never smoked opium or drank himself he was perpetually treating other people, and he continued to bombard Mollie with bottles of China wine, with oranges, with China lilies, with sugar-cane, ornamented bowls and every kind of article. We wished to take him to London with us, but we struck at the idea of paying any servant in England £100 a year, and he would not come for less.

Earlier than this, on the 5th November, we had held a national celebration of our own, Stanley being determined that Guy Fawkes should not be forgotten in Nevada. For some days previously he had been gathering the material for a magnificent bonfire, the foundation of which was laid with six of our own good logs. The effect was most imposing when it was fired, a column of flame some 30 feet high shooting into the air and crackling delightfully. Mrs. Short, the school-ma'am, and others, hurried up, attracted by the conflagration, and were interested to learn what the event was we were celebrating. A curious incident occurred at this fire. A tattered sodden old book was lying on the ground near by, and I was about to throw it into the fire when, what should I see but my own name in print. Letters from and to "Earl Russell," letters signed "Russell," and dated from "Pembroke Lodge." On further examination it turned out to be a volume of Diplomatic Correspondence during the Civil War in America, and the letters were written by my grandfather in his capacity as Minister for Foreign Affairs, in connexion with the *Alabama*. My surprise at the moment, however, at seeing my name in print in a book lying open in a field in a remote corner of Nevada may be imagined.

One addition to Glenbrook society appeared during the winter, an old man named Steyn, who went heavily and silently about the beach breaking up large masses of old iron with dynamite and a sledge hammer. After a few weeks he was followed by Rube Lexon, who explained to us that when they both worked at the logging business they used to call him a sort of partner of Steyn's because when Steyn got "full" he became even more taciturn than usual, while under the same circumstances Lexon could talk enough for two. Of this he gave us practical proof at the second shooting match.

We had one or two walks up the old Lumber Railroad which runs through a very pretty cañon. From one place called the High Trestle we got a good view of the north end of the lake, and imme-

diately beneath us a very pretty little sandy bay called Skunk Harbour. We took our lunch on one fine still day and were rowed round there by the active Stanley, when we found it quite as beautiful as it looked from above, though rather short of sunshine.

We had occasion to go into Carson in December to buy Christmas presents, and see a lawyer, and had the experience of a sleigh ride over the summit where the snow was ten feet deep in places. The lawyer, Mr. Vanderlieth, was very agreeable and pleasant and practical, when we had got over the shock of being received in his bedroom with a most undisguised bed, innocent of any curtain.

When we got deeper into winter Glenbrook took to dancing. The place was the boarding-house where the men working at the Round-House had their meals, and where there was a sufficiently large and convenient room and the usual time was, of course, Saturday night, beginning at about half-past eight, and going on till one. At the first dance we attended, the entire population of Glenbrook was present, not a soul being left in any of the houses. Even the babies were brought out in their perambulators, or, as they are called in this country, buggies, and formed up in a sort of hollow square in one corner of the room, while their mothers danced. Mollie and Stanley are both enthusiastic dancers, but I have to content myself with the part of a wallflower. I was in the habit, however, of making myself useful in this capacity by acting as nurse to the most delightful child in Glenbrook, the three-year old daughter of Hunkin, the blacksmith at the Round-House. Virginia and Arthur, the two Couillard children, used to appear in very pretty clothes with their hair beautifully done and wearing their best manners for the occasion. The music was provided by an ingenious instrument with perforated paper and a bellows worked by a handle, while either Hurlbut or Hunkin generally acted as master of the ceremonies. The skipper of the *Tahoe* contributed no inconsiderable portion of the company, as besides himself and Mrs. Pomin he had two sons and three daughters.

About 12 there was an excellent supper of sandwiches, cake and coffee, to which according to the American custom each guest contributed in kind. After that came a Virginian reel, and one or two other dances, when the company generally dispersed, putting on their overshoes to keep out the snow, and wheeling home the babies. At the last dance Mollie achieved a triumph by inducing Hurlbut who had not danced for seventeen years to take the floor with her.

One night in February we had a great surprise. We had had the heaviest snowstorm for the whole winter, and the snow was from two to six feet deep. Charlie had just gone to bed, Stanley and I were in the middle of our evening game of chess, and Mollie was sitting reading in her red felt slippers, when we heard a bell outside. At first we thought it was some of Mrs. Short's cows in our field, but when it was followed by the wail of a child we all jumped up to see what was the matter. On reaching the front door we found a number of unrecognizable snow-covered figures descending from a large sleigh, bearing cakes and other provisions in their hands, and headed by Hurlbut with the musical box, who explained to us that it was a surprise party. A second sleigh load brought in the rest of Glenbrook, and the whole house was full of confusion. Mollie made one bolt for her room to change her dress, Charlie was roused out of bed, snow-covered garments were deposited wherever room could be found for them, tables were taken out of the way, and chairs were brought in. Our double parlour just managed to hold them all, seventeen adults and seven children, and I think they enjoyed their evening. Besides the dancing, Mollie and Hunkin as her lieutenant, introduced some games which she had discovered in a leaflet of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The secret had been well kept, and no people could have been taken more thoroughly by surprise than we were at this sudden invasion in the deep snow, and with fresh snow still falling heavily. A surprise party is certainly a great invention, but it could only succeed in a country like America, where everyone is genial and good-natured, and willing to enjoy themselves, taking things just as they find them. Our experiences of Glenbrook have quite converted Mollie, who now says she likes real Americans. For myself, I have always maintained that the real inhabitants of the West are delightful.

The weather at the end of March and during most of the winter was simply perfect. Day after day we sat out in the sun, either round the house or more often at Mollie's wigwam on the shores of the placid blue lake, and many an afternoon it was too hot to sit in the sun, and we were compelled to protect ourselves from its rays. No one who had not experienced it would credit the possibility of such weather in a mountain range 6,000 ft. above sea level in the depth of winter.

Spring was coming. The lake was waking to life again, and the new railway to Truckee opened, but our pleasant stay at Glenbrook was coming to a close. I had resided the six months necessary to

acquire a domicile in the State, and under the advice of Mr. Vanderlieth of Carson City, our faithful lawyer, my petition had been filed, and the necessary steps taken to secure a divorce from Mabel Edith on the grounds of desertion. We closed the establishment, dismissed our two faithful Chinamen with infinite regret, and sold off our furniture by auction to our friends without any reserve. After the necessary interval the case came on before Judge Mack of Ormsby County in a Court House which looked like a small village school-room with a casual audience of about half a dozen. It only occupied a few minutes, and at the end of that time according to American law I was free. About three days later we were married on a Sunday by Judge Curler in the Riverside Hotel at Reno, and duly received our marriage certificate. I cabled the information to England for insertion in *The Times*, and we left for Chicago. Here we stayed a day or two while I went to Kokomo to buy a Haynes-Apperson motor-car. Our arrival created a sensation, and we were besieged with reporters. On the night I was away Mollie fell over one on the doormat outside her bedroom, and when he asked after me she merely said that I had left her, and she didn't know where I was. A most sensational story with scare-heads appeared in the local paper next day :

EARL

DESERTS HIS THREE DAYS BRIDE

DOES NOT KNOW WHERE HE IS

We went on to New York and returned to England in the *Ivernia* without further adventure.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TELEGRAPH HOUSE

IN May, 1900, we returned to England as man and wife according to American law, but in the eye of the English law still living in sin. We set up a home in London in rooms on the fourth floor of 3 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, where the accommodation was restricted, but we somehow managed. I still had my house at Maidenhead, Amberley Cottage, but I had got rather tired of the river. I had gone up and down it until I knew every lock, every shoal and every backwater, and it was beginning to be crowded. Moreover, I always let my house furnished, and so missed most of the summer on the water, and only enjoyed the biting fogs of the winter. There were, however, other reasons besides this. I had grown accustomed to the freedom, the solitude, and the magnificent openness of the South Downs, and I found Maidenhead stuffy and stifling, and my exceedingly comfortable and well-built house rather villa-like and suburban. I forgot to mention that I had immediately rebuilt my house after the fire and re-furnished it. The fact was I could no longer breathe at Maidenhead, and felt oppressed in its atmosphere. Moreover, I had lost my seat on the various local bodies through my prolonged absence, and was not sufficiently interested to wish to regain it at the next election.

Some years before quite by accident in answer to an advertisement, I had taken a train to Rogate, a little station on the Midhurst branch of the South Western, on that very worst of all its services, the Portsmouth line. I had hired a little trap from someone called Lintott at the Railway Inn, and I had been driven to the foot of Beacon Hill. From here I climbed on foot 450 feet to the Downs searching for the little cottage advertised for sale at £600. It was a blustering November day with fine intervals between the showers, and I walked on over the crest of the hill and suddenly came on the house a little way down the further slope hidden in trees. The views on every side were magnificent; before me was spread nearly the whole of Spithead, and half of the Isle of Wight, and behind

me on the other side of the South Downs were Blackdown, Hindhead, and the hills encircling Petersfield. Instantly I fell in love with the place and determined that I must have it. The house was only a four-roomed cottage, with a kitchen annexe, and it had been used by the wife of Sir Rennell Rodd, one of our Ambassadors, as a summer home for London children; but, however lacking the house, the site made up for everything, and I felt that at some future time I might be able to afford to build a decent house there. So after very brief negotiations, I purchased the freehold for £450. The matron who had been running it told me what I could quite believe, that the London children wailed with misery at its isolation, and would never come back a second time; all the beauty of the country, all the heather, the fern, and the wildness was just so much added unhappiness to these exiles who longed for pavements and shops. I installed a nominee in possession for some years as I was anxious to acquire more land than the one acre that I had at present, and did not want the price put up against me.

The house had been one of the Admiralty semaphore stations in the days when this was the method of rapid communication between Portsmouth Dockyard and the Admiralty in London, and was therefore called Telegraph House. In full view from the front door was a clump of trees on the top of the hill overlooking Compton, which concealed the next Telegraph House, under three miles as the crow flies. Behind the house at about the same distance not very far from Fernhurst there was a place called Telegraph Hill, but the house had ceased to exist. That was how this isolated house came to be carved out of the Downs and to stand by itself with only two houses in a radius of one mile. I have the old deeds going back to the first creation of the place. They start with a lease and re-lease from Lord Robert Spencer in 1808, and in March, 1821, the property is conveyed to the Admiralty by the old-fashioned conveyancing device of a Bargain and Sale for one year followed by a Conveyance on the following day by force of the Statute made for transferring uses into possession. It is interesting to note that the consideration was only £20 of lawful British money. By 1849 the electric telegraph had come in and the Admiralty sold it back to private persons describing it as a "square containing One Acre which was selected and marked out on the part of the Government as and for a Signal Station together with the house, edifices, erections and buildings and of machinery, furniture, fixtures, articles and things." After that it continued to change hands frequently from

people who died or went bankrupt until it came into the possession of Miss Guthrie.

From this moment Telegraph House became my passion, and I set myself to beautify it, to embellish it, and to aggrandize it. My first act was to acquire from Willie James the adjoining acre, which I only found after completing the purchase I had not bought. The whole two acres were surrounded by the most wonderful beech hedge and the second acre was divided into three plots by beech hedge. My first improvement was to make a Tennis Court in one of these enclosures, and I left an old labourer to work the whole winter at levelling the ground, which had a total difference of level of 9 feet. My country consists of solid chalk rock with a thin covering of 2 to 4 inches of soil. Embedded in the chalk are numerous large flints, and one day when I asked my old Sussex man how he was getting on with his digging, he said: "They flints do tarrify my pick." This labourer was an engaging old ruffian named Newall, of great age, who always declared himself to be a Crimean Veteran, but I am credibly informed by more accurate reporters that the nearest he got to the Crimea was seeing the troops embark at Portsmouth. He told me that he did not care to work for the District Council any longer, as they only offered him 2s. a day on account of his age, and he regarded 2s. 6d. a day as the minimum wage. The standard agricultural wage was 15s., and I gave my people 16s.; think of it as compared with the wages of the present day. After about three years I pensioned the old man off with 10s. a week, but after a year of this he preferred the comfort of the work-house where he died. This was almost the usual thing for agricultural labourers in those days, and our wages were high compared to some parts of England.

The next thing I did was to acquire an additional seven acres from Willie James, and to plant a laurel hedge separating me from the so-called public highway, which ran just in front of the house. This was a mere grass track and a high road only in name. The house could only be approached with difficulty by a two wheel trap. My next work which was a great one, was to build on an extension containing two good bedrooms, a bath-room, and a library, and to put a servants' hall at the back of the kitchen.

In 1901, Mollie and I decided that the time had come for us to live at Telegraph House, and I sold Amberley Cottage at a considerable loss to the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. Atherton. I also sold my launch and my steam engine, but I removed with me

to Telegraph House all my furniture, my radiators, my dynamo, my faithful Moyse, my gardener and his family, my plants, and my horses and my carriages. Indeed it was something like the departure of Jacob from Laban—barring the wives and the idols. Further extensions and additions were now made at Telegraph House; I built stables, a large greenhouse, a tool-house and potting shed, and a gardener's cottage. In those days I used still occasionally to take riding exercise, but I was getting rather heavy for a horse, Mollie did not care to ride; and motors were coming in.

Beacon Hill was impossible except for foot traffic, and the road-way to the house was from South Harting up a terrific hill with a rise of 450 feet, a bad surface, and an average gradient of 1 in 9 for 1,000 yards. This was trying enough for motors in those days, but when one had got to the top the nearest one could get to the house was Hill Lands Farm, a mile off, and I used to have to complete the journey from there in the horse and trap. So it became necessary to make a road and after long surveying I chose the easiest route and constructed a road entirely of local flints bedded on the chalk rock. I had from five to seventeen men at work, and in less than a year had completed an excellent road 1,580 yards long, and 13 ft. wide at a cost of £700, which has never given any trouble since. I also acquired a quarter of an acre opening off it on which I built a motor stable and another little bit of land on which I grew potatoes.

I should mention that on the other side of the public highway from my house and between me and the metalled road the land had belonged to Admiral Hornby, and now belonged to his son, Captain Hornby, who bred horses at Gillingham in Dorset. This bit of land was quite fascinating: it had two dells running through it: it had a wonderful bank of yews, in another place it had trees and other portions of it were covered with some most delightful heather. From the very beginning I had coveted this land as Ahab coveted the possessions of Naboth, and once a year I used to make an offer to Hornby for it, but it was an outlying part of the Little-green Estate, and had sentimental associations for him, and he was not willing to sell for ten years, at the end of which time to my huge delight I acquired this area of about 220 acres. The reason for his change of mind was that Reckitt had acquired the house at Littlegreen and the rest of the estate.

Here was a new joy, and I fell upon it tooth and nail. I surrounded it with a wire fence to show that it was really mine, I cleared the rides upon it, I constructed new paths, I planted 6 acres

of larch plantations, and hundreds of single spruce and pine. After about two years spent in surveying the most appropriate route I constructed yet another road across it leading from my house to Kill Devil Copse. The engineering difficulties were considerable as will be realized when I state that the road is a mile and a quarter long, and that in the middle the level is 240 feet below the house. I, however, surmounted them with considerable success, and I now have an excellent motor road right through the middle of the estate. As, however, I had not too much money to spare, I only made the road 8 feet wide, and I took three years from 1909 to 1911 over its construction. I never had more than four men working on it, every bit of it was done by hand, all the flints were found close to the road, and the only mechanical work upon it was that of the steam roller. The total cost was £540.

By now I was swollen with ambition; Telegraph House, which had been a cottage, had developed into an estate; and the next thing to do was to build a mansion suitable to its new dignity. A convenient excuse was provided by the state of the old part of the house which was only held together by the wallpaper; so that if one made a hole in the wallpaper the walls dribbled out in a stream of dust. I decided to pull down the old one-floor cottage with its attic, and to substitute two floors with decent rooms, decent bedrooms, another bathroom, and above all a tower. Both Mollie and I were very keen upon the tower on account of the extended view that it would give us. I found an architect and some little progress was made with the plans, but he refused absolutely to let me have the kind of windows I wanted. He said they were no good, and that they would not work, and he remained unmoved when I told him that I had had them for ten years at Amberley Cottage, and that they had worked very well. He said he could not bring himself to put them in as he did not approve of them; I pointed out to him quite modestly and quite respectfully that after all I was paying for them at the time, and was going to live with them afterwards, and that even although I was only a miserable building owner I might have some say in the matter. He thought not, and remained firm, so I replaced him by an excellent and competent architect, who produced plans that I liked, and succeeded in getting me a fairly reasonable estimate from very good builders. At the same time I took the opportunity of having a few other works done; the stables was converted into a motor house, and a very large tank for water was dug at the foot of the garden. We lived ex-

clusively on rain water and up to that time we had had to depend upon a little tank holding only 3,000 gallons. This tank was now reserved for drinking water only, and my new big tank has proved so adequate that during those years of severe drought when other people hardly had water to drink I have been able to continue watering my garden.

The structure rose, watched by us with absorbing interest in which the dogs and cats shared, and was finally completed, furnished, and lived in. The tower came up to our highest expectations, and the views from the top on all sides were absolutely magnificent, while we had large and comfortable bedrooms from which even on the first floor the views were wonderful. I had now a beautiful and perfect house, protected from the weather outside by a cement coating like a coastguard station, and protected inside by hollow walls and double glass windows, and warmed throughout by steam radiators, so that even in the most violent gales it was warmer than my London house. And then I know not why, there came upon me a sadness of spirit: I had done all the building I could afford: I had made all the roads that were necessary: and it may be that I was merely sighing like Alexander for fresh worlds to conquer. I ought to have sat down and basked and purred in the midst of my beautiful possessions, but instead of that my mind was continually obsessed by the words of St. Luke: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth I will pull down my barns, and build greater and I will say unto my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him: Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

I still had one thing to do and I set about doing it, but it was a long and weary process, taking nearly two years. The grass-grown track which was in law a public highway still ran in front of my house, and between the two halves of my lawn which I had now extended into the new estate bought from Hornby. Although no one ever used the highway and I was not bothered for that reason, the District Council found it was necessary to assert the law, and would not let me have gates and wire netting across it to keep the rabbits out of my garden, so I had to set about diverting it. I was in the Parish of Elsted and the assent of two separate Parish meetings was required. For some reason the parson was against me, and at the first meeting my motion was carried by 5 to 2. I heard he

was preparing more trouble with the confirmatory meeting, but he didn't realize that he was up against an old electioneerer. I canvassed voters and provided two motor cars in addition to my own to take them to the poll with the result that we beat him by about 15 to 5, numbers which are more magnificent than they sound when it is realized that the total number of voters in the parish was only 25. The assent of the District Council presented no trouble and then came the order of Justices. They had to certify that the new road proposed at the back of the house was more commodious, and to soothe their consciences they wanted me to metal it, although no other part of the road was metalled, and although it was never in the least likely to be maintained in the future. I therefore had to incur an entirely wasted expenditure of nearly £100 to do this. At last at the end of something like two years and an expenditure of nearly £200, the order was duly enrolled at Quarter Sessions, and the highway was diverted. I was then able to keep rabbits out of my garden so far as any protection will keep out Southdown rabbits, who think nothing of climbing a three foot fence if they really wish to, and if they cannot do that they will burrow underneath it.

So far I have only dealt with the material and constructive aspects of my new permanent residence where all this time we were living. Mollie was a great gardener and devoted to flowers, and she supervised and directed the gardener's activities. Quite early in our occupation she had cut largely with her own hands a little square rose garden out of a solid clump of encircling gorse, and adjoining this was a little seed garden. It was only later that we discovered when we had extended the lawn that roses actually would grow in the open in spite of the elevation and the gales. I did not mention before that the house was 625 feet above sea level.

My special care was the estate, and I directed the planting of trees, the cutting of rides, the making of paths, and the cutting up of dead or fallen trees for firewood. The diversity of the country immediately around us was amazing. From the house to the top of Beacon Hill about three-quarters of a mile away and 170 feet higher you had the ordinary down turf interspersed here and there with stunted and windswept juniper. Within 100 yards of the front door you plunged into one of those folds in the chalk which we called the Small Dell and found yourself surrounded on both sides by trees which gave you the impression of being enclosed in a limitless forest. On the left of the Small Dell were acres of the most

beautiful heather, and on the right a sort of wild mixture of heather, bracken, ash, hazel and other small undergrowth. Always and everywhere were those prickly things of which the chalk country is so fond, thorn and bramble. At the end of the Small Dell you ran into a larger fold which we called the Main Dell (the same depression 240 feet below the house which the Estate Road crossed), and on the other side of this Main Dell was an amazing bank of yew. These trees are twisted and gnarled and tortured beyond description; many of them are of great size and must be something like 300 years old. On the plateau beyond near Kill Devil Copse was a mixture of everything, large beech trees, small stuff, grass rides, patches of heather or fern and copses of hazel. Kill Devil Copse itself which belonged to the Up Park Estate had a magnificent grove of gigantic beeches, on either side of which was a coppice where the beech had been cut in former years. In spring these coppices glowed with the blue flush of innumerable bluebells mingled with primroses and anemones.

In fact, the country had everything that the heart of man could desire except of course water. The nearest water was the River Rother near Rogate village about four miles away, or Petersfield Pond. My own village for all practical purposes was South Harting, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to walk or $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles by road. The land I had bought from Hornby was in the parish of North Marden only a mile away, but the entire village consisted of one interesting flint church with a circular apse, one farmhouse, and two cottages. Indeed, for two or three years I had to act as overseer of North Marden, because no one else could do accounts. With this exception I had not interested myself in local politics, being away too much to afford the necessary time; for much as we both loved Telegraph House I had to spend nearly all my time in London and only got weekends and holidays down there.

Our nearest practicable stations or towns were Petersfield, 8 miles; Chichester, 10 miles; but towards the end of our time motors had developed and we nearly always motored up and down to London which was only sixty miles away, although from the peaceful and deserted aspect of the country one might have thought it two hundred. We had many friends to stay with us from time to time, and occasionally bridge parties, bridge being a game on which we were both keen.

We had domestic animals to which we were devoted. A wonderful and aged cat called Fluffy accompanied us to Telegraph House.

She had been given me in 1890 as a kitten by Mabel Edith's maid ; indeed I am not sure she was not the cat which I was charged with cruelly using in the first trial. She was affectionate and very intelligent, and during the rebuilding of Amberley Cottage after the fire, she used to walk down with me every day from the cottage about a quarter of a mile off where I was living, and inspect the progress of the builders. She took quite kindly to Telegraph House, although she was getting old by then, and after about three years she expired from old age. We were given an Aberdeen terrier by Mrs. Dick, but she died soon after bequeathing to us a mongrel fathered by some neighbouring collie or sheep dog, whom we called Lolloper, on account of his lumbering gait when young. Lolloper was a friendly dog and very fond of chasing rabbits, in connexion with which he had a shock one day. He had been barking vigorously into a thicket and running through it when he suddenly came back to me howling and quite clearly saying : " Master, I thought it was a rabbit and it appears to be the devil." What he had taken by mistake for a rabbit was a deer, and the size of the creature and his horns had frightened him out of his life. He also had one peculiar insistent barking which I well knew, and whenever I came up to him on these occasions I always found that he was demonstrating at a rolled up hedgehog and complaining at its prickles.

Our permanent friends, however, were a race of Maltese terriers. Their origin was curious and accidental. Motoring home one day along the Portsmouth Road I had the misfortune to run over a setter near Ripley. I pulled up at once, and a man and a woman in a gig pulled up also and picked up the injured dog. Then the man came over to me and delivered an indignant tirade for about five minutes, finishing by saying : " Well, at least you might say you are sorry." To which I replied : " So I am, very sorry, but this is the first chance you have given me to say anything." For the next few weeks on our way up and down we called to inquire after the injured dog which was the property of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, who kept the tea rooms at Ripley, and which fortunately made a good recovery. On one of these visits a horde of voluble Maltese surrounded us, and one very attractive female showed affection for Mollie. So before we left she had bought two, the lady called Tatters and a husband called Little Tich. These were the founders of the race which has been maintained ever since at Telegraph House. Little Tich was very shy, but they were both most attractive and engaging. Tatters's first litter included a weakly little dog almost

hairless, whom Mollie nursed for weeks in her arms and named Cushie. Cushie, who was the dearest and cleverest little dog ever invented, remained Mollie's permanent companion for the next fifteen years, and went everywhere with her. After about two years Little Tich to our horror was discovered floating dead in a small water tank. Tatters survived to such a great age that I had to have her painlessly extinguished. Later I had a perfect little he-dog called Cæsar, who broke my heart by dying in 1910 whilst I was in Egypt. I must not, however, weary my readers as fond mothers do by praising their own children, but only say in general terms that no one could wish for a companion more loving, more clever or more responsive than a Maltese terrier. My present pet is sitting on my lap as I write.

Mollie was very fond of sleeping out, and had a little sleeping hut near the Rose Garden. She also had a little open-air retreat about a quarter of a mile from the house. I do not like insects, and I prefer sleeping and eating under a roof, but I very much enjoyed watching the wild life. This was very various; we had foxes, stoats, pheasants, partridges, wild pigeons, hedgehogs, moles, field mice, bullfinches, blackbirds, larks, and the nightingales were so persistent that one of our coachmen used to complain about being kept awake by them. We also had squirrels, but far too few of them, and yet the mischievous little devils managed to do a good deal of damage to the young oaks. As for the rabbits, anyone who lives in my country regards them as a curse. The most curious thing I ever saw was a stoat running away from a rabbit and uttering squeals of terror. I have always hesitated to recount this experience because although I saw it with my own eyes it remains incredible. I am, however, emboldened by the description of a somewhat similar incident in a book recently published by Miss Pitt.

I am not fond of foxes although our chickens were so well protected that they never got one. One day when I was sitting in the woods my fox-terrier came running back to me with squeals of terror, and on running out I found him being pursued by a vixen who was snarling with fury. Obviously she was protecting cubs, and after a careful search I discovered the earth about 300 yards away and had it dug up and killed seven cubs, but unfortunately did not get the vixen or the dog fox.

Jays also abound on the Downs and are generally up to mischief with their shrill screaming. No one can dislike blackbirds, but it



MY MALTESE TERRIER



STILL LIFE AT FERISHTAH

is annoying of them when one goes out to stalk a rabbit with a gun to rush about telling the whole neighbourhood that the man with the gun is coming. As for pigeons they are not so impossible to shoot if they would ever let one see them. In mid-summer innumerable tiny little lizards about one inch long run about on the tips of the heather. We had less desirable creatures of the same type—poisonous snakes—in quite large numbers, but very seldom seen. One summer evening I came unexpectedly on a colony of voles running up and down twittering and playing leap-frog with each other under a thorn bush, whom I was able to watch for some time before they were disturbed.

Let no one suppose a summer night is quiet in the country. Foxes bark, owls hoot, nightjars clap their hands, and if there is thunder about the pheasants screech. If one is out of doors there are also innumerable small noises and rustlings in the undergrowth.

Every year, about June or July, when I watched the Downs, I was struck afresh by the tropical luxuriance and profusion of the growth. A four foot path would be completely covered in in a couple of months, and I am convinced that a very few hours watching with a foot-rule would enable one actually to see the bramble suckers growing. I cut a fern last year which had grown to a height of over 9 feet in the season in order to get up to the light; this must have meant over 9 inches a week in its busy time.

We were always happy at Telegraph House; the views were a permanent joy, and from the top of Beacon Hill or from Lynch Ball, 818 feet above sea level, and the highest point in the neighbourhood, you could see all round on either side. Leith Hill was supposed to be visible on very clear days—but my guests were never troubled by being shown Chanctonbury Ring. The springy turf was delicious to walk on, and there were soft banks of moss or heather to lie on. The wild life, both of animals and of plants, provided perpetual interest, and each spring was a new revelation, with the beech buds beginning to swell, the delight of the catkins, and the fat, woolly, sticky buds of the sarvice tree; while the number of different greens to be seen in early spring was amazing. Then there was the magnificent expanse of sky which was always visible, and the lovely sunsets. We both loved every inch of the place.

During the greater part of our life at Telegraph House, it was run by a Scotch housekeeper who deserves a word of mention. She had a passion for animals and the country, and managed to keep things going in a situation where it was very difficult to get servants.

This passion entirely outgrew her interest in the house, and she took to breeding and exhibiting Maltese terriers on her own, so that at one time we had no less than fifteen about the place. She caught a young wild rabbit on the Downs, and kept it alive and tamed it so that it used to play with the dogs in the kitchen. There was also a cock that had broken its leg in youth, and which had been brought up by hand and spent the night in a cardboard box on the kitchen table. This cock used to strut about the garden in lonely glory and follow her about like a dog. Towards the end of her time, she began to think that she owned the place, became rather unmeasured in her speech, and so inattentive to her duties that I used frequently to tell her that she was only a kennel maid and not a housekeeper. I gave her notice once a month for several years, and at last had really to part with her. One of her attractions was the amusing letters in the shape of reports of which I give a few specimens.

5 December, 1909.

"We had a slight snowstorm during Monday night, and owing to the frost the snow still holds and looks a pleasant change and not at all cold.

"The doggies are mad with delight at having Lolly* to pilot them out, and how they enjoy turning the pheasants out of covert (and so do I). They are such big birds, twice the size of the Northumberland pheasants.

"Cæsar's latest feat is dancing about on his hind legs. He looks so queer, exactly like a Teddy Bear.

"We heard the hounds yesterday. They must have passed quite close to us. It was such a noise of hound voices—probably in full cry—but we did not see any of them.

"Gedge† must have sprained his back last week, he still looks quite decrepit and can hardly hold himself upright. I think he means to see a Doctor this evening or to-morrow morning before coming up. It cannot possibly be rheumatism, I hope."

10 December, 1909.

"The roads are now perfectly passable but very muddy, and it's rained since daylight, and a thick fog.

"Gedge saw a Doctor on Thursday morning, who prescribed

* A big nondescript friendly dog. His mother was an Aberdeen, but his father. . .

† The resident engineer.

Friar's Balsam to be applied externally or internally, I'm not sure; anyway Gedge is quite better.

"I wish Cole would not set snares about the place, they are most dangerous to the doggies. I feel sure Cole never dreamt any of the doggies were as likely to run into them as the bunnies. Micha ran into one yesterday morning. Luckily I understand something of these toys, and managed to get him clear before he was much hurt. But I never handled such a strong snare, strong enough for Reynard himself, and very like a poacher's snare. It was really a very serious matter, and the dear 'little barrel' nearly broke his back.

"Next time I shall take a wire nippers with me. The maids are so nervous about them.

"It was such a windy night, and to-day every appearance of snow. I will prepare for Friday. Cæsar is very well, and was so distressed when Micha got snared. Tatters looked on.

"The cat is safe and walking over and over this letter, while the doggies wait for him jumping down, when they mean to give chase. The little barrel as keen as Cæsar and quite recovered.

"Gedge is quite himself again, and looks radiant."

20 December, 1909.

"Floods of rain again. Gedge says he had to wade in nine inches of water coming from Petersfield, and the gardeners who come from Harting say they are likewise flooded down there, and in their cottages. It is raining hard now, and a thick fog.

"The doggies are in excellent form, and occasionally growling at each other. Cæsar reserves his choicest growls for the new dog who doesn't mind in the least, and is very contented.

"The cat is to have its claws cut to-morrow. Judith found them rather sharp this morning, and howled heartily. I think she will be rather shy of attacking the cat again.

"The outside animals are in good condition.

"The postman is now quite late before he arrives here—nearly 2 o'clock."

5 January, 1910.

"Poor Tatters is dropping her lower front teeth—five of them are quite loose and two of the five are hanging out. Her gums must be rather painful. Perhaps I had better give her soft food. Poor Tatters. Cole says it is old age.

"All of them were out this morning, and in spite of the fog enjoyed themselves and made themselves so tired."

6 January, 1910.

"The V.S.* says Tatters wants bracing up a bit, and has given her a tonic, and removed a bad tooth. At this moment she is enjoying her warm milk. Cæsar and Micha were out and were so good in the car."

7 January, 1910.

"The Vet. did not think there was much the matter with Tatters beyond the loose teeth, and the tooth which gave trouble he removed. The other teeth need not be touched.

"I give the tonic as directed and Tatters hates it. Outside she is as active as any of the other doggies."

2 April, 1912.

"Cushie is very happy and racing as if she wanted to run in a coursing match. Micha was a very sorry little doggy yesterday, and could hardly walk from exhaustion; he lay down in the path. Somehow he caught an internal chill. I made some beef essence, and gave small quantities every two hours, and the usual egg. To-day the result is even more satisfactory than I expected. His inside is quite nice again, and a plate of nice under-done steak he has just an hour ago devoured with great relish—so there's no cause for anxiety now. The other doggies are fit, so is the cat. The weather is most amicable again."

6 September, 1912.

"Lady A. and Miss W. came here to-day, and wished me to say how much they enjoyed the walk round, and how grand the views are, and how clearly the Isle of Wight could be seen beyond the sea, and Portsmouth Harbour. The weather is perfect sunshine and breezes. I understand they motored by Midhurst and Chichester and back through Harting.

"The doggies are very well, and such a noise when the car came into the yard the barky creatures made. Huntsmen are beginning to exercise their horses up and down the new highway and on the downs higher up. The Monday after you left in the

*The Veterinary Surgeon of Petersfield. Tatters, Cæsar, Micha, Judith, etc., are all Maltese Terriers.

afternoon I caught a live rabbit on the Circular Road. A stoat was after it and just about ten yards ahead of us was on this poor rabbit's back. Micha and Ptolemy ran up so quickly the stoat fled without doing any injury, only the rabbit was in such a dead fright that it let me pick it up by the ears and lay so quietly across my arms. I have given it to Frances Cole to make a pet of. I have to-day made Plum Jam, Greengage Jam, and Blackberry. The maids are having a day to themselves in Chichester."

22 October, 1912.

"Three and a half inches rain recorded Saturday till Tuesday morning. Now at 7.30 p.m. the barometer is steadily going up, sky brighter, less wind and every sign of a few clear days to follow.

"Glue* is just up with the coke. Glue has no news. All the doggies are quite well, only Tempe wonders where Micha is. Ptolemy she will not play with. Harting flooded since Monday and now I think."

10 December, 1912.

"The doggies are very well and happy. Tempe now busy chewing the letter of this morning. Lolloper's eyes express gratitude for the warmth of indoors."

January, 1913.

"Tempe and the kitten so happy. The kitten chirps like a pleased canary. The weather much better."

22 January, 1913.

"Tatters and Tempe are well, and little wee Micha is so sweet and keen and growing quite observant.

"To-day about 1.30 a man, presumably from some survey office, and carrying a small square map in a case and a few coloured pencils with which he made notes, came to the door and asked me which were the private road and the public road. I said the enclosed roads in front were private; the open road at the back was public. Then he asked me the name of the house, and if Telegraph meant something official. Well, at this I hesitated and said something re His Lordship would know this, so he hastily put up his pencils and said: 'Oh, yes, I see,' and walked off to

* The local carter.

his bicycle standing by the signpost directing to the new highway where I saw him make a few notes.

"Without explaining who he was or where he came from or who sent him, it did not seem right that I should answer any of his questions.

"We had a white frost last night, and at 5 a.m. the recording needle of the barometer went over the other lines and quite high if only it keeps so."

26 January, 1913.

"The gipsy boy who is with Mrs. E. and brings up the milk was caught stealing oats last night, and two policemen who were meeting at the Hooksway on Thursday saw the boy put a sack inside A.'s garden and leave it there, so they got a sample and brought it up to E.'s, and asked if it was their oats, and old Mr. E., without thinking said it was, and of course the boy was taken to Portsmouth, and I hear Reg. E. who is away just now told the boy to give oats in exchange for so much wood. If this is so, some of the policemen will look foolish. It is most regrettable because the boy was on all occasions very honest, and I had always sent by him the book and the money for milk, butter and cream, and he brought back the change all correct—but perhaps these men may only mean to frighten him away from Hooksway. It is such a doubtful place for youths to spend their spare time in. I know you are interested in Gipsies, otherwise I would not bother by telling you this."

13 February, 1913.

"The weather has been glorious, and on Monday afternoon we were much excited at seeing a monoplane fly over the Downs by Phyllis Wood and East Marden, and direct towards Spithead, then turn West, circle Portsmouth Harbour, and the Town, then (without descending) straight by the house and go over the Sanatorium. When close to the house we could clearly see the propeller and the man in the seat. The throbbing of the engine was beautiful, and the perfect level at which the machine flew was something worth seeing. Even the puppy was outdoors, and Micha pricked his ears and barked thinking it was the car."

19 February, 1913.

"The doggies are well. Tempe and Micha romping like kittens. The puppy is very good and amuses itself with any scrap

of paper, etc. Its intelligence is most uncanny being so tiny, but too windy to be outdoors."

5 March, 1913.

"Early Monday afternoon the cat appeared from nowhere very hungry, but warm and dry. I did not feed him until Tuesday morning and now he sleeps much and stops indoors. The puppy is much interested in him and will sit beside him for quite a long time with her little paws in his fur and listening to his purring. He will sometimes put his paw towards the puppy, but he has no claws to scratch.

"Edom killed a snake 1 ft. 9 in. long on the Circular Road this morning. It was poisonous, having the black zig-zag markings all down the back, and the black plate-like marking on the head. The earth must be very warm to bring them to the surface so early in the year.

"Rain and fog all day yesterday. To-day fine and bright, and a good breeze blowing off the sea."

21 July, 1913.

"Cushie is very well, and so are all the other doggies. Yesterday was clear and fine, to-day cloudy and making for rain. A new family of 'Willie-Wagtails' are coming to the door for crumbs. The old Wagtails calmly fly into the larder and find for themselves."

23 July, 1913.

"Cushie and all the other doggies are quite well. To-day P. found and killed an adder near the hen-house door. The weather is dry but cloudy and like rain this afternoon. The builder from Haslemere is working on the outside wall of the house."

23 October, 1913.

"Biddikins very successful in winning 3rd prize in Junior Dogs (open class), also the five guinea challenge cup for best puppy. She would have won first in her class if only she would put her tail in the ring, but her first show was strange, and the people and dogs perplexed her. The admiration she received was amazing. I certainly did not expect she would look so very lovely. Crowds passed through on Wednesday, so I never moved from her pen."

5 November, 1913.

"The doggies are quite well. Jim caught a nice rabbit on Monday just before the stoat had time to capture it. At this rate the rabbits will soon be extinct and only stoats on the place. At whatever time I take the doggies for their run I hear the cries of the rabbits, and often see the stoat cross the path quite boldly.

"The weather is still a bit mixed, fair and fine on Monday, Tuesday rain all the evening, fine to-day, and many clouds too close to the Downs.

8 November, 1913.

"Gedge is back at work again, so the charging is going on, wood sawed, and water pumped as usual.

"Saturday afternoon the same P.C. who came last week was sent here again—this time with a sealed letter for you, but the letter was not left, so I conclude the same letter will be sent up next Saturday, and I understand the letter to be from the Superintendent at Midhurst and about the car licenses.

"Thursday was a most exciting day—Lord Leconfield's hounds hunted from Harting up this way and lost the hounds in full cry through the fence at Kill Devil Copse and on to North Marden. By the time the horses galloped to North Marden the hounds were at Phyllis Wood, and on again to Rogate. Some of the hounds could not be found, and one hound was on the estate as late as 4.30, and bit through the gate. I don't know if she found her way to Petworth—we have not heard—only they had great sport. Lord Leconfield was up and down by the back of the house watching which way the hounds would take, and when told North Marden, I'm certain they chased the fox as far as Phyllis Wood, so he must have missed the best part of it. On the chalky roads the horses were sliding yards.

"The doggies indoors yelled their best, and Biddikins very promptly got into position on my wrist; it conveyed to her just a show. Remus sits up very prettily for his meals. Romulus is not so far advanced, and makes unnecessary bounds and barks, and needs a lot of teaching. All the other doggies are well—so is the cat. Weather moist and gloomy."

1 April, 1914.

"The weather has turned perfect; if only it will last. Such rolling the doggies are enjoying on the grass. Tempe has grown a jet black nose, and looks beautiful.



THE COUNTESS RUSSELL

"Edom killed an ordinary snake last week—the sunshine brought him above ground.

"The hedges, etc., are beginning to shoot, and the gorse is quite a blaze of colour."

20 April, 1914.

"In the small dell there is what I am sure must be a foxes' lair, and there was, if not now, cubs there because of the remains of rabbits at the entrance, and above the hole the soil is trodden quite hard as if there had been much coming and going during the wet weather. Anyway, I mean to watch for them, but I shall not take the doggies with me—a mother fox might go for their eyes. When I saw the place yesterday midday, I had the doggies, and in the dusk I walked down to have a look at it, but everything was quiet, and again I saw nothing to-day, so they may be reared, and now roaming the Downs.

"Such a hot day, not much wind, 70 in the shade. I believe this heat wave will last some time. Doggies are very well, so is the cat and J."

20 May, 1914.

"The chicken's broken leg is quite well. He terrified Tempe by trying to go to sleep in her hair, and when she found enough courage to sniff at him he pecked her nose, and she fled indoors with her tail between her legs. Remus tries to cover him over with the tall grass, but won't go too near him."

7 June, 1914.

"To-day I walked them all round by Kill Devil Copse and had many interesting incidents on the way. At the rough boundary plantation a pheasant and about $\frac{1}{2}$ -doz. chicks met us, and just beyond a Jay was teaching a family to fly, the smallest was rather 'wobbly,' and came on the ground. I picked it up, but until I managed to settle it on a tree, it opened its beak and nearly howled all the owls from their nests. In a big beech tree near the tank there are two such pretty squirrels living, so possibly there is a nest there also. How odd the Dell Bridge Plantation looks at the corner, where the lightning has blighted it, I wonder if the trees will grow. Hundreds of big and small rabbits about especially in the main dell, I never get one for the doggies now, although I know C. shoots them for himself. The old cat is so

good to the kitten, and occasionally brings in a half-eaten small rabbit and lays it down in front of the kitten and then makes such a fuss so that I shall see what he has done.

“Just by the clothes green a partridge is sitting on 16 eggs. I hope she will not be disturbed away then we shall see how many she will hatch.

“The ferrets have a litter, how many nobody knows, they are invisible.”

CHAPTER XXIX

THREE MONTHS

WHEN I came back from America, I had still to wind up my matrimonial affairs, and I had at last succeeded in arranging matters with Mabel Edith. Cruelty she had failed to prove; desertion, of course, had been on her part and not on mine; but at last we had been able to provide her with the second offence which the law requires in the shape of a technical bigamy. For a consideration of £5,000 deposited at a bank, which she was to touch upon the day that a decree absolute of divorce was pronounced, she consented to go forward and was kept informed of what was proceeding. When I married Mollie at Reno, I cabled to England and had the announcement inserted in *The Times*. Arrangements were made to inform Mabel Edith on the day before at a restaurant where she received the news, of which she was already aware, with exclamations of horror and surprise, and in due course started her action for dissolution of marriage. We naturally offered no defence, and a decree *nisi* was obtained by her without difficulty.

I never, however, seem fortunate in getting through things as cheaply as other people do, and there was rather a nasty jar in store for me. One Monday morning in the spring of 1901, after I had been home a year, Mollie and I came up by train as usual from Petersfield to Waterloo, and on getting out of the carriage at Waterloo a man came up to me and said: "Lord Russell?" I said "Yes, what is it?" He said: "I have a warrant for your arrest." I said: "For *my* arrest? What on earth for?" He said: "For bigamy." I said: "Oh, that?" I asked him what he wanted me to do and he said I must accompany him to Bow Street to be charged. So off we went to Bow Street in a cab while Mollie rushed about hysterically looking for bail. I spent two or three hours in the waiting-room of Bow Street, and was then brought up before the magistrate when evidence of arrest was given, and I was remanded on my own bail of £1,000 and two sureties of £500. Two of my National

Liberal Club friends, Trenchard and Bassett Hopkins, kindly consented to act as sureties.

The proceedings were a considerable shock to me. First of all one is not in the habit of being arrested, and it appeared almost an impertinence. Secondly, when I contracted the marriage in Nevada, although I was well aware that it would not count in English law unless I were genuinely domiciled in Nevada, I had no idea that I was committing a criminal offence capable of prosecution in England. I had learned better since my return, but I had been home for a year and did not suppose that any proceedings would be taken.

We went to Willie Matthews as our junior and Robson as our leader, and we learned that the odious Curler, who had married us in Reno, had been got at by the Treasury, had torn himself away from poker, and had sworn the information and was over in England prepared to prove the marriage. We regretted then that we had not been married by the more kindly and decent Judge Mack who had divorced me. We regretted it still more when we heard the unspeakable Curler at the Police Court calmly accusing his brother Judge, when he was safe from contradiction, of having acted illegally in granting a divorce. Actually, the whole position was absurd and technical to the highest degree. As a general rule crime is a local matter subject to the *lex loci*, and can only be punished where it is committed, but to this there are three exceptions in English law. When duelling was prohibited in England, people used to fight duels on the sands of Boulogne, and to stop this a statute was passed making murder by a British subject wherever committed triable in England. Bigamy being rather a personal than a local matter was the subject of a similar statute. The third instance was under the Explosives Act, as anarchy and the manufacture of bombs was treated as an international crime. Obviously I was lawfully married in Nevada, and obviously I could not be tried there as I had committed no crime by the laws of Nevada. Nor indeed could I have been tried here if I had been truly domiciled in Nevada, because in that case the divorce and remarriage would have been good in England. But in that case I should not have committed bigamy, and Mabel Edith would not have succeeded in her action for divorce, and as the decree *nisi* had not yet been made absolute I was in a cleft stick and could not raise any defence on the merits. So we could only rely on our technicality that the words "or elsewhere" in the statute

of George IV under which I was indicted meant "or elsewhere in His Majesty's dominions." Nor could I have been arrested or tried in Scotland.

There was a brief hearing at Bow Street, and I was duly committed for trial on the same bail. I pointed out to Matthews that although Bodkin and all the forces of the Crown were prosecuting me they had omitted to prove at Bow Street the elementary but essential fact that my first wife was alive when I married my second. The Grand Jury at the Old Bailey duly found a true bill, and now came the misfortune of being a Peer, for the indictment being for felony the proceedings were removed by *certiorari* to the House of Lords for trial by my Peers.

The trial duly came on on the 10th July, 1901, and was of the nature of a social function in the Royal Gallery. Lord Halsbury presided as Lord Chancellor; some hundreds of the peers attended in their robes, the judges were in attendance, and the walls were lined with a galaxy of smartly dressed ladies. Robson argued on our technicality with great skill, but it was naturally brushed aside, and I then pleaded guilty and made the following speech in mitigation of sentence.

"My Lords, it is, I need hardly say to your Lordships, with the utmost reluctance and distaste that I have pleaded guilty to this indictment, but I have done so on the advice of my Counsel. And in saying that, my Lords, I do not wish it to be supposed that I reflect for one moment upon my Counsel or upon their advice; for more devoted, more painstaking, and more loyal advisers than I have had in this case, no unfortunate prisoner could wish for.

"My Lords, I find myself here pleading guilty to this indictment within one month only of my apprehension upon this charge of bigamy. I am told, and I must accept it as a fact, that I was mistaken in supposing that I had a defence to the charge. I thought, my Lords, that I had acquired a proper domicile in Nevada—a sufficient domicile. I believed, my Lords, in the goodness of that decree in Nevada, and in the righteousness of my marriage there. My Lords, I spent in Nevada something like eight months, for the purpose of obtaining that decree, and for the purpose of obtaining that residence which gives one a domicile according to American law. I should not have spent so long a time there if I had not supposed that the result of the proceedings would give me a valid opportunity of giving a social and legal sanction to a new home.

"I am told, my Lords, that I am mistaken, and I am told so now

not for the first time. When I came back from Nevada, proceedings for divorce were instituted by my wife, Mabel Edith, and I was anxious to defend those proceedings. The charge was one of bigamy and adultery, and I then took the advice of my Counsel and I said : ' I want to set up my decree of Divorce in Nevada as a defence to that charge.' I was then told, my Lords, that I could not do so—that I could not establish to the satisfaction of an English Court from the point of view of English law, such a change of domicile as could justify me in setting up that decree.

" My Lords, for that reason I did not defend those proceedings ; and from that time, my Lords, I considered that the decree which I had obtained in America, and the marriage ceremony which I had gone through in America gave merely a social sanction to the new union which I had contracted.

" But, my Lords, when I was in America and when I first came back to this country, neither then nor up till some time after my return in this country, did I suppose for one moment that I was breaking the criminal law of this country. My Lords, I would not have broken the laws of the country willingly or defiantly. Your Lordships are not to suppose that it was in any spirit of bravado or in any spirit of defiance that I endeavoured to set myself above the laws of my own country. I did not know, and I venture to say that ninety-nine laymen out of one hundred would not know, that under any circumstances a second marriage in a foreign state could be punishable as bigamy in this country. Still less, my Lords, did I think that a second marriage which was valid and which is at this day undisputed in the State of Nevada, could be the subject of prosecution for bigamy here.

" My Lords, I am advised I have made a mistake, and I have therefore pleaded guilty, and I am now, my Lords, only waiting until the dissolution according to the English law of my previous marriage has taken place, to marry again, according to the laws of this country the lady with whom I went through the ceremony of marriage in Nevada. My Lords, I shall then have satisfied the laws of my own country as well as the laws of Nevada. I shall then have contracted legally that union which I have now contracted not only illegally but I am told criminally.

" My Lords, I am not alone in being under a misapprehension as to the possibility of the criminal effect of a marriage under those circumstances. I find even so great an authority as Sir William Anson in his book states that murder is the only offence committed

outside the jurisdiction which can be punished within. My Lords, I have been in England for thirteen months, and I have now been brought to trial within one month. It is true Counsel have told you that I could not have successfully defended the domicile. There is much I could have wished to explain to your Lordships which I feel I should not be justified in explaining now when no evidence has been given, and when no opportunity is afforded of testing my statement.

“Twelve years ago this month, my Lords, when only twenty-three years of age, that series of misfortunes began, of which this trial to-day is the culmination. In July, 1889, I was engaged to the lady my unfortunate union with whom Mr. Robson has told you of. This, my Lords, is the end and finish of that unfortunate engagement, twelve years ago, when I had not the experience and had not the judgment to guide me, which I have acquired by somewhat bitter experience since.

“My Lords, I find that I had mistaken the civil law as to the validity of my divorce, and I find quite unexpectedly, and I assure your Lordships without any knowledge of it at the time, and without any conception of it, that I have made myself amenable to the criminal law of this country.

“My Lords, there is no more for me to say, I can only leave myself to the judgment of your Lordships, and ask for what indulgence your Lordships may see fit to give me.”

It was not the speech I should like to have made, but it was the speech I was advised to make, and to that extent it served its purpose, for I am told it had a good effect.

What I should like to have said would have been that as there was no other way of getting rid of this horrible woman to whom I was tied I had adopted what appeared to be the only method for cutting the Gordian knot; that Mabel Edith knew all about the proceedings from the beginning and that my conduct did not harm or injure a single human being, and moreover that it was grossly unjust to pick me out for prosecution when another nobleman who had done exactly the same thing was not prosecuted because he was a favourite at Court; and that the real reason of my prosecution was merely because I was an unbeliever and a radical. I never have known exactly how or why my prosecution was engineered, but I am rather inclined to do Halsbury the justice to think that he really was outraged by the apparent defiance of the law by a

person in my prominent position, and that if my politics and religion weighed with him, it was almost unconsciously.

After my speech their Lordships retired into the House to consider the sentence, and I give below the speech Lord Halsbury made.

“It is now my duty to suggest to your Lordships the sentence which will be appropriate to the facts; and in doing so I should explain to your Lordships that in this form of procedure, unlike what would be the case if it were a case of the Lord High Steward sitting in his own Court, this is a case in which your Lordships are entitled to intervene in the discussion and express your opinion as to the appropriateness of the sentence just as in any other question which might arise before your Lordships’ House.

“My Lords, for my own part, speaking with considerable knowledge of this unfortunate litigation which, as Earl Russell has explained, has led to this terrible catastrophe, while I think he was undoubtedly suffering under almost intolerable provocation, the circumstances of his domestic life being such as might lead him to do almost anything to get rid of the person who had poisoned the whole atmosphere in which he lived; on the other hand, of course, it is impossible for your Lordships to pass over that defiance of law which I cannot forbear from saying I think he exhibited, because speaking parenthetically, I confess I do not believe that any lawyer ever gave him the advice that he could support a second marriage under the circumstances which he himself has described. The very circumstance which enables him, as he says, to be free to contract a new marriage is the fact of the bigamous marriage without which his first marriage could not have been dissolved. I think under those circumstances, while on the one hand one would regard the offence with great leniency, considering what misery his domestic life must have been, on the other hand the question of example—the question whether or not persons would be tempted to do the same thing, with comparative immunity to themselves, unless there was some punishment, renders it impossible for me to recommend to your Lordships that the matter should be entirely passed over.

“No doubt, as Counsel said, and as the Noble Lord himself has said, punishment to be applied would differ infinitely in degree according to the circumstances of the particular case. Where there is anything in the nature of deceiving a young and innocent girl into assuming the position of a wife when in truth she is no wife, and her career is ruined, I believe that demands the most exemplary punishment. But I think there is nothing of the sort here. The

Noble Lord has said, and I believe has truly said, his domestic circumstances were published in every newspaper reporting the proceedings from Court to Court, and it cannot be contended that the person who associated herself in this bigamous marriage was not perfectly alive to the circumstances under which the marriage was celebrated.

“Under these circumstances your Lordships have, to my mind, only to consider the question of the defiance of the law. That is, I think, a serious matter not to be absolutely passed over. But there are other circumstances which it might be appropriate to consider, and I think your Lordships might fairly take into consideration the topics which the Noble Lord and his Counsel have dealt with.

“There is one circumstance of which I ought to inform your Lordships, which perhaps you may not be familiar with. Since a comparatively recent Act of Parliament, there has been a division of all persons who are sentenced, except those sentenced to penal servitude or to hard labour, and I do not think there is anybody here who would desire that the defendant should be more degraded than the verdict of Guilty would necessarily involve (Hear, hear); with regard to those persons who are outside those sentences there are three classes, in one of which the convicted person who is to be sentenced must be placed, and that must form part of his sentence. Therefore, remembering all the circumstances to which I have called your Lordships attention, my opinion is that I should recommend your Lordships to sentence the defendant to three months imprisonment as a criminal of the first division. That is the sentence I should propose.

“I hope such a sentence satisfies the conditions I have pointed out to your Lordships; but as I have already said it is a matter which your Lordships are entirely yourselves entitled to discuss and determine as you think well.

“Would any Noble Lord like to move an amendment or to make any observation?”

(After a pause.)

“The question is that that be the sentence.

“The question is then put to the house;

“That the sentence be imprisonment for three calendar months in His Majesty’s prison at Holloway as an Offender of the First Division.

“And the same having been put, was unanimously agreed to.”

The rest of their Lordships sat like sheep, made no comment, moved no amendment, and the motion was accepted. About six

months afterwards Lord Monkswell spoke to me and said he thought the sentence was much too severe, so I told him that I had to thank him for nothing as he was one of the judges who had passed it, and that the time to have said so would have been when it was under consideration. Of course, this was the misfortune of a State trial; at the Old Bailey I should have got a nominal sentence of one day's imprisonment. About £20,000 or £30,000 had been spent upon the proceedings, and a great constitutional engine had been invoked, and after that it was necessary that the sentence should bear some relation to the fuss made about it. I recognized that at the time but it did not console me.

After the trial was over, I remained in the custody of Black Rod awaiting the arrival of the Governor of Holloway, where a cell had been prepared for me. After about an hour he appeared to the no small relief of Black Rod, and I drove away with him in a hansom. When we got near the prison he begged me to leave off smoking, and we drove in under that rather fine arch. The usual reception ceremonies were gone through, and also as usual when I declared myself to be an agnostic I was put down as Church of England. I was then led to the cell which I was to occupy for the next three months.

I was a first-class misdemeanant, and I was therefore entitled to several privileges, such as wearing my own clothes, and having my own furniture, and paying rent for my lodgings. Thanks to Mollie's devotion, the furniture and a bag of clothes arrived that evening, and by the middle of next day I was comfortably settled in. I had my own writing-desk and stationery, washstand, and bed, and an armchair. It was perfect summer weather, and the walls were thick, giving a very comfortable temperature so that physically I had nothing to complain of. More than ample meals were brought in by a caterer from outside and served by magnificent attendants in the King's uniform. A debtor prisoner was assigned to me to clean my cell at wages more exiguous than any charwoman would have looked at.

Privileges were screwed out of the Home Office one at a time, so that by the end of the week I was allowed my watch but not my chain, unlimited books and stationery, a light in my cell until 10 o'clock instead of 9, visitors three times a week, and letters in proportion, and after six weeks I even got a pair of scissors with which I could clip my beard, but I was never allowed a razor. And yet I was not happy; in fact I was raging with fury and with

a thwarted and impotent sense of kicking against the pricks. That I who had all my life had a careful respect for my country's laws and maintained the tradition of law and order; that I who had done absolutely nothing wrong and merited no punishment should be clapped into confinement by a set of unimaginative dunderheads, and above all that I should be convicted of felony, stunned and embittered me past all bearing, so that I was disposed to pace my cell like a caged tiger. The whole thing appeared to me so monstrous, so incredible, such a piece of arrant stupidity, that I found it difficult to realize. Fortunately after a few weeks I calmed down and found the rest of my imprisonment restful and agreeable. I ought to record here my indebtedness to Serena, a City Alderman and member of the Visiting Committee, for the kindly assistance he gave my wife in obtaining all possible privileges. He was a fellow-member of my club and universally liked.

My daily routine varied little. About eight I was called by one of my magnificent uniformed attendants, and I had the most heavenly cold bath in the largest stone tub I have ever seen. After that my breakfast was brought to me and I read my morning paper without my after-breakfast pipe however; but after about a week I ceased to miss this. I then read or wrote, and from 12 to 1 exercised in the prison courtyard. Lunch, another hour in the open air about 3, tea, more reading and writing, dinner, and at 10 o'clock bed and the most profound and tranquil sleep. The medical officer at this time was Dr. Scott, who afterwards became Governor, when Holloway became a female prison exclusively, and who in that capacity suffered many things at the hands of suffragettes. He was amusing, friendly, and sympathetic, and very soon developed the habit of spending half an hour with me every afternoon, during which to the scandal of the warders we used to make the prison ring with shouts of laughter. The Deputy Governor was Le Mesurier, and he was also very kind but shyer and more official than Scott, and it took some time before he realized that he was running no risk in talking to me as if I was not a prisoner, but after that he also used to give me half an hour in the afternoons. These snatches of intelligent conversation did more than anything else to make confinement endurable, because after all, when all is said and done, it is an irritation to a free man to have a key turned in a door and be locked in a room. I only had one visit from the chaplain, and did not encourage any more. There was an official called the school-master, whom I only saw once on my second day when he kindly

offered to draw any petitions to the Home Secretary for me and to correct errors in spelling.

I read a certain number of novels, but I also got through the whole of Shakespeare twice. I knew my Bible fairly well, but I seized the opportunity for improving my knowledge and read the whole of it through from the beginning to end, including Leviticus and Deuteronomy, which are sociologically quite interesting. I wrote a good many letters, far more than my permitted number, but after a time I settled down to writing some religious essays which I published afterwards under the title of "Lay Sermons." I did not see why John Bunyan should be the only man who wrote books in prison.

The first-class misdemeanants were exercised by themselves, and were not required to tramp round the prison yard, but were allowed to walk or sit about or talk or occupy themselves in any way they liked. My colleagues were six in number: a mixed crowd: two Dunlops and a Welsbach, by which I mean people who had been committed for contempt by the Court of Chancery for the breach of an injunction not to infringe patents. They were uninteresting; then there was another Chancery prisoner who had been committed because he would not sign a deed, an old and obstinate man; curiously enough my friend Bassett Hopkins was acting for him, and got him out after a short time. Then there was an unspeakable ruffian of a quack doctor who was held on a coroner's warrant as a witness; the coroner subsequently committed him for manslaughter, but of course he got off. The last prisoner was a poor half-witted, unkempt youth almost in rags who had been convicted a second time for stealing coal, whom the magistrates had sent to prison in the first division because they did not want to punish him and did not know what else to do.

He was the hero of an amusing incident; one day, when we were at exercise the Deputy Governor came along and I called his attention to the fact that this wretched boy was only wearing a pair of split boots without any socks. Le Mesurier was shocked, and spoke kindly to him and told him that the prison had a store from which a pair of socks could be supplied to him. The boy's superb answer was: "I don't wear socks." The Tenth don't dance!

Mollie used to come regularly three times a week and brought me books and letters and all the news, and towards the end I was allowed to see her without the intervening screen. She was most

devoted and a great comfort, and on my thirty-sixth birthday she gave me a lovely dressing-case of green leather which I still use. Many other friends came to see me including my Aunt Maude who told me with the sternness of the Stanleys that she thought I deserved what I had got. During the last half of my term I really had a fairly happy time what with my visitors, my letters, my writing and the faithful Scott and Le Mesurier coming to take tea with me, and I more or less ran the prison as St. Paul did his after they had got used to him. At last the time came for my release and on the 17th of October, 1901, my possessions were restored to me, I was shaved by the prison barber, passed through the handsome gate which I had not seen since I came in and drove off to Raymond Buildings a free man. A day or two later I was entertained at a complimentary dinner by the members of the Pharos Club, and the next day I hastened off to see my beloved Telegraph House again although I had practically lost all the summer there. My own club had behaved very handsomely; the Committee had taken the sensible view that the prosecution and the conviction were both farcical, and had resolved unanimously that although a convicted felon there was no reason why I should lose my membership. I cannot say as much for everybody; I had money on an Irish mortgage lent to me by Commander Digby, and he thought fit to choose the opportunity when I was down and out and could not attend to business to call in his money.

I resumed my activities, including my work on the L.C.C., with not much more interruption than if I had been away on a three months' journey, but the conviction for felony still rankled, and I was very glad when ten years later I received a free pardon under the Great Seal. I went to talk to Mr. Asquith about it in 1911, and found him very kind and sympathetic. When he asked me point blank: "Why do you say you should have a pardon?" I said: "Well, the official reason is that I have been a good citizen, for ten years since the offence, and that my conduct is free from any reproach; but if you ask me for the real reason I should say because the conviction was a piece of hypocritical tosh." Whether he took that view or not, I don't know; but he got me the pardon, for which he has my undying gratitude.

While I was in prison Mabel Edith had obtained her Decree Absolute—and the £5,000—but I understand that by that time the whole of it had been pledged to moneylenders of one sort and another so that she only touched about £100. I was rid of her at

last, and from beginning to end she had cost me £30,000. It would have been much cheaper to pay her the £1,000 a year for which she asked in the beginning, if she had not made this course impossible.

It is an interesting thing that all the counsel who were opposed to me in my matrimonial cases have always become my firm friends afterwards with the single exception of Sir Edward Clarke whose conduct in the first trial was such that I should not have welcomed his friendship. Even George Lewis I used to see frequently at the Incorporated Law Society on quite friendly terms.

Two or three years later Mabel Edith died of consumption, the normal end to a life of that kind.

CHAPTER XXX

MOTORS AND MOTORING

IT may be readily imagined that with my mechanical tastes the advent of the motor appealed very strongly to me. Indeed it satisfied two tastes in one, as not only was it an ingenious and interesting piece of mechanism which one could control oneself, but also it served the purpose of touring the country which always had been a passion with me. In my schooldays I had walked from Winchester to Pembroke Lodge at the beginning of one holidays. I had started bicycling in 1880 and had covered many thousands of miles of country that way. I had explored the river Thames from the Nore Light to Lechlade in one form of vessel or another, and I had traversed the high seas in my brave little yacht. After 1890 when I learned to drive a horse again, I had done a great deal of touring with a pair of horses and a light four-wheel Scotch dog-cart, but one hundred miles a week was pretty good travelling for this mode of conveyance. All this of course quite apart from many journeyings by rail and steamer to Naples, Sicily, Malta, Switzerland, and America. No wonder then that I fell greedily upon the prospect which motoring held out.

My first purchase was a little $2\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Benz, a queer contraption with two seats back to back mounted on four bicycle wheels, a single cylinder engine which you started by pulling round the fly wheel, an apology for a carburettor, practically no compression, belt transmission, and unreliable brakes. No motorist who has graduated on a Benz has any reason to be afraid of tackling any other kind of car. Sometimes the engine started, sometimes it did not: sometimes it would continue to run fairly well, at other times the miserable horse-power or so which was available for use dwindled away to nothing. Luckily at Maidenhead where I then was most of the country was fairly flat. When you came to a hill you used the crypto gear, and if the hill was not more than one in twenty perhaps the car went up it. If it was more you ran alongside and pushed the car, and ultimately one of two things happened;

either the engine stopped or the belt broke. What a lot I learned about mending belts on the infernal little beast! If the roads were two inches deep in mud or if you had a strong wind against you you could hardly hold the high gear even on the level. None the less I used it fairly regularly to travel from Amberley Cottage to Hanwell Asylum, of which I was at that time Chairman, and was pleased if it could be got to travel at 12 miles an hour, which was then the legal limit. The thing had solid tyres of course, so that at any rate one was free from puncture trouble.

In 1900 I brought back with me from America an 8 h.p. Haynes-Apperson made at Kokomo, Illinois. This was an enormous improvement, it was larger, it had pneumatics, it had two cylinders and it could go about 20 miles an hour. Its principal disadvantage was the method of engaging the gears; the sliding fingers had tiny friction bands; these were perpetually going wrong. I did a great many miles on it, however, and was very proud of it. It accomplished one feat that I never knew another motor-car capable of—the rotten American castings let water into my cylinder, and it ran home fairly well with a leak into the cylinder so large that as soon as it became stationary the whole of the cooling water drained off. This is really true, although it sounds rather like the story of the Ford car from the factory which was being tried and came to a standstill after ten miles when it was discovered that it had been sent out with an empty petrol tank, and the representative of the Company blandly explained that it had run that distance on its reputation.

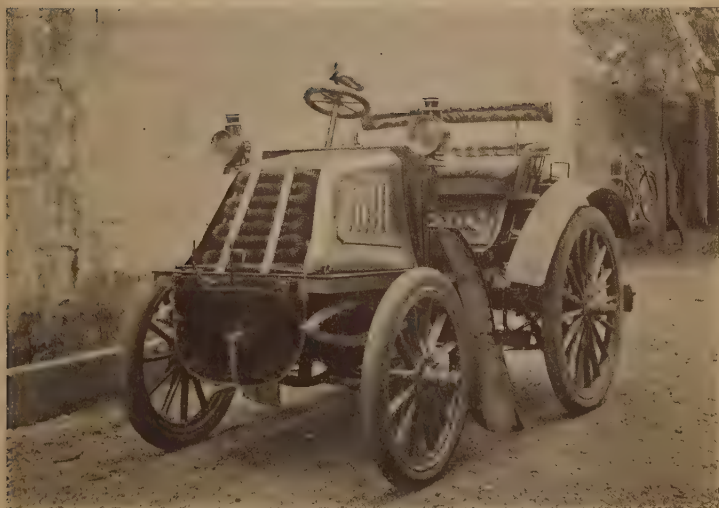
My next purchase was a car I bought from S. F. Edge, which had an international reputation having run second in some continental race. It was so perfectly hideous that I think it is worth reproducing as an example of the best that could be done in 1902.

When I first drove this car I was terrified by its appalling speed and feeling of power. Even at second speed one felt as if it was running away with one, so ferociously fast did it appear in those days. I had called my first car Pegasus, because its controls were rather like the wooden pegs by which that flying steed was controlled, but this one I named Atalanta, fleet of foot. It had one appalling and incredible fitment, a large shoe brake operating directly upon the outside of the pneumatic tyre. It stopped the car, but generally destroyed the tyre. However, on this machine I also did many thousands of miles.

By this time, Edge, who was very progressive, and a magnificent salesman, had got into touch with Napier who made his coin weighing-



THE STEAM YACHT ROYAL



MY SECOND MOTOR-CAR, 1901

machines in a small factory near Waterloo Station, and was, therefore, used to accurate work, and between them they evolved the Napier car. I placed an order at enormous expense for a 12 h.p. which was at last delivered to me, but I never got any satisfaction out of it, and never found it anything but a dud car. Its particular and quite inexplicable trick was to boil away all the water in the radiator. Napier professed to cure it but never could, and on one occasion when it was returned to me as all right I challenged Edge for an even fiver to drive it from London to Oxford without putting water in the radiator. He took me on, and two miles before reaching Oxford the car came to rest with not a drop of water left, and I won my bet. I never got over my early distrust and dislike for Napier cars although I knew Mr. Napier himself for a first-class engineer, and I believe that the present Napier car is undoubtedly in the very front rank.

Of course during all this period the world of motoring was developing a literature and politics, and although not actually a founder member I was one of the earliest members of the R.A.C., acquiring life membership for £20 when it still had rooms in Whitehall Court, and called itself the A.C.G.B.I. I served on all its committees and was a steward at the Irish Gordon-Bennett race, and also served for about three years on the Races Committee in the Isle of Man. When the Club expanded and moved to Piccadilly I was very active for many years, and re-drafted their Rules for them, producing those under which they now operate. There was one specially curious little Committee which met every Tuesday night after dinner called the Publications Committee. Ochs was our Chairman, and Mervyn O'Gorman and Crawley were the two other members. We sat in secret and had great power for we were the editors of the *Journal*, the club's official organ, and we decided at what length Committee reports should be published, and what the editorial matter should be. We never allowed the horrible word "Chauffeur" to appear in our sacred pages. We were attended by our secretary with the proofs, all of which were gone through carefully, and we frequently sat until nearly midnight. We were also responsible for the publication of the Year Book.

At one time Edgar Jepson was the editor of the *Journal*, and there was a fierce controversy with two sons of the famous Dr. Kenealy, who ran the journal called *Motoring Illustrated*. It was said that something or other irregular had been done at the race meeting at Blackpool, and I remember Jepson's crushing comment

on an article in *Motoring Illustrated*, "The only word of truth in our contemporary's article is the word 'Blackpool.'"

The Automobile Club was developing and transforming daily during this period of expansion and growth. It had started rather as a society of encouragement with a Club Secretary, Julian Orde; a Technical Secretary, Mr. Joy, and a Legal Secretary, Rees Jeffreys. Of course this arrangement was quite impracticable and was ultimately terminated by Orde becoming supreme. Few of the present members of the Club realize how much it owed to his tactful and autocratic rule.

Rees Jeffreys was a man of unlimited energy, and when the Club left him nothing to do he formed the Motor Union, an association of all the provincial clubs together with a class of individual members unattached to any club. Here also I was very active and was Chairman of their Touring Committee and appointed their hotels as I had done at the R.A.C. In order to bring all competitions under one control and for the sake of receiving the *Journal* they were affiliated to the R.A.C. and this association continued until the organization became so powerful that they desired more privileges than the Club was willing to grant them. The final split occurred on the subject of the Triptyque, a privilege which the R.A.C. refused to extend to the Motor Union members. I thought Arthur Stanley behaved rather badly over this and that the Motor Union were not fairly treated, so I sided with them and did not thereafter serve upon the Club Committee.

In later days yet a third body came into existence, the A.A., of which the two leading spirits were Colonel Bosworth the chairman and Charles Jarrott. Their primary object at the time of their formation was to counter police traps by keeping scouts upon the road and giving warnings. I was connected with this body also from its early days and we had a great prosecution at Guildford Assizes. The Surrey police under the guidance of Captain Sant their Chief Constable who was rather a monomaniac on motor questions had always given more trouble than any other county, and issued hundreds of summonses every month as a result of police traps on perfectly open and perfectly safe stretches of road. A lonely motorist had been trapped on the Cobham Fairmile and an A.A. scout had dared to give evidence in his defence at the Police Court. This was more than the affronted majesty of Captain Sant could stand, and so the police initiated a prosecution for perjury against the scout. After satisfying ourselves that the scout had told the truth, the Committee of the A.A. decided to defend him with all

their resources, acting on my strong advice to that effect. We employed Gill as leader for the defence and he was tried before Mr. Justice Grantham. The Judge summed up for conviction but the jury acquitted without leaving the box. This case and the publicity it attained was the making of the A.A. At the beginning of that year the membership was 300, at the end it was 3,000.

It was also their undoing, for they never went back on this success and the membership grew by leaps and bounds. As they waxed fat and rich they became cautious and respectable and refused any longer to fight the police. I had urged that a plan of campaign should be adopted and that Surrey should be placarded with posters bringing home to the public the iniquitous nature of the persecution from which motorists suffered. There should for instance be a picture of a man bashing his wife to a jelly with a poker and being fined 40s., with a companion picture of a motorist on a deserted road with three policemen hiding behind the hedge being fined £15 for exceeding the speed limit of 20 miles an hour. However, they were becoming respectable and would not fight, and as they seemed to me to have no other *raison d'être* I resigned my membership.

The Motor Union has now been swallowed by the A.A. and for many years I have not had the time to do work for any of the organizations, nor indeed has it been as necessary as it was in the early days. All I should say now is strongly to endorse the advice which Owen John is continually giving in the *Autocar* that motorists should insist on having one organization and one only to cover the whole field. Unlimited harm is done by these sectional divisions and I pointed out at the time of the last crushing increase in taxation that if motorists had presented the united and determined front which is presented by the liquor interest they would never have been dealt with so contemptuously by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The present generation of motorists have almost forgotten what an object of hatred we were in the early days. I remember once when I was tinkering at my Benz on a quiet road near Maidenhead a horseman rode by with his daughter and uttered what appeared to him to be a quite natural and reasonable sentiment. "I wish all these infernal machines would blow up and kill their owners." I turned round to him and said: "Really, Sir, what would you think of me if I were to express the wish that your horses might bolt and kill your daughter? And yet of the two it is the more likely to happen." On another occasion I was going down the road from Hindhead to the "Pride of the Valley" and an old man leaning

over his garden wall shouted something at me as I passed. I at once pulled up and backed up to him and asked : " What was it you said, Sir ? " He was much confused but at last mumbled out that he said I was going too fast as I was coming to a corner. I replied : " Well, you see as I was easily able to stop long before I reached the corner I obviously was not going too fast." To which of course he had no answer. Most of these things improved themselves by effluxion of time and the growing use of the motor. Even the Surrey magistrates themselves now drive to the Police Courts in cars in which they have exceeded the legal limit, and are not as unintelligent as they were. There are, however, motorists on the road, and I think now more than ever, who ought permanently to be deprived of the right to drive, who bring us into disrepute and almost justify police persecution. Ever since 1903 I have continually urged that an artificial speed limit leads to the wrong people being prosecuted and that there ought to be many more convictions for driving to the public danger. I am glad to see that the Ministry of Transport is converted to this view but I doubt whether Parliament is. If this view does prevail driving would be not more dangerous but safer than it is to-day because the right man will be convicted and severely dealt with.

I had other cars more nearly approaching the modern type later, including a 30 h.p. chain-driven Daimler. I also for many years drove White Steam cars. I now, of course, only drive Humber cars and no one could wish for anything better, but in these modern days nearly all the leading makes of cars are good and reliable and it is the rarest thing to see anyone held up on the road with any serious trouble. In the early days driving a car really had the element of sport and there was great uncertainty about arriving at your destination : now I can guarantee myself to keep better time than a South Western Railway train.

I cannot of course in a mere chapter deal adequately with over twenty years of experience during which I have taken an active part in the development of motoring and driven over 150,000 miles with my own hand all over this country. I have seen Jarrott laid out for dead in the Gordon-Bennett race. I have seen him become Jarrott and Letts. I have seen Napier and Rolls-Royce start. I have seen the unquestioned supremacy of the French car overcome by the home-made article. I have seen innumerable Olympia Exhibitions, and I retain, as I think we all do, warm feelings for those early pioneers who all tried to pull together and fight down prejudice in the days when every man's hand was against us. Charles Rolls who

was responsible for the Rolls-Royce is gone with many another old friend, but those of us who survive are still ready to fight our old battles over again whenever we meet.

There was one body rather distinct from the ordinary motor organization with which I was connected from its earliest days, I mean the Motor Volunteers. It was started and brought into being by Mark Mayhew who was a member of the L.C.C., a flour miller at Battersea, and a Yeomanry Major. He was also a pioneer motorist and one of the first to possess a 16 h.p. Napier when they were the last word in cars. The idea was that we should demonstrate to the army, by lending ourselves and our cars, what an invaluable auxiliary the motor was to military operations. We gave our cars, our petrol, our tyres and our services and in return had our panels hacked to pieces by the spurs of staff officers or scratched by their swords. Our first performance of any importance was when we attended the great Marlborough manœuvres in 1903 under Lord Roberts. There were several camps of our volunteers, some attached to the Red Army, some to the Blue Army, and some to the Headquarters and the Umpire Staff. I was comfortably billeted at the "Ailesbury Arms," Marlborough, where Colonel Mayhew was in charge.

We were, of course, in military uniform, although it was the first experience that some of us had had of actual military duty. As a result of this one or two curious incidents occurred. On the Sunday before the manœuvres actually began, I was dispatched with sixty gallons of petrol to a camp about thirty miles away with a note from Colonel Mayhew to the officer in command, Major Bennet Stanford, and I was also instructed to inquire *viva voce* whether they were comfortable and had everything they wanted. I carried out my mission, but found only a Captain in charge, and was instructed to await the arrival of the O.C. After about an hour, a burly figure rode into the camp on a sort of cart-horse with a switch cut from the hedge in his hand and dismounted. "Here is the Major," said my captain, and proceeded to make his report. Bennet Stanford started spelling through Mayhew's letter and stumbled over my name, saying: "Carl Russell?" "Earl Russell, sir," said his captain. "Oh!" roared out Bennet Stanford turning to me, "are you the damned silly fool that's always introducing Bills into the House of Lords?" With a full sense of military discipline I drew myself to attention, saluted and said: "Yes, sir." It then occurred to Bennet Stanford that perhaps that was not the way to address a subordinate, and to make up for it he offered to take me to have tea with the

General. I respectfully pointed out that in a private's uniform and under conditions of active service this would be rather embarrassing, but I had great difficulty in dissuading him.

On Wednesday morning after operations had been in progress for some time, when one of our motor despatch riders was cleaning his bicycle in the hotel yard, he found himself surrounded by members of the opposite army who said : " You are under arrest, you are our prisoner." To which he replied : " What, before breakfast ? Nonsense ! " and calmly walked into the hotel. The operations concluded after a week with a magnificent march past at Hungerford, where Field Marshal Lord Roberts took the salute, and as we drove officers of high rank, we were privileged to witness it.

After this I did a great deal of duty generally attending staff rides or operations on a small scale, or sometimes instructing the young idea at Sandhurst. On these occasions I was very much struck by the careful training and the amount of hard work which nowadays goes to the making of an officer. After two or three years General French introduced motors into the army proper and we were turned into officers in order to distinguish us from army drivers and make it less embarrassing for us to attend officers' messes. A little later there was another change and we were transformed into a definite branch of the army under the name of the Army Motor Reserve. It thus happened that I twice had the honour of receiving His Majesty's commission as an officer whilst still technically a convicted felon, surely rather a rare experience.

Our next manœuvres of importance were the Essex manœuvres in 1904, where we were housed under canvas in a portion of Colechester Barracks. Day after day I had to be on duty at 5 a.m. with my car after getting up in a cold and dripping tent by the light of one candle. As practically the whole country except the roads was out of bounds on account of the crops, these manœuvres were of no importance except so far as the imaginary hostile landing at Frinton was concerned. By this time motors had become a regular part of the equipment of an army, and our services gradually ceased to be of importance, and we were finally disbanded a year or two before the Great War. Colonel Mayhew, however, deserves all credit for his energy in getting the force together and demonstrating the value of the motor to the army some years earlier than they would have found it out for themselves. Nor is anyone who was ever connected with the Corps likely to forget the invariable tact and kindness of our adjutant, Major Skeffington-Smyth.

CHAPTER XXXI

I PRACTISE THE LAW

I HAD had a good deal of experience of litigation : I had seen a good deal of law and lawyers and I had attended a good many trials in Court and watched them with interest. I had always had a great liking for the law, and having been very much impoverished with the enormous expenses of my matrimonial litigation I thought I might consider the Bar as a means of earning a livelihood. So in 1899 I was admitted as a student of Gray's Inn and proceeded to eat my dinners and read for the Bar. The first examination is Roman Law, and I had been told that this was a mere farce and very little knowledge was required, so I confined myself to getting it up from Killick's Handbook, as the subject did not interest me in itself. I was ignominiously ploughed so I proceeded to take it more seriously but was ploughed again. By this time my back was up, so I studied Roman Law thoroughly and successfully and passed second class. Like any other subject, once you began really to study it it became interesting, but it was a curious sensation to sit for examination and write examination papers at the age of thirty-six. I was then advised to take Ernest Cockle as a tutor. He was a member of my Inn not long called who had passed his examinations with extraordinary brilliance and whose knowledge of the law was wonderful. He was also a very good tutor because he did not confine himself to merely rubbing in facts and cases, but he always enabled one to appreciate the *ratio decidendi* and see the foundations upon which the superstructure was reared. I therefore much enjoyed my coaching with him and I continue permanently indebted to him for my apprehension of the principles of English Law.

He himself was not fortunate : he had not got the forensic manner : was no good with a jury and did not care about facts : and as a junior cannot expect to be exclusively employed in the Court of Appeal arguing points of law, his practice was exiguous. After many years his industry and his learning were rewarded, and he was doing

work for the Attorney-General, when with that ill-luck which always pursued him he died.

Mollie always had a grudge against the poor man because he inadvertently sat on a favourite and tame bird when he was teaching me and never observed it until the end of the lesson when on rising the corpse was disclosed. He also was not tactful and once when he was driving with Mollie he said: "There's dear old Bow Street." As my arrest and detention in Bow Street had caused her extreme anguish she hotly resented the remark. Our studies were interrupted by my visit to America and by my imprisonment, but resumed again afterwards. The Benchers of Gray's Inn, like most lawyers, regarded my conviction for bigamy with the contempt which it deserved and made no bones about retaining a convicted felon on the books of the Inn. Thanks to Cockle's assistance I contrived to pass the rest of my examinations without discredit and found the whole thing very interesting. I was finally called on the 17th May, 1905.

After being called, I read for some time in the Chambers of my old friend, Graham, who was a junior with a large practice in patent cases. He was very kind to me although severe when I had not drawn the papers he gave me properly and he also allowed me to come into Court with him and watch the actual conduct of a case. He had in the same chambers Hedderwick who afterwards became a stipendiary. Graham also occasionally allowed me to attend consultations with his lay clients, from which an intelligent person may derive many useful hints. I profited by my experience in his chambers, but when afterwards he took silk I had of course to leave.

I then set up in chambers with Cockle at 2 New Court and waited for briefs. Here I had as tenant another member of my Inn, Graham Mould, whose industry and common sense have been rewarded by a growing practice. I was fortunate in obtaining a good many briefs owing to my motoring connexions and spent a good deal of my time running about to local Police Courts defending motorists. I remained in active practice for about five years and during that time I appeared in almost every possible court except the Palatine Court and the Stannaries. I was once offered a brief for a judgment in the House of Lords, but had to decline it as it was against the suffragettes. Stroud of the Judicial Dictionary was also my tenant for a year or two before his death.

We had great fun in our chambers and Cockle, Mould and I used generally to meet at least once a day and discuss real or hypothetical cases. Mould had a beautiful one which I believe he

invented. A contractor is building a house and sub-contracts for the plumbing. The master plumber sends a foreman and two workmen. One of these workmen is new to the job and seeing the foreman carefully lay aside a bottle asks: "What is that?" The foreman replies jocularly: "Beer, of course." The bottle did in fact contain spirits of salts. When the foreman is not looking the workman surreptitiously takes a drink out of the bottle under the impression that it is beer and is very seriously ill in consequence. Is anybody liable to him in damages, and if so, who and on what grounds?

One of my early cases was *Rumsey v. May* on which the whole intellect of the chambers was bent. My client was a man who had come into a little money and whose brain had become woolly through excessive drinking. The defendant was a retired bookmaker who specialized in the feeble-minded. He sold Rumsey a plot of land for £100 which Rumsey paid but got no conveyance and Rumsey then proceeded to build himself a house on this plot of land at his own expense. About two years afterwards May claimed possession of the land and the house on it, and we had a fight in the County Court in which we set up an equitable conveyance but failed. We then went for May for false pretences in an action in Chancery in which as can be readily seen we had every difficulty including that of *res judicata*.

Our pleadings were most ingenious, too much so for Mr. Justice Kekewich before whom the case came on. I was led by P. O. Lawrence now a Judge but after opening he had to desert me for the Court of Appeal. Rumsey was a hopeless witness and the judge was so much against me that he refused to take a note of what my witnesses said and they poured through the box in an unnoticed stream. The leader on the other side taking his cue from the Judge did not cross-examine, and when I said: "That is my case, my Lord," Kekewich threw himself back in his seat, took up the pleadings and proceeded to argue them with me with a view to my pulverization. I countered him successfully on every one of my three points and finally he said: "I begin to think the evidence of your witnesses was material, Lord Russell." I replied: "I hoped that I might lead your Lordship to that conclusion when I had the opportunity of arguing it." "Well," he said rather irritably, turning to the leader on the other side, "put your client into the box." May was briefly examined in chief and I got at him at seven minutes to four. In that seven minutes before the Court adjourned I destroyed him, for next morning at 10.30 when my leader was back and I was preparing to

resume my cross-examination, Kekewich said, turning to the other side: "I may as well tell you at once that I do not believe a word your client says and you had better consult with Mr. Lawrence and see if you can arrive at some satisfactory settlement." We did settle, by taking all that May had, and I regard this as the greatest triumph of my career because a mere intruder into Chancery and a junior I had single-handed routed both the judge and the leader on the other side in a very difficult case.

Success often falls to accident as well as to merit, as the following case will show. A wealthy motorist had been caught exceeding the speed limit by the electric timing-apparatus employed in East Sussex. My client could not be there and I had been instructed that there was no defence but I was to get him off as cheaply as possible. By accident I was five minutes late at the Police Court and so my case was taken second instead of first. In the first case the solicitor for the police elaborately explained the working of the apparatus: in the second case he omitted to do so. I spotted this omission and in order not to rouse suspicion I directed a minute cross-examination to unimportant details. When the prosecution closed their case I submitted to the Bench that I was prepared to accept all their evidence and that it proved nothing against my client as they had omitted to prove that the watch started when the button was pressed, and, therefore, the fact that the watch showed so many seconds, however interesting in the abstract, had nothing to do with the speed at which my client was travelling. Consternation and fury on the part of the solicitor and dismissal of the case.

It was the fashion in the newspapers to laugh and sneer at Plowden, but I always considered him one of the very best of our stipendiaries: he was just, acute, and humane, and there was nothing laboured about his jokes, it was just that he could not help them bubbling out of him. I only appeared before him once, but the case was rather diverting. My client had been trapped in the 10 miles limit in Regent's Park and had then been found to be without a licence. Failing to produce a licence is a comparatively venial offence, but on making inquiries from the County Council the authorities discovered that his licence had expired a month before so they charged him with the more serious offence of driving without having a licence in force. However, by the time the case came on they had forgotten this: the Park constable said: "I asked the defendant to produce his licence and he said he had left it at home in his other coat." I saw my chance and took it and when Plowden turned to me

I said "No questions." "Oh, no questions," said Plowden with a twinkle in his eye, quite cute enough to know that I must have something up my sleeve. The second Park constable was called and said ditto—"No questions" said I—"Oh, no questions," said Plowden. Then he turned to the solicitor and said: "I suppose that is your case?" and on the solicitor assenting he turned to me and said: "Now, Lord Russell." I said: "Well, Sir, my case is a very simple one. If you will be so good as to look at the summons you will see that my client is charged with driving without having a licence in force. No evidence whatever has been given of that and so far as the evidence for the prosecution goes, and I entirely accept it, it rather suggests that my client had a licence in force but had left it at home in his other coat, and therefore the case must fail." The solicitor stormed and raged and tried to get leave to amend the summons but in vain, and it was duly dismissed. "Costs I suppose?" I said with a twinkle—"I think not," replied Plowden with an answering twinkle.

I have already mentioned the case of the scout prosecuted for perjury at Guildford, but in this case Gill did all the work in Court and my part was confined to advice beforehand. I went up to Yorkshire once to defend a client for driving to the common danger at a cross-road, because he was afraid of having his licence suspended. His explanation to me was: "I slowed down to 40 miles an hour!" So I told him I should not call him, and succeeded in getting him off with a £10 fine. On another occasion I managed to get off a harum-scarum young man at Kingston with a similar fine, although he ought certainly to have had his licence suspended for a year. My general experience of motoring cases at this time was that magistrates imposed absurdly severe penalties for technical breaches of the speed limit coupled with absurdly inadequate penalties for really dangerous driving.

I had two experiences of appeals to the Divisional Court from decisions of justices. With Lord Alverstone presiding these appeals never had any chance as indeed they never had any merit outside technicalities. On one occasion the magistrates had admitted evidence of an endorsement on the licence, and I claimed that the conviction should be quashed as evidence of a previous conviction had been improperly admitted. In the course of the argument, which I pressed for all it was worth, Mr. Justice Darling said: "Well, but Lord Russell, do you say that if the local drunkard is brought up at the Police Court and the policeman in the course of his evidence says:

‘ This man whom your Worships have often seen before,’ that that should be a ground for quashing a conviction ? ” To which I replied : “ Well, my Lord, I can only say that I have searched the authorities with care and I have not discovered that the rules of evidence vary with the gravity of the crime.”

I had one leading case, *Harris v. Fiat Motors*, in which I still think the decision was wrong, but I could not get my client to go to the House of Lords. The defendants sent one of their servants with a car to return it to the customer. He improperly took a passenger on the car, and still more improperly allowed the passenger to drive. This passenger when driving on the Great North Road ran into and smashed up a man called Harris and his van and the Company was sued. I set up the defence that the man was not their servant, but the County Court Judge decided against me on the mistaken authority of *Limpus v. The London General Omnibus Company*. The Divisional Court unanimously reversed this decision and entered judgment for the defendants. In the Court of Appeal I was led by Lush who is now also on the Bench, and we both argued strongly that this was an impossible extension of the maxim *Respondeat superior*. We went down on some ridiculous analogy of a ship and a case of necessity, but I have always regretted that the case was not taken further. The only thing that shakes my confidence is that Lord Justice Buckley, as he then was, was one of the three judges who were against me.

I remember long before I was called an amusing case before Buckley, who was then a Chancery Judge, in which a Cambridge landowner tried to get an injunction against three Cambridge undergraduates for walking along the highway and trespassing on his land in pursuit of moths. Buckley began his judgment : “ The Plaintiff has a passion for pheasants, the Defendants have a passion for moths,” refused the injunction, gave the Plaintiff the shilling which had been paid into Court, and ordered him to pay the costs. Apart from the amusing character of the case, what made it interesting was that Buckmaster, who has since been Lord Chancellor, appeared for the Defendants, and that one of the Defendants was Rupert Brooke.

One of the most important matters I appeared in was the inquiry into the conduct of the Metropolitan Police before the Police Commission. Sir David Brynmor Jones presided and Sir Willoughby Dickinson and Rufus Isaacs were among the members. The police were represented by Ralph Bankes, K.C., now a judge, and Mr. Muir, now senior Treasury Counsel. I was instructed by a curious body

called the Police and Public Vigilance Society, run by a fanatic named Timewell. He was prepared always to believe anything he was told against the police and to resent with some indignation the demand for proof which a lawyer always makes. However, we selected about twelve of the likeliest cases, and in spite of the extreme poverty on our side and the whole force of the Treasury and the police against us on the other we succeeded in getting home in seven of them, largely on my cross-examination of the police. The proceedings were quite interesting and occasionally even dramatic and were fully reported in a Blue Book at the time. I very much regretted that I was not allowed to sum up in a speech, as I should like to have pointed out that it was chiefly the military system at Scotland Yard and the militarization of the Force in consequence that led to these occasional regrettable incidents with the public. Of course, no one would be so foolish as to attack the Metropolitan Police as a whole, for we could not exist a day in London without them and they are a comfort and a protection to every respectable citizen. All the more is it to be desired that occasional instances of misconduct should be so dealt with as to make their recurrence improbable.

In connexion with this Commission I made my first personal acquaintance with Rufus Isaacs. Most of my witnesses had done time, and the usual question was put to one of them: "Have you ever been previously convicted?" I had ascertained from my witness that eight years before he had had a conviction, and I told him that he must answer "Yes" if he were asked. He did answer "Yes," but in a very low voice and to my surprise the matter was not pursued. When I got the shorthand notes next day, I saw that his answer had been put down "No," so I was in some difficulty. Ultimately I went to see Rufus Isaacs and told him that I could not of course be a party to deceiving the Commission, although my man did in fact answer truthfully, but I also pointed out that he was now in honest employment which he would inevitably lose if his answer were published, and asked him whether he thought it would be sufficient if he informed the members of the Commission privately and that the shorthand note need not be corrected in this respect. He was extremely nice about it and agreed to this course, and so I succeeded in neither injuring my witness nor deceiving the Commission.

I had a case before Horace Smith at Westminster which was typical of discreditable police methods. My man had been convicted and was therefore fair game and the policeman met him in the street and started stepping on his heels, which is a practice they've got.

The man put out his hand to save himself from stumbling or to remonstrate and the policeman knocked him flat in the gutter and then took him to the police station and charged him with assaulting the police. I had no doubt that my man's story was true, I had six witnesses to his version of it as against a policeman's unsupported evidence. I pointed out to the magistrate in a very strong speech that unless he was prepared to disbelieve the whole of my six witnesses he could not convict, and that to put it at its very lowest there was so much doubt in the case that the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of it. He listened silently in complete indifference and at the end merely opened his mouth to say "Three months." I was so indignant that I gave notice of appeal, but as my man was ordered to find two sureties in £50, which, of course, he could not do, he had to suffer this unjust conviction and unjust sentence, merely because he was poor.

I had one case of considerable interest in which I sat as sole arbitrator in a dispute about an engineering contract. The proceedings were conducted by Counsel on both sides and lasted 12 days and the testimony was very conflicting. When I had ultimately to make up my mind I discovered how very difficult and painful it is to come to a conclusion on a question of fact, and to have to decide that a witness is lying. I had no real doubt about my decision, but none the less one suffers from an uneasy feeling that one may have done an injustice.

I joined the Old Bailey mess, but my only experience there was in connexion with one of Timewell's cases when we prosecuted a policeman for perjury but failed to get a conviction. After this, the Treasury prosecuted our man for perjury and got him convicted, but my belief still is that our man was speaking the truth. However, the evidence was so contradictory that I do not think it justified a conviction on either side.

I also became a member of the South Eastern Circuit and joined the Quarter Sessions of Cambridge, Wisbech and Ely. I found my work most interesting and thoroughly enjoyed both discussions as to points of law and conflicts as to facts. I can also endorse everything that is said of the camaraderie and good fellowship of the Bar. I received nothing but kindness and consideration everywhere and even a judge whom I did not know was good enough to write me a little note congratulating me on my conduct of the case before him and wishing me success. As he had found against me, there was no difficulty about it. I had, however, by now got so involved in commercial

work and Company business that my time was no longer mine, and as the Bar is a jealous mistress and tolerates no divided allegiance, I found it necessary to withdraw from active practice.

Although not concerned with my own practice, two cases in which I was a principal may appropriately be related here. The first was the case of Morland the Oxford blackmailer in 1895. About 1888 I had received some letters written in a fine Italian hand from a person signing herself Ruth Morland, professing to be a widow and suggesting an assignation. I replied to these letters, but no appointment was ever made and no meeting ever took place. In 1890, on the announcement of my marriage an attempt was made to blackmail me into paying £50 for these letters, but of course I told Mabel Edith all about it and laughed at the threat. With incredible effrontery this person then issued a writ against me and served it on me at Eaton Square claiming £100, of which £50 was said to be for money lent and £50 for the return of the letters. The first writ was informal but a second was served and proceedings were carried up to the point of trial when, as we anticipated, they collapsed and the action was discontinued. I thought no more about it until some years later I saw an exposure in *Truth* of an attempt to blackmail Lord Hothfield with precisely similar letters. It was there stated that these letters were not the work of a woman at all but of a man called Morland who had been practising the same kind of thing for many years on nearly the whole of the peerage. I at once placed myself in communication with *Truth* and said that I was quite willing to assist in the prosecution and to give evidence. I appeared at Bow Street and Morland was committed on three charges. In due course I appeared at the Old Bailey when Morland was arraigned on the indictment relating to Lord Hothfield. For some reason he refused to plead guilty to this, but his answer was: "I plead guilty to all the Earl Russell case." This plea was accepted, and although he was 65 years old, he was sentenced to 10 years penal servitude. He was a most respectable looking old man, and therefore no doubt the more dangerous.

The other matter was very trifling, but it illustrates how one may be let in quite innocently. On one occasion I was dressing to go to a levée, and as this costume does not admit of much in the way of pockets, I had left three sovereigns in money on my dressing-table. When I had gone, a window-cleaner came to the house and was admitted by the butler, who, however, took the precaution of concealing the three sovereigns under the toilet cover. He took an

occasion to look again and found the three sovereigns had disappeared. He then discovered that the window-cleaner had bolted leaving his ladder behind him. Communication with our regular window-cleaners proved that they had not sent him, and of course I informed the police. Six months later, in August, when I was in the country, the police arrested a man and invited my butler to identify him which he did unhesitatingly. I was sent for and came up from the country and gave evidence at Bow Street of the loss but of course was not in a position to say anything about the man. The prisoner was remanded for a week, and imagining it to be a police prosecution I took no further notice of it and took no steps to support the case. On the remand, the man produced apparently unimpeachable evidence of an alibi, and this not being challenged by the police, the magistrate dismissed the case. Then to my astonishment the window-cleaner proceeded to sue me for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution, and I learned for the first time that my butler had been made to sign the charge sheet by the police and that I was technically the prosecutor. His action was tried in the County Court before a jury who found in my favour and he then appealed to the Divisional Court where we also won. Even this was not the end of my troubles, for a week or two later I was denounced in *John Bull* as a persecutor of the poor, though I must admit that when the facts were explained to them they published an apology. So here I found myself quite unwittingly let in for a great deal of annoyance and about £60 in costs over a matter in which I had no personal responsibility of any kind.

I was the victim of an extraordinary prosecution by the London County Council. They sent me by registered post a Local Taxation Licence form to fill up requiring me to answer the question what Local Taxation Licences there were in which I was liable for payment. As in accordance with my usual practice I had taken out and paid for all the licences for which I was liable in the month of January, there was only one possible answer to this question, and that was "None." Thereupon they prosecuted me before the Magistrate at Bow Street for making a false return. He was as incapable as I had been of seeing in what particular the return was false and what other return I could possibly have made that would have been truthful, and he dismissed the summons without any hesitation. Being a Revenue prosecution the Crown was able to appeal against this dismissal and took me to Quarter Sessions. Here the Deputy Chairman who was certainly not a lawyer succeeded by some extraordinary mental twist in thinking I ought to be convicted, but was so doubtful of his law that

his sentence was that I should pay a fine of one shilling and no costs on condition that I did not appeal. I should very much have liked to have taken the opinion of the High Court upon the matter, but as to do so would have involved my paying about £200 in costs I most reluctantly put up with paying the shilling. I have never to this day succeeded in understanding how the only possible truthful answer to a question could constitute a false return. The whole affair is characteristic of the preposterous and irritating tactics adopted by the London County Council whenever they are given power against the public, and the only result has been that ever since the County of London has lost a revenue of from £20 to £40 a year from my licences because I have taken them out elsewhere. They must also have wasted about £150 in costs.

CHAPTER XXXII

A CITY GENT

MY first experience of business was in the firm of Swinburne and Co. which I have already mentioned. The partnership consisted of James Swinburne, our senior partner, who is now well known as a leading expert and consultant on electrical matters, H. S. Holt, and myself. Swinburne had been employed with Crompton of Chelmsford, one of our electrical pioneers, and was now anxious to develop an invention of his called the "Hedgehog Transformer." Our first premises consisted of a little wooden shed which was erected on a portion of my kitchen-garden at Broom Hall.

We subsequently took some derelict premises near the railway station at Teddington, and here we did many interesting things with alternators, transformers and very high tension. On one occasion I got a shock which laid me out flat : I was quite surprised to find I was not dead. Swinburne acted as the draughtsman and technical director, Holt was Works Manager, and I had the humble but necessary position of taking care of the accounts and correspondence. For this purpose I had to teach myself book-keeping by double entry, a subject not included in the University curriculum.

Apart from the interest of the business itself there was a good deal of fun outside to be got from it, because throughout our life Swinburne was keeping up a running fight with other electrical experts and manufacturers on the merits or demerits of the Hedgehog Transformer. We said it was the only efficient transformer made and they said that it ate up just as much power at no load as at full load. We also took part in an electrical exhibition at the Crystal Palace where we gave three demonstrations daily of tame lightning in the shape of sparks three and four feet long and more, at a charge of 1s. a head. At Holt's suggestion the girl attendants on our stand were dressed in wonderful costumes of green and chocolate, the firm's colours. Nor was the office work itself entirely without occasional diversions. On one occasion a cheque had gone missing,

it could not be found, it had not been paid into the bank, the people when written to were able to prove that they sent it to us. The two girls who constituted our staff were set to searching for it and after a prolonged search it was discovered that the junior girl had pinned it to the letter and filed it. Swinburne overheard our chief clerk, who was competent, expostulating with her junior, and pointing out that the letter file was not the place for a cheque, to which the only answer returned was: "Well, I was not born in a shop." The three partners had daily consultations at tea-time, which were generally much enlivened by the flashes of wit for which Swinburne is so well known in the electrical world. Even in the serious atmosphere of the Law Courts he cannot always refrain from them. On one occasion he was engaged in some patent litigation about an improved siphon recorder which was supposed to give much clearer signals than the existing instrument. Swinburne did not think them any clearer, but the expert on the other side declared that they were perfectly easy to read. "I then gave him a worse one," said Swinburne, "and he read that easily. So I tried him with one worse still, and he read that easily also. Then I sent him a bit of the coast of Ireland and he read that." Anyone who knows the sort of indistinct waves that used to be received in cable transmission will appreciate the point.

At a later period when we made very ingenious voltmeters and ammeters and things of that kind (which were then rather in their infancy) I used also to look after the commercial end and the advertising, and even travelled frequently to Manchester to see potential customers. Differences arose, and the partnership was dissolved after a time so far as I was concerned; the only noteworthy feature being that I obtained from the arbitrator a sum of money for my share of the goodwill in a business whose losses had increased each year.

I then set up in business for myself at 11 Queen Victoria Street under the name of Russell and Co. as a general electrical contractor. I had works at Walham Green and a branch at Cambridge, and I carried out a good deal of electrical work of one kind and another, including among other things a contract for the electric lighting of a skating field at Cambridge. I worked very hard and recollect a whole year when I walked down from my rooms at 2 Temple Gardens to my office every morning, arriving there punctually at 9.30 and not leaving till 6.

Lightning was a rather bright and gossipy little electrical weekly

at this time and had its offices in the same building and I used often to drop in there for a chat. I very often lunched with my solicitor, Doulton, and when business was slack we used to go to a Mecca Café and play dominoes afterwards. The business did not pay because I found that it was quite impossible to supply the quality of goods asked for in the contract at the prices quoted by my competitors and I abandoned it after about three years at a considerable loss, but I had gained a good deal of useful experience.

In my chapter on yachting I have already mentioned the intimate relations I established with the firm of Plenty and Son at the time when my engines were being refitted. This firm had been established in 1790 and had made its name in connexion with the Plenty Plough and when I first knew them were still doing a good deal of agricultural work. They had in fact started as the old fashioned millwrights, but probably from their proximity to the Thames had gone in for marine engineering which at first seems curious for a firm situated in an inland town like Newbury. They had a well-earned reputation for excellence of workmanship and did a lot of business with the Admiralty in small steam-launch engines. The other partner was Cecil Fane a connexion of Child's Bank, but he was anxious to get out of the business, so Mr. Plenty decided to turn it into a limited company. It was incorporated in 1890, and I became Chairman, a position which I have held ever since. Our third director was Mr. Henry Wethered, a Bristol man and a director of the London and South Western Bank. During my long association of 32 years with this company we have had many vicissitudes, but in one respect we have never changed, and that is the excellence and honesty of our workmanship. In 1899, when I was in America and could only be got at with difficulty, we suffered very heavy losses from defalcations, and the directors and their friends had to put their hands in their pockets and supply many thousands of pounds worth of new capital. The Company is still as it has been throughout its whole existence of 130 years under the management of a Plenty, whom I first remember in short breeches but who now has a bald head.

The only amusing incident I ever recall at a General Meeting was a year when we had done badly and a shareholder asked if the directors had taken the same remuneration as they had in the previous year, and when I replied "Yes" there was a cry of "Shame." The shareholder must have felt rather foolish when I rose to reply and explained that having taken no remuneration the previous year we

had taken exactly the same this. My General Meetings now constitute a record. I get the entire business finished in a minute and a half.

In the late nineties, when motors were just beginning to be thought about, Lawson, or some promoter of that kind, got up The Great Horseless Carriage Company, with a capital of one million, which was to set up works at Coventry. I was at that time ill in my rooms at the Temple, and only able to move with difficulty, but I was visited by a persuasive gentleman of the type well known in the city, who told me that the Board of this new Company was being got together and offered me the Chairmanship. I was, of course, very much interested in motors, and should have liked the position and the fees attached, so, seeing me wavering, the too eager young man said: "We should, of course, give you your qualification shares and the sum of £500 for joining the Board." This rather made me pause, and to gain time I said: "How would you do that?" meaning how would the law allow it. But the young man promptly replied: "Oh, we would give it to you in a bag of gold, of course, so that there would be no trace of it." (Does not the mere thought of five hundred sovereigns in gold make the mouth water in these thin days of paper?) So I replied: "Oh-h! I understand now. Well, I am unfortunately unable to move, but will you consider yourself kicked downstairs?" A week or two later I was told that a certain Earl had accepted the position, and I always wondered on what terms. The Great Horseless Carriage Company was duly formed and duly launched, but naturally came to a bad end in a few years: it would probably have done that anyhow at that early stage however honest the promotion. I believe the site of the works was that now occupied by Daimler's.

About this time my cousin, Lane-Fox, formed a small Company for exploiting Rhea Ramie, an Indian grass of very tough fibre something like jute, and supposed to be capable of being made into the coarser kinds of woven articles. We got some of the stuff and made some experiments in a mill at Manchester, but the existing cotton mill machinery had great difficulty in dealing with it, and the scheme came to nothing. I believe there was also some doubt about the regular supply of the raw material, but I daresay the idea was all right.

It is a sound rule in business to beware of inventors. Sometimes they deceive you—more often they deceive themselves, and they never have the commercial spirit. If you get a really clever inventor

in the works, there is only one safe thing to do with him ; shut him up in a glass case and let him invent, and then if you wish to, try his inventions for yourself, but never let him loose in the works. About this time, I came across an inventor of the first type who was not entirely without the commercial spirit. He pretended to have invented or discovered a new metal called polonium, and he offered to demonstrate its production with a view to the formation of a company. He was provided with a laboratory and a living wage and, among other things, 2 lb. of platinum for the purpose of his experiments. When he had enjoyed some weeks of his living wage, and feared we might be getting to learn something of his history from Paris he disappeared—with the 2 lb. of platinum—so that at any rate someone got something out of that invention.

I had a very interesting experience in 1895 in connexion with a Portuguese Chartered Company. The Companhia do Nyassa was a company resembling the British South Africa Company and held a charter from the Portuguese Government for the administration of certain territories in Mozambique on the East Coast of Africa and had been largely financed from London. It, therefore, had a London Board as well as a Lisbon Board and for some reason I was asked by Messrs. Lewis and Marks to become Chairman of the London Board. The administration of the Company was by no means free from difficulties ; the revenue did not meet the expenditure in the territories and of course millions were really needed for their development. This, however, was the least of our troubles ; owing presumably to some sordid squabble about the division of the spoils the Lisbon Board was divided into two halves, and each half claimed to be the real Simon Pure. Meanwhile the Portuguese Government not feeling quite sure which half it could get most out of was preserving an attitude of neutrality and was refusing to appoint a government representative to the Board. After much discussion I was sent out to Lisbon with a peculiar mission, viz., to browbeat the Portuguese Government into recognizing our half of the Board and disowning the other half. I went out to Lisbon by steamer accompanied by an old friend G. W. Osborn (since Chairman of the Wallpaper Manufacturers Association) who was taking the trip for pleasure, and Mr. Rowsell who was then and is still connected with Lewis and Marks. Arrived in Lisbon I put up at the Hotel Braganza and was at once involved in interminable discussions and Board Meetings. The two principal Portuguese Directors were Arroyo, who had been Prime Minister, and Centeno. The time was August and the heat

was extreme and Board Meetings were generally called for 9.30 p.m. I still have the notice from the Secretary summoning me to one and ending in the quaint Portuguese fashion, "God preserve Your Excellency." The invocation was not uncalled for in this case for, apart from the probability of dying of too many conferences or the Lisbon water, I was challenged to a duel before I left.

In due course I presented myself at the Foreign Office which has perfectly gorgeous walls lined with the most magnificent specimens of South American wood dating from the time of Portugal's rich possessions in that Continent. I had an audience of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs which was conducted with all due reserve and courtesy on both sides, but when he appeared unwilling to yield I discharged my ultimatum which was to the effect that unless this matter could be amicably adjusted and a feeling of confidence thereby produced, I feared the Portuguese Government might find difficulty in etc., etc., etc. We also held a General Meeting of the Company while I was there, and I was put up to propose a Resolution in Portuguese which I understood to express regret that the operations of the Company had been hindered by the machinations of certain persons harmful to its interests. The next day two magnificent Portuguese gentlemen waited upon me at my hotel and having inquired if I were Earl Russell and if it were true that I had proposed the Resolution in question, informed me that they came on behalf of their friend the Conde da Livradio to ask whether he was one of the persons aimed at in that Resolution. I replied that as I had never heard his name before he must be better able to answer that question than I was. They thereupon asked me to give them a written assurance that he was not one of the persons referred to in the Resolution. I respectfully pointed out that as this was a matter upon which I was in complete ignorance, I could not possibly give such an assurance or answer aye or no. They said in that case they were instructed to demand satisfaction on his behalf and asked me to name two friends with whom they might communicate. I said: "Do you mean a duel?" and when they politely indicated assent I said: "Rubbish, it's out of the question!" They thereupon inquired whether I considered he was not of sufficient rank to be entitled to cross swords with me, and I hastened to assure them that I took no exception to the challenge on that ground, but that my objection was to duels on principle and that Englishmen did not fight them. They expostulated that I was now in Portugal and must be bound by the customs of the country, but I firmly refused to have

anything to do with such nonsense and went on with my packing. They said : " But if you refuse to meet him the Count will say you are a coward." I said : " That will not give me a moment's uneasiness." At this, so entirely contrary to the Latin tradition, they nearly fainted and took their leave in a state of gasping stupefaction. The next day as I was on my way to the steamer on foot my two friends reappeared accompanied by a third person who I suppose was the Conde da Livradio, and endeavoured to jostle and hustle me. After this had been repeated for the second time I turned upon the Count and I said : " In no circumstances will I fight a duel, but there are limits to my patience and if you annoy me again I shall have no hesitation in knocking you down." On this the hostile demonstration drew off.

I ascertained afterwards from Centeno what the Portuguese method of fighting a duel is : it is innocuous and bloodless like their bullfights. Seconds having been appointed on each side a correspondence of recrimination is carried on by advertisement in the daily Press which ultimately terminates in a reconciliation. Should a fire-eater be encountered who insists upon proceeding to the place of meeting, the police are quietly notified and the opponents are arrested. When I told the story to Bernard Molloy, his martial spirit was aroused and he said : " No matter that your time was short—you should have insisted on pistols at ten paces in the hotel garden at 8 o'clock next morning." I said : " Yes, I should have loved it, but it wouldn't have come off, and anyhow I couldn't do it, because it's against my principles to fight duels—unless of course I was seeing red." These extraordinary people actually published an advertisement afterwards in the Lisbon papers to say that I must be a coward, a thing which from my bulk they would not have suspected : I hope the advertisement afforded them sufficient satisfaction to repay the expense.

I took advantage of being in Lisbon to see the sights : I boated on the Tagus : I explored the Limoeiro, or general prison, and the Penitentiary where the prisoners are clothed in robes and hoods : I went to that strange mausoleum where the Portuguese kings are confined with a glass panel over the face so that you can look at it : and I made most interesting expeditions to Cintra and Mafra. I also attended a bullfight on a Sunday and saw the fat King and his beautiful Queen, and was very much struck when they drove back by the fact that nearly half the population did not raise their hats to them. I also attended a performance at a Portuguese theatre of

"Charley's Aunt" in Portuguese of all things. I acquired some charming furniture made of Pau Santo or the Holy Wood of Brazil and some wonderful carved leather chairs which still adorn my house.

There was a wonderful bay called Pemba in our territory of Nyassa which afforded the finest harbour on the East Coast of Africa, and I had great visions of the development of this territory and this port, and of my being offered a Portuguese title as Duke of Pemba, but it didn't come off. After about a year the internal differences of the Company were composed and the London Board came to an end.

The next Company of any consequence with which I was associated was the Motor Union Insurance Company. After the split between the Motor Union and the R.A.C. it was decided to form an Insurance Company for the special benefit of motorists, and a committee was appointed to consider the matter, of which Lionel Rothschild was chairman. There was the Car and General already existing, and many thought it was unnecessary to compete with that, but I succeeded in carrying the Committee's proposal through the General Meeting of the Motor Union after a considerable fight. It appeared that Lionel Rothschild could not take a seat on the Motor Union Board and I was the obvious Chairman, but Dodd, a Reading solicitor, was appointed instead. The Company very soon became extremely successful but far too much in the hands of H. J. Whitcomb, its General Manager. Whether it was because he did not like my calling attention to his autocratic way of conducting the Company's business, or because someone had told him that I said he had long ears, I have never known, but at one General Meeting he engineered matters so that I was put off the Board.

I was invited to join a new Insurance Company to be formed called the British Union and National. It got a good deal of business and had a big office in Cannon Street and appeared to be prospering. But the business was of the wrong kind and finally, when I was Chairman and A. F. Maclaren Managing Director, it went smash and involved me in very heavy loss. This was 10 years or more ago, but I believe Sir Arthur Whinney is still engaged in liquidating its affairs. After this I became associated with a very unfortunate person who had been manager of the B.U.N. as we always affectionately called our disastrous insurance Company. We ran a business called Dilloway Lambert and Co. connected with insurance and other ventures. At this time I had some perfectly delightful offices in Bond Court, Walbrook. Although in the very heart of the city, it

was absolutely quiet and I was disturbed by no sound of traffic, horse or foot, while uninterrupted sun and daylight entered my office window from the south. I worked very hard here but also with the same result of losing money. Dilloway, like Maclaren, was a plausible person, but his schemes suffered from the same misfortune of not coming to fruition.

Even in business things sometimes happen more or less by accident and although I had for a long time been interested in motors and motoring my connexion with the Board of Humber Limited was the result of a series of more or less accidental circumstances. In the earlier days of my connexion with the company we had some curious experiences among others in connexion with our attempt to take up aviation which was then in much too early a stage to be commercially successful.

The few people who knew anything about it and were prepared to risk their lives in flying machines had to be treated like prima donnas. They required extortionate salaries: they required a large retinue of attendant mechanics and motor cars and they gave just as much time to the business as they felt inclined. After two or three bad shots we got hold of Le Blon the Frenchman who really did know something about flying and who condescended to give us half his time for £1,000 a year. Unfortunately a very few months after while flying on his own he was drowned in the sea at San Sebastian.

We even went to the extent of sending a couple of machines out to the aviation meeting at Heliopolis in Egypt. Mr. Ballin Hinde and I accompanied them to superintend matters on behalf of the firm, but after three weeks in which we had never succeeded in flying and when it was fairly obvious that we never should fly, we thought it better to cut our loss and sent the machines and the staff home. The engines were about 30 h.p. ! Our real trouble was that we were too early, for during the War we were the most successful producers of the B.R.1 and B.R.2 engines which were used for fighting planes, and it was with one of our machines that von Richthofen was brought down. Humber's have really nothing to regret in not having an Aviation Department, for although large profits were made during the War, the commercial position of aviation to-day is deplorable. Moreover, with the reputation of Humber cars so secure as it now is, and the position of the Company so successful, we have enough to occupy us in giving satisfaction to our customers and to our shareholders.

In the year 1911 I was offered a seat on the Board of the Globe & Phoenix Gold Mining Company, the leading gold mine of Rhodesia. At the time I joined it it was at the very height of its prosperity, and the directors' fees were enormous, amounting to something like £2,000 a year for each ordinary director, and £3,000 a year for the Chairman. Attention having been directed to this, we had many stormy shareholders' meetings, in which the old management were bitterly attacked. There used to be scenes of extraordinary turbulence at the General Meeting, in which all the directors were attacked in turn. At one, Mr. Macquisten, who had been a Glasgow solicitor and was now a member of the Scottish Bar and had a very small financial interest in the company, was put up on a sort of brief and paid a fee to seek a seat on the Board and attack one of the other Scottish directors. The matter was ultimately compromised, and the control of the shares having passed almost entirely to Scotland, the Board was ultimately reconstituted with four Scottish Directors and one English Director, and I became Chairman, at the more moderate but still respectable fee of £700 per annum free of tax. We continued to have one or two turbulent meetings, but ultimately settled down. In the end, however, I was compelled to sever my connexion with the company, for reasons which I dealt with fully in public at a General Meeting and which need not be repeated here. During my connexion with this company we had the record litigation of this country—an action in Chancery brought against us by the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Ltd., which was tried before Mr. Justice Eve and lasted 144 days. The writ was issued before the War, and wagers used to be made as to whether the War or the litigation would end first. As a matter of fact, the final stages of the litigation, which was carried to the House of Lords, outlasted the War. There was a sum of something like one million involved, so that it was worth fighting for, and after we had won in the Court of the first instance, we received what I should imagine to be the largest cheque ever paid for costs, something over £50,000.

I had a very anxious time during the conduct of this litigation, not only in the preliminary stages, but also during the actual hearing.

We had most able solicitors in Mr. Pott and Mr. Linell, and our leading counsel, Mr. Upjohn, who was ably seconded by Mr. Tomlin, really won the case for us by the enormous amount of

hard work that he put into it. The length of the case was much commented upon, but adverse comments were not really justified, for it involved a most appalling mass of detail. My part in it consisted in keeping my Board steady and free from panic, in reassuring my shareholders at General Meetings, and in smoothing over difficulties that arose during the hearing. Friction was always arising between one or other of the important people engaged in the case, and it was my business to remove the cause of this friction and keep things going smoothly to our triumphant conclusion. From first to last I never had any doubt about the result, and I succeeded in infecting my Board with my confidence, but there were two or three critical moments.

In connexion with this Mining Company I went out to Rhodesia to visit the mine in 1915, and spent a most instructive three weeks there, making myself familiar with the details of the working and considering and deciding what witnesses from Rhodesia should be brought to London to give evidence. In this matter I had the assistance of Sir Charles Coghlan, of Buluwayo, probably the most able lawyer in Rhodesia; and now so prominent in opposition to joining the South African Union.

I was to have been accompanied by one of my colleagues, but he did not like the idea of submarines, and so in the end I had the sole responsibility.

In the year 1910 A. F. Maclaren, whom I have mentioned before in connexion with the B.U.N., took me to see a little temporary plant near St. Ives for the electrical smelting of tin by which he claimed that great economies could be effected and the proportion of hardhead much reduced. A company was formed to exploit the patents, called the Electrical Furnaces and Smelters Limited, in which I was one of the original shareholders. Out of this grew in the year 1913 the Thermo Electric Ltd., a much larger company formed for the purpose of applying this electrical process to the reduction of Wolfram ore and the production of tungsten. A factory was started at Luton for this purpose.

The importance of tungsten is its use as an alloy in the manufacture of what is called tool steel, i.e. a steel which can be used for cutters in machine tools without losing its edge at high speeds. The industry had so far been entirely in the hands of the Germans, and at the outbreak of war we were the only concern in the country producing tungsten commercially. Of course, our importance then became very great, and we were encouraged by the Government

to expand and to develop and for a time we made very large profits.

Unfortunately, however, under Maclaren's guidance we expanded and developed much too rapidly, and undertook to expend about £300,000 in acquiring and developing wolfram mines in Burma, and a similar sum in equipping and developing a wolfram mining property in Queensland. This was financed on borrowed money, and when the armistice came and the price of tungsten fell to one-half and then fell further to one-quarter of the war figures, we were at once in difficulties. These difficulties might perhaps have been surmounted, but no opportunity was given us, as the bank withdrew its support and put in a receiver, whereupon, of course, the whole inflated edifice crumbled like a house of cards.

During all this period of some ten years I was attending many Board Meetings every week, working very hard, and giving careful attention to my duties as a director and putting in a great deal of conscientious work for my various companies.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

I HAVE now sat in the House of Lords for 35 years. I took my seat in 1887 when I was 22, and it marks the remarkable age of that wonderful old man when I say that Lord Halsbury was then on the Woolsack. I ought of course to have taken it the year before, but with characteristic blunderingness my guardians had lost my Patent of Peerage, and it took a year to find out whether the bank, the solicitor or the great uncle had it. They never did find my grandfather's robes, so that I was put to the expense of buying these myself.

When I entered the House, Salisbury was in office and Kimberley was our leader. I had been much interested in the House of Commons, but I was not able to get up the same interest for the Lords where debate is apt to be monopolized by the front benches. I did, however, find it very entertaining to watch the Markis, as *Punch* used to call Lord Salisbury, standing at the table and nonchalantly dropping out his sentiments with startling candour.

In the course of the next ten years, however, I did a certain amount of work on committees and considered a number of very uninteresting water and gas bills. There was one Joint Select Committee in the 'nineties of great interest because the whole question of electric traction which was just coming in was referred to it for the purpose of settling standard clauses. The promoters of electric traction said that they must be allowed to use an uninsulated earth return, and that unless they could, electric traction would never be a practical commercial proposition. Their opponents, who were numerous and powerful, drew the most lurid pictures of what would happen if these large currents of electricity were let loose to run about the streets. The water companies said that their pipes would be eaten through by corrosion and the water would escape. The gas company said the same would happen to them and that the escaping gas would be set on fire. The railway companies said that the whole of their electrical signalling apparatus would be upset and

that all their trains would run into one another in consequence. The Post Office said that it would be impossible to work the telegraph or telephones any longer. Here was a pretty fight with big interests on both sides, and a fight of great importance, for to forbid the trolley system already working successfully in America would throw the development of electric traction back about 20 years. The committee consisted of five Lords and five Commons with Lord Cross as our chairman: he, as might have been anticipated, being a reactionary. The progressive band consisted of myself in the Lords, Sir John Brunner, Lord Balcarres, Bernard Molloy and another in the Commons.

I remember the North-Western Railway piteously putting forward the enormous sum it would cost them if they had to use insulated metallic returns for their signals, and my venturing to ask their witness whether after all this enormous sum would only represent a quarter of one per cent. on their capital. It may be imagined that with an old and experienced chairman like Lord Cross against us we had a hard fight in the Committee, but by dint of fighting and arguing we just carried our point, the numbers being six to four on most of the important divisions. We settled the standard clauses under which the industry has worked to this day and made electric traction a practicable thing.

I was also very much interested in the Royal Commission on London water, of which Lord Llandaff was chairman, although in those days my interest was not that of a member of the Commission but that of the Progressive party of the L.C.C. with their scheme for bringing water from Wales. The Commission, of course, reported as was expected in favour of the Thames as a source of supply and the scheme of Staines Reservoirs under which we are now working. The whole business of the London water in the last 30 years is a most unfortunate history: whenever there was a Progressive majority on the L.C.C. there was a Tory majority in the House of Commons, and when there was a Liberal Government in power in Parliament, the L.C.C. was ruled by the Moderates. The Progressive scheme was always perfectly simple; it was to buy out the water companies at a fair valuation and give London a decent and unified supply of water under the L.C.C. from a reservoir to be established in the Welsh Hills. The opponents of this policy were, of course, the various water companies with their vested interests, and they were finally strong enough to get a Tory Government to put through a Bill for the acquisition of the water companies on their own

terms by a new body created ad hoc and called the Metropolitan Water Board. The people of London were robbed and exploited, but they thoroughly deserved it for their apathy, and they are now being punished by paying more instead of less for their water supply.

After I had been about ten years in the Lords I had had some experience of public speaking and plucked up the courage to address their Lordships occasionally. But it is a very alarming assembly for a beginner to address, because they are so polite and so uninterested and frequently so few in numbers. It is only in time that one learns that they really are attentive and that if one has anything to say worth saying it will at any rate be listened to. I can hardly say that in the case of the kind of things I had to say they were generally likely to be agreed with, but it was something to realize that I was not beating the empty air as one might well appear to be.

If I did not speak I could at any rate vote and I took part in the historic division on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1893, when 400 voted on one side and only 40 on the other. If only that or some similar Bill had then been passed into law what trouble and misery might not have been saved in Ireland.

My first considerable speech was made after their Lordships had sent me to prison, when having come out of prison I flung down the gauntlet to their prejudices and convictions. It was on the second reading of my Divorce Bill on the 1st May, 1902, and I spoke for an hour and twenty minutes. Halsbury was still Lord Chancellor, and when I had finished he danced with rage, denouncing the measure as an insult to any Christian assembly and even went the length of moving "That this Bill be rejected," a motion which was smugly agreed to. I still think the Bill contained far the best divorce reform possible in a much better and simpler form than Lord Buckmaster's, although this includes most of the important reforms, while the last clause of my Bill providing for *legitimatio per subsequens matrimonium* is now before the House in the Guardianship of Infants Bill. I was not deterred and in the next year, 1903, I introduced a similar Bill with two or three of the most contentious clauses left out. This Bill was also snuffed out without discussion, although on that occasion Lord Halsbury did not venture to move that it be rejected. I had definitely challenged his conduct in the previous year in my opening remarks which I quote: "My Lords, when I last had the honour of submitting to your Lordships' House a Bill containing somewhat similar provisions to the Bill which is now before you, I commended

it to your attention in a speech which I endeavoured to make reasonable, temperate, logical, and respectful to this House. Some comments which reached me after that occasion might have led me to suppose that I had succeeded in that endeavour were it not for the remarkable observations which fell on that occasion from the noble and learned Earl on the Woolsack. The usual Motion that the Bill be read a second time that day six months appeared upon the Order Paper, fathered, as might have been expected, by the noble lord who represents the High Church Party in the Protestant Church, and who endorses the sacramental view of marriage. But that noble Lord and his amendment were contemptuously brushed aside by the Lord Chancellor, who, in a state of apparent fury, fell upon the remarks I had ventured to make to the House and declared more than once that both my Bill and the observations with which I had endeavoured to support it were an insult to your Lordships. He then proceeded with the courage of a large majority behind him, to move that the Bill be rejected, a Motion which, so far as I am able to ascertain, has been unknown in the recent history of this House. But that is not perhaps to be wondered at from a member of a Government which has revived several archaic and rusty weapons of the Constitution. Every one in this House must recognize the conspicuous talent and ability which has raised the noble and learned Earl to the high position he to-day occupies, but many, especially on this side of the House, also regret that he should not yet have acquired that courtesy in debate which we are wont to expect from other noble Lords more imbued with the traditions of this assembly. It has not hitherto been held to be an insult to the House to propose in a reasonable manner, and to support by argument, a measure for the amendment of the law where such may seem desirable. But I must not for a moment appear to wish to alienate the sympathies of the noble and learned Earl on the Woolsack on this occasion, for I hope I may claim him with some confidence as a supporter. In that very small fraction of his observations which dealt with the merits of my proposals, the noble and learned Earl called attention to a clause in my Bill permitting a divorce after one year's separation on the joint petition of the parties. That clause is not in the Bill now before your Lordships, and as it was the only one to which the noble and learned Earl specifically objected I hope that to-day I shall not be mistaken in looking for his support."

In the meantime I was running a Divorce Reform Society and we were holding public meetings and getting the matter discussed.

In 1907, I introduced a short Bill which simply amended the Matrimonial Causes Bill of 1857 in two particulars, first by giving the wife the same rights as the husband, and secondly by providing that two years' desertion should be a ground for divorce. We had a new and overwhelmingly Liberal House of Commons, and Sir Robert Reid, now Lord Loreburn, was Lord Chancellor, and I might have supposed that he would approve of the law of Divorce as it existed in his own country. Not a bit of it. He was as smug as any of them and practically repeated Lord Halsbury's incorrect arguments. On this occasion I should have got a dozen or twenty to vote with me, but when it was seen that the Government Whips were being put on against me, they weakened, but I did actually get two to vote with me, so that we at least got a division. This was a triumph, and has by now developed into the large majority that supported Lord Buckmaster's Bill in all its stages.

A measure for which I was never at any time responsible which aroused somewhat similar feelings of respectable cowardice was the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, for which, like King Edward VII when Prince of Wales, I voted on every occasion when it came up until at last it became law. I remember Lord James of Hereford making a very good speech on this occasion in which he said it was time that this country blest with the results of the great Reformation should no longer go back to the opinions of the early bishops and learned men of narrow views for rules as to what is right and wrong for the social life of to-day. He said that there could be no law in this matter but the law of Parliament. Even then our timid legislators could not bring themselves to agree to the necessary corollary and legalize marriage with a deceased husband's brother. The man might have a second pick, but not the woman, and even now when they have given it they have thought it necessary to disguise it under another name and call it "The Deceased Brother's Wife Bill."

Perhaps the most exciting time the House of Lords has had was in connexion with the Parliament Act. I both spoke and voted for the Lloyd George Budget which its author has since repudiated. I need not recount the history which is now so well known, how the Lords threw it out, how there were two appeals to the electors, and a threat of several hundred new peers, and how the Parliament Act resulted from their obstinacy, and entirely deprived them of financial power whilst slightly clipping their wings in respect to other measures. In the excited and heated debates on this question noble Lords for the first time in my experience began to say what they

really thought and to say it in plain and straightforward language. It was no longer a question of one course or another with a few stately speeches on each side ; it was a passionate fight for their own interests and their own importance, and the tone and character of the speeches entirely changed accordingly. Since that time the House of Lords has never seemed to me the dead-alive assembly that I used to think it, but to be much more like an assembly of real people discussing real things that matter. We have hardly ever since had those prolonged and solemn allocutions from which we used to suffer, but practically every one now says what he has to say in a direct and simple manner and with a much closer approximation than before to his real feelings on the subject. This has naturally made it a much more interesting assembly.

I have tried at various times, generally ineffectually, to get the House to remedy or mitigate what seem to me to be scandals, and among other questions I have always been keen on prison reform. When preventive detention was introduced I was entirely in favour of it, but urged very strongly that those so detained should no longer be treated as criminals but detained in reasonably comfortable and human surroundings. I got a little support of a very cautious character from Lord Alverstone, then Lord Chief Justice, but none from anyone else.

On another occasion I called attention to the ridiculous anachronism which allows an escaping convict to be shot dead and thereby gives the warder a right to inflict upon him far greater punishment than the judge himself could give. I pointed out that however necessary this provision might have been one hundred years ago, it was now practically impossible for a convict to remain at liberty for more than a few days before his detection and recapture, and that as the excuse of necessity did not exist, this barbarous survival ought to be abolished. Not one single member of their Lordships' House supported me.

In 1911, a Bill called the Movable Dwellings Bill was introduced by Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, who represented the County Councils' Association in the House. It was in effect a Bill to deal with gipsies in a very drastic and irritating manner, and as I have always had a sneaking sympathy for gipsies, I opposed it in the form in which it was presented and succeeded in getting it referred to a select committee of which I was a member. The Committee was presided over by Lord Salisbury, and after hearing a good deal of evidence he drew up a draft report which met my objections. In connexion with this

draft report a rather amusing thing happened. I showed it to a Local Government Board official in order to learn his view upon it, and after reading it he returned it with the observation that as he expected, it was rather a Socialist report. He was surprised and disconcerted to find that it was the report of Lord Salisbury and not mine. I rather think the Bill never got any further.

Of course, I also attacked the motor taxes in the House although it is impossible to do anything effective in the Lords on questions of taxation. We were, however, able to discuss the constitution of the Road Board which was set up and the principles on which they should act, and there have been numerous other motor matters with which I have dealt there.

I also frequently spoke on various woman questions which arose from time to time, and I called particular attention to the iniquitous stretching of the law by which the magistrates gave suffragettes sentences of three months or six months imprisonment in default of finding sureties, when the maximum direct sentence they could have inflicted was three days. The provision under which they acted was one intended to mitigate and not to increase the penalties upon prisoners. On another occasion I called attention to a schoolmaster who was imprisoned because he would not pay his wife's income-tax, and rather took the wind out of the Government's sails by asking them not why they had kept him in, but why they had let him out since he had not yet paid the tax. I also frightened their Lordships by pointing out that under this peculiar provision of the law an impecunious peer who had married an American heiress might be kept in prison for ever if his wife chose not to pay her tax. At last this ridiculous law has been modified.

During the War I had a good deal to say about the emergency legislation and the excesses of the Government, and in particular the extreme brutality with which conscientious objectors were treated, in spite of the fact that Parliament had recognized their existence as a class. On this latter subject I was always well supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and sometimes by Lord Salisbury. On one occasion I caught the Government napping and had a little triumph. I had called attention to some gross brutalities, and I had moved: "That in the opinion of this House it is undesirable to subject military prisoners to punishments not authorized by law." I regret to say that it was a Liberal Government that was responsible, and Lord Buckmaster was on the Woolsack. No amendment was moved and the resolution was put and it was then

discovered that it was so drawn that it was obviously impossible for anyone to vote against it, and it therefore had to be declared carried.

I am not going to say anything about the reform of the House of Lords, but I am going to say one or two words in its favour. On all questions which do not involve land or the Church or strong party feeling, it is an admirable revising body. The 150 or 200 peers who attend regularly constitute about as competent and fair minded an assembly on most questions as could be got together in this country, but unfortunately, on questions which arouse party passion, we can always be swamped by some 300 backwoodsmen, who never attend the House, and are completely ignorant of current politics. It is difficult to see how this state of things can be allowed to continue without some such provision as the Parliament Act to get over the difficulty ; on the other hand, any revision of its constitution which increases its technical powers is almost certain to lead to acute friction in a few years. To my mind the ideal would be a House with the 200 peers who now attend fairly regularly with powers of revision only. In that case I believe that the moral weight of the decisions would prove as effective as the technical possession of power and without the same danger of causing friction.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SCIENCE

AS I think I have sufficiently indicated already, my interest in science was always very great. I do not think either my father or my mother was particularly interested in it and it was not till after their deaths that I started reading really scientific books. I was, of course, very much stimulated by the Juvenile Lectures at the Royal Institution and I have already mentioned the early lessons in frictional electricity that my uncle Rollo gave me.

I think it must have been somewhere about the age of thirteen or fourteen that I acquired my laboratory at Pembroke Lodge in one of the disused rooms. My first interests were electrical: I had a pair of toy telegraph instruments before I left Cheam and it cannot be more than about a year after that that I rigged up a wire from the house to the stable at Pembroke Lodge with two single needle instruments at each end, and taught or tried to teach the coachman's wife to take messages. Later I acquired (I think most of these good things came to me from the generosity of my grandmother Stanley) a pair of Morse sounders with two Morse keys and I remember that at my uncle's house at Hindhead my proficiency was such that Bertie's German governess Fraülein Bühler and I were able to converse with it there at the rate of 20 words a minute and without having to stop between each word for an acknowledgment.

Chemistry I think I must have almost entirely taught myself from a text-book called "Harcourt and Madan" and a more elementary one of my father's, although of course we did have science lectures of a sort both at Cheam and at Winchester. My interest was also stimulated by the experiments which my cousin St. George Lane-Fox was making in 1878 in order to solve what was then called "The Problem of the Sub-division of the Electric Light." What this meant in plain English was that the unit of light possible at that time was a 1,000 c.p. or 2,000 c.p. arc lamp and it was desired to find some reasonably smaller unit for domestic lighting. The chemical problem was the discovery of a refractory

substance which could be heated by the passage of the current to a white heat without disintegrating and St. George was continually making and trying filaments from the metals from the rarer earths, iridium, palladium, caesium, molybdenum, rubidium and combinations of platinum and iridium. The problem at that time was solved by the carbon filament, which has now in its turn been replaced by the tungsten wire filament, but the rare metals were indeed rare in those days, and although I think tungsten was known, it could not be worked. He had a filthy little workshop in some filthy back premises in Hatton Garden and I used to spend hours there with him.

My primary use for chemistry was in connexion with the voltaic battery, and I experimented with Daniell cells, Bunsen cells, Grove cells, and finally settled down to Leclanchés for which I used to cast my own zines over the kitchen fire. Incidentally, during the War, I sold the platinum out of my Grove cells for more than double what the whole outfit cost originally.

Naturally also when I got a galvanometer the questions of measurement and Ohm's Law became very interesting and I used to spend hours winding resistances and making tests. I also made a primitive single needle instrument and a Morse sounder with my own hands. I became expert in the sizes of wire and in the E.M.F. of different batteries. It can easily be supposed that when at last I acquired a Wheatstone Bridge and was actually able to balance and measure resistances my joy was unbounded. I had also begun to acquire and work induction coils, stimulated by the great spark from the Apps Coil at the Royal Institution. I used to decompose water with infinite patience, collecting the resultant gases in a soda water bottle, cork it, put it out of window and explode it with a spark from my induction coil. I also, of course, had to try electro deposition.

In chemistry I went on from those matters connected with electricity to pure chemistry itself. I performed standard chemical experiments in making oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic acid and so on, and in preparing various salts, filtering them and reducing them with the blowpipe. I learnt about re-agents and the ordinary chemical tests. I had the Atomic Theory quite clearly fixed in my mind and the effect when radium came in was rather like losing one's religion.

Chemistry in the public eye is chiefly connected with explosions, and youth tends to find that the most exciting part. I had an unexpected one at 40 Dover Street one day. I had put a piece of

metallic sodium in a basin of water to watch it running about and flaring as it decomposed the water. At the end of the experiment a globule of melted caustic soda is supported above the water on a cushion of steam. I did not know this, and, everything seeming quiescent, I bent over more closely to look at the globule, when it touched the water and exploded, driving small fragments of liquid caustic soda into my face. By sheer good luck my eyes escaped, but the pain was intense, and for nearly two years afterwards the pits in my face showed up when it was flushed. We had an old P. L. story about early chemical lessons of my Aunt Agatha. One day when engaged on these with her teacher, the Hounslow powder mills blew up, as they do about every five years. The devoted Mrs. Cox, full of terror, burst into the room saying: "There! I knew what would come of this chemistry," and was amazed to find student and master unharmed and calm.

I also learnt a certain amount of elementary organic chemistry which, although more difficult, is far more interesting, both because it is inexhaustible and because of its bearing on plant and animal life. I cannot, however, pretend to be up in the modern series of ethyls and esters, though these, with the colloids, have helped to explain biological processes. Nowadays, the carbo-hydrates alone provide enough material to occupy a man's whole life.

Mechanical engineering is of course only applied science, and applied science of a very simple character as compared for instance with the complex chemistry of the dye industry or the electrical problems of wireless transmission. Still there are problems of great interest and involving a very high degree of science in the structure of steel, and in the behaviour of alloys and in questions of distortion. Sir Dugald Clerk has found enough to occupy him a lifetime in the explosions of gas engines. Of course the advent and development of the explosion motor has revolutionized prime movers, particularly for the smaller powers, whilst the development in accuracy of workmanship in the engines of motor cars and aeroplanes has been something unthought of twenty years ago.

For something like twenty years I used almost without fail to attend the meetings of the British Association and listen to the papers in various Sections. I remember in particular one meeting at Newcastle when I stayed with Parsons the inventor of the turbine, and another at Leeds. The particular branch of science which has always interested me most is Physics which now extends through Chemistry into Biology and leaves such simple questions as are in-

volved in the strength of materials and engineering on one side to occupy itself with the constitution of matter, a subject on which our ideas have been revolutionized since the discovery of radium. Not but that I remember Sir William Thomson in the old days discoursing enthusiastically on the Boscovitch Atom, and incidentally assuring us that the existence of ether was more certain than the existence of anything else. It seems to be generally accepted now that an atom is at any rate a sort of solar system in itself. The trouble, however, about the recent advances in physical science is that any real understanding of them involves a knowledge of the higher mathematics which is far beyond me, my mathematical studies having finally ceased at the age of nineteen.

It is impossible in a book like this of a general character to deal seriously with any scientific questions, but I ought not to depart from the subject without saying a word about scientific education. The world owes in my opinion a great debt to eminent men like Huxley and Tyndall who have done something to popularize science and to bring some of its elementary truths to the knowledge of the general public. Eminent workers like the late Lord Rayleigh and Professor J. J. Thomson have not the time or the leisure available for instructing the ignorant public, nor indeed have they always the capacity for descending to their level. All superstitions die hard, but however interesting they may be as a study I think it is desirable for the sake of the progress of humanity that they should die, and therefore it would be well that the scientific education of our young should be far more thorough than it is. The teaching of science has obtained some halting and limited recognition in the schools of the classes, but has never been treated as a serious subject: while in polytechnics and places of that sort it is rather that applied science which is necessary for the earning of a livelihood that is taught. I think it is very important that all the young should have instilled into them as a serious part of their education a general knowledge of elementary scientific principles so that the course of nature may be apprehended as an organized whole, and not as a series of disconnected cataclysms.

CHAPTER XXXV

RELIGION AND CONDUCT

AS I have already stated, my father and mother were both complete agnostics in later life and up to the age of nine I was brought up an agnostic. I do not mean by that that I was brought up in any defiant, aggressive, or combatant attitude to the ordinary tenets of the Christian religion, but simply in complete ignorance of, and indifference to, them. I was never taken to church, I never heard of God, I was never troubled with the desires, wishes, or purposes, of a Supreme Being. The only definite threat to religion in my early education was the fact that I was taught to think for myself and to use and trust my reason.

There must, however, be something in the Russell blood which prevents their being indifferent about religion and makes it impossible for them to avoid concerning themselves with it. My grandfather wrote a "History of the Christian Religion," my father wrote "The Analysis of Religious Belief," and I have myself been guilty of a religious work. I am practically certain that I never received any definite religious propaganda from my grandmother Russell, but of course the atmosphere of the house was religious, I was taken to church at Petersham on Sundays, and of course attended Chapel at Cheam. I doubt, however, if this penetrated much even into the receptive Russell soil: indeed, I definitely remember that in quite early days when the Creed was repeated in church I used to say it to myself with the insertion of the word "not" before "believe" in all the important places. The Winchester influence, however, was too much for me. The school was permeated with ecclesiastical tradition: I was one of its most devoted sons: we had to attend a total of ten chapels a week, so that both the Liturgy and the New Testament became very familiar to me. By the time I was confirmed at the age of about sixteen I was probably a firmer and more definite believer than any of those who had been brought up from their earliest youth in the tradition. I do not mean that I accepted the Virgin Birth or that I believed the Miracles had in actual fact happened,

although I quite accepted the possibility of miracles and of a catastrophic God capable of interfering with the course of nature. But I did accept fully and without reservation the central points of doctrine, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection and Judgment. And I fully believed that God or Christ took a personal interest in each human being and that it behoved you so to order your life as to do only those things which were pleasing to God. I also came at this time very much under the influence of the Daker, a name given by the school to the Rev. H. C. Dickins. He had before my day been a master, and was at this time Vicar of S. John's, a parish which embraced some of the poorest and most slummy portions of Winchester. He was a tall spare man with an ascetic and Christian face, unconventional, entirely free from any trace of cant or hypocrisy and devoted to the service of Christ. At this time he had as curate Mallie Graham, brother of the Cunningham-Graham who was so well known in Parliament. Mallie was a passionate young High Church curate devoted to the Church and to the Daker, and he gradually imposed upon him and S. John's a good many High Church practices. The Daker did not really attach importance to the externals of religion but he was devoted to Mallie and quite prepared to give way to him, particularly when he found that the additional colour in the church services and the occasional processions were appreciated by the congregation.

Lionel has written several poems on the early death of this very attractive and most inspiring young priest, from which I quote two stanzas.

Farewell, whom I have loved so in gone years !

Up the little climbing street
To the memoried Church I pass
Church of Saint John : whence loving tears
Made the way sweet,
Saddest of ways, unto the holy grass.

Up the slow hill, people and holy Cross
Bore thee to the sleeping place,
Malise ! whom thy lovers weep.
Spring lilies crown from the soft moss
Thy silent face,
All peaceful, Malise ! in thy perfect sleep.

I also fell under this High Church influence and for a period of about three years of my life was a consistent and devoted High Churchman. I learnt to cross myself, to genuflect, to approve of

Gregorians (which, anyhow, I delighted in), to observe the feasts of the Church, and even to know the appropriate colours of the stoles and bookmarkers. I do not say that I attached more intrinsic importance to these things than the Daker himself did, but like him I accepted them as lending colour, warmth and interest to the services of the Church. The choir were clothed in surplices and marched to their places in procession. At that time and for very many years afterwards I used occasionally to read the lessons in S. John's clothed in a cassock and a surplice. Like F. J. Gould I have never got over this early ecclesiasticism. These were happy and trustful days : I adored the services of the Church and felt very near to Christ. Curiously enough my grandmother Russell was almost more disturbed by my High Church phase than by my agnosticism : her Presbyterian spirit was opposed to forms and ceremonies and suspected them. I do not think Morshead's sturdy Protestantism approved either.

I think two things combined to disturb and overthrow my faith, and the first was Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." It is a crude enough attack so far as the essentials of faith are concerned, and, indeed, Paine himself was probably a Deist, but it does fatally destroy any possibility of accepting the New Testament as a record of actual fact. And if so, away go the Incarnation, the Atonement and the Resurrection. The other cause was Buddhism. My first cousin St. George Lane-Fox, about ten years older than I, became a Buddhist and everyone at this time was reading Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism." This offered an ampler faith with looser outlines, but I wanted a faith, and it provided one less susceptible to attack. It did not require the incarnation of a godhead save as a natural process constantly recurring by transmigration of souls : it substituted for the incredibly wicked and thoroughly unscientific idea of a Vicarious Atonement, the working out of your own salvation by your own efforts, and it offered you a sort of peace of annihilation at the last in Nirvana where spirit was finally free from matter, instead of the painfully dull Christian heaven. I swallowed it whole and it did satisfy me for a couple of years. I still think it incapable of frontal attack by science, or of disproof because it offers no facts for attack. As a theory of life or an exercise in eschatology it is complete, but I think it is unsuited to western minds because it lays too much stress on contemplation, and negatives or even deprecates action. I think there is a good deal to be said for the vigour with which Christ dealt with the moneylenders and the Pharisees.

The freer air of Oxford where everything was discussed and everything questioned slowly destroyed the possibility of supposing that any one faith was necessarily the only right one or contained the whole truth about the universe. This attitude was finally confirmed by Walt Whitman's barbaric trumpet blasts of freedom with their diffused and formless but none the less very living pantheism. I could then say with Walt Whitman :

" I do not despise you priests, all time, the world over,
My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern."

But the point is that it was still a faith and that I also said and could say with Whitman :

" Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes.
And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
For I who am curious about each, am not curious about God.
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death)
I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least.
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.
Why should I wish to see God better than this day ?
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and everyone is sign'd by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever."

That is to say, in some terms, however vague, I admitted a purpose in the universe and a scheme of things ; and, therefore, presumably an object and what Whitman calls in such a fine phrase " letters signed by God's name " giving some indication, even if through a glass darkly, of that purpose and that object.

I do not think so now. I see no reason to believe it. Such belief, or absence of belief as I have are adequately expressed in words better than any of mine in my brother's article on " A Free Man's Worship," from which I quote the following passage.

" That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving : that his origin, his growth, his hopes

and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms : that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave ; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins—all these things if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

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“ Brief and powerless is Man's life, on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way : for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day ; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built ; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life.”*

The evolution of my belief may be traced thus. In the High Church period, a narrow sectarian practice, but with a rather more generous belief. I thought any Christian might be saved, and had my doubts about good Pagans in spite of what Heine says of Socrates. I believed firmly in the Incarnation, had a personal love for Christ (which, indeed, I have not lost) and did really feel at Holy Communion that I was attended by Angels and Archangels and all the Company of Heaven. So comforting ! Such blessed soporific poppy and mandragora ! Buddhism gave a wider outlook, a less limited circle, and it was not necessary to believe Buddha himself to be more than a teacher. Moreover, while it included the whole world of believers and unbelievers in its scope, making the only difference between them that the initiated knew and consciously trod the Way, while the unenlightened stumbled haphazard, it made the results depend in each case on individual effort and on the shedding of Karma day by day in each individual life. It will be seen that the

* “Mysticism and Logic,” by Bertrand Russell.

progress was the natural one from the narrower to the wider, from the more definite to the less definite, ending in the completely indefinite but none the less passionately believed Pantheism. The last step which comparatively few take, not only denies personal immortality and looks for mere annihilation at death, not only denies a particular or any supreme Being, but also a purpose, and regards the world of human beings as purely fortuitous. I believe the formation of the world to be more accurately described by Lucretius as the mere chance result of *clinamen* among the falling atoms than by any writer since, though no doubt neither the *clinamen* nor the atoms were so definite as those he had in mind : and I see no reason why it should not end as fortuitously either in the conflagration of a collision, or in the cold of interstellar space.

The reasons that drive me to this conclusion are twofold. In the first place they are scientific, for all science tends to confirm the axiom of Lucretius *E nihilo nihil fit* and all modern science tends to suggest that out of very simple primordial stuff even so wonderful a thing as the spirit of man may arise. The other reason is founded on our readiness to deceive ourselves because of what seems to me an essential fact in human nature, and that is the good conceit we have of ourselves. Few would deny that the tribal Gods including the God of the Pentateuch have been fashioned by man in his own image to explain and illuminate that dark hinterland where human knowledge had not penetrated. This seems to me not less true of the less gross, more spiritual, and even shadowy gods, of persons whose habits of thought are on a higher plane, such as Isaiah or Christ. They are still gods fashioned in their own image and fashioned to explain, to round off, and to complete that which without them remains unfinished and unexplained. Man is not willing to believe that his life, his progress, his civilization are of no more importance in the measure of eternity than the existence of the active colonies of an ant heap, a swarm of cheese mites, or the busy infusoria disclosed by a microscope. Yet if he would consider how tiny a planet this Earth of ours is, and of what a fifth-rate sun among the suns of the universe it is almost the most insignificant satellite, he might, one would think, begin to consider himself of no more significance in the universe than a cheese mite is to us. So with personal immortality : there is no scientific warrant for it and no presumption in its favour in our case rather than in that of the ant : there is ample warrant for it in the emotional difficulty we feel in conceiving all our activities and all our thoughts coming to a full stop. It is difficult to think of ourselves

either individually or collectively as transitory and slight, but is there any shadow of scientific reason for supposing that we are not ?

Yet transitory and slight though we be—insignificant our planet as it is—we have one possession and one attribute which is godlike : I mean our minds. Though I cannot doubt thought to be only the result of a chemical process, yet what a result it is ! Chained here by the flesh, limited to its little day, in our minds we are free and can rove the Universe even beyond its furthest visible sun, and envisage time without limit. Again I quote :

“ In this lies man’s true freedom : in determination to worship only the God created by our own love of the good, to respect only the heaven which inspires the insight of our best moments. In action, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny of outside forces ; but in thought, in aspiration, we are free, free from our fellow-men, free from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl, free even, while we live, from the tyranny of death. Let us learn, then, that energy of faith which enables us to live constantly in the vision of the good ; and let us descend, in action, into the world of fact, with that vision always before us.”*

Such beliefs as these have to be reconciled with a code of ethics, or rather with some principle of conduct. The religious person has always been apt to regard “atheist” and “immoral” as interchangeable terms, without much warrant in fact, but with quite good reason in so far as he means that the unbeliever has not the same sanctions as he has. Let us examine what guide to conduct and what sanction for ethics remain. Take first the sanction of obvious necessity. No collection of human beings can live together as a community without certain understood rules of conduct. Thus it must be possible for a man to go about his ordinary business without having to guard himself constantly against being stabbed in the back or shot from behind a hedge ; it must be possible for him to leave his possessions while he is at work, whether they be haystacks, sums of money, pictures, or even chickens without having to hire an armed force to mount guard over them from the depredations of a robber. It must be possible for him to leave his wife and children at home with a reasonable expectation that on his return he will not find that his wife has been carried off or his children butchered. These are the elementary considerations and forbearances which make it possible for any set of people to live together and pursue the ordinary avocations of daily life. It matters very little whether you

* “Mysticism and Logic,” by Bertrand Russell.

call them conventions, the Ten Commandments, social inhibitions, or positive law : they are in effect rules of necessity. And although an unregenerate "A" may very much desire to kill "B," to steal his possessions or to take away his wife, he does in practice exercise control over his unregenerate instincts and not do these things, first because he does not desire to have them done to himself and secondly because he knows that if he does do them the outraged social sense of the community will punish him for their own protection. It is in the attempt to give a higher sanction than mere social convenience to these rules that men have devised a God to whom such actions are displeasing and a breach of the Divine Law.

It seems to me that some extension and sublimation of these primitive considerations will suffice to cover the whole field of ethics. If it is not to the public benefit that one man should be allowed to kill or wound another or to rob him with violence, neither is it to the public benefit that he should be allowed to kill him by letting typhoid emanations from his drain emerge into his neighbour's house, or rob him by a fraudulent company prospectus, even without violence. Here we get a foundation for all sanitation and laws against fraud. If "A" has entrusted property to "B," it is desirable that he should be able to get it back without having to fight "B" for it, and hence we get the obligation of trustees even to women and children who would not be strong enough to fight for their own. If a policeman arrests a pickpocket in the Strand, he is in a position to march him to the police station and prefer a charge against him without any public disturbance, not only because he is supported by the rest of the police force and by every rifle and bayonet at the Government's disposal, but also because he is for the moment the embodiment of the moral sense of the community. And experience has led the community to prefer that the question of whether the policeman is right or wrong should be settled in an orderly manner by a properly constituted tribunal rather than by a series of scuffles in the street at each arrest. Where this moral support is absent bayonets and rifles alone will not suffice to prevent such anarchy as we have seen in Ireland.

So far I have dealt only with what one might call positive law and obvious crime, but it is clear that the same principle may be extended to far more refined considerations. Why does the community impose upon the parent an obligation to educate his child ? Clearly because it is considered that it is an advantage to the community that its citizens should be educated. What is the foundation of the laws against child labour, long hours for expectant mothers, and un-

healthy workshop conditions? Clearly that the community considers that it is not to its advantage to have its future citizens stunted or diseased. These lesser matters as well as the grosser crimes I dealt with before are all manifestations of the social conscience, but I think it will be found that the same or similar rules apply to the individual conscience. It is not right for a child to lie to its parents (or for that matter for parents to lie to their children) or for a husband and wife to deceive each other, because lying impairs and renders precarious the social relation and leads to a state of uncertainty and suspicion which it is the object of civilization to remove. Precisely similar reasons make it wrong to lie to other people in less intimate relations, or even for nations to lie to each other. It may be said that such considerations as those I have tried to indicate have not the certainty and definition of the Ten Commandments, and that is very true, but it is possible for a man to go through life without breaking any of the Ten Commandments, and yet to be a bad man and anti-social. Christ himself did not find the Commandments sufficient and substituted for them a new one, "Love one another." This is really a poetic and emotional way of stating the considerations which I have already advanced as they appeal to nobler minds.

A man who practises these ethical principles will discover that they are sound from the happiness he gives both to himself and to others, and will have no more desire to run counter to them than a child who has once experienced its effects has to touch a red hot poker. Any system of ethic which is founded on an emotional certainty less definite than this cannot be relied on under stress. The definiteness of this emotional certainty in an individual case and a particular action, must not be mistaken for a rigid classification of actions into right and wrong. There is scarcely any imaginable action from killing a man to pulling an alarm signal in a train which may not be right at one time and wrong at another.

Moreover, though it may not be possible to discern any ultimate purpose in the world there is not much doubt about its immediate purpose and about what tends to make the world a happier and safer and more pleasant place for human beings than there is about the duty of an individual ant to the community of the ant-heap. The doubt of any complete and perfect scheme of eschatology involves no denial of evolution or of progress. In many ways we have made advances even upon the great civilizations of Egypt and Athens, although the recent war has rather let loose the barbaric mind.

To believe that individually we have but one life to live, and that life here and now, should not lead us to be more careless of it but more careful, that in all ways it may have fulfilment during this brief span. I see no reason why a passion for useful service and an emotion for humanity should not prove as potent and active a force for good as an attitude which regards this earth as a sinful and pitiable affair and a mere preparation for some other life hereafter. People will often differ and people will often be wrong as to what is for the good of the community, but if they are all animated by that as their chief desire they will at any rate improve the world as we know it and the Brotherhood of Man may achieve that reality which the Christian religion tried to give it by representing all men as sons of one Father.

One final quotation :—

“The world has need of a philosophy or a religion which will promote life. But in order to promote life it is necessary to value something other than mere life. Life devoted only to life is animal, without any real human value, incapable of preserving men permanently from weariness and the feeling that all is vanity. If life is to be fully human it must serve some end which seems, in some sense, outside human life, some end which is impersonal and above mankind, such as God or truth or beauty. Those who best promote life do not have life for their purpose. They aim rather at what seems like a gradual incarnation, a bringing into our human existence of something eternal, something that appears to imagination to live in a heaven remote from strife and failure and the devouring jaws of Time. Contact with this eternal world—even if it be only a world of our imagining—brings a strength and a fundamental peace which cannot be wholly destroyed by the struggles and apparent failures of our temporal life. It is this happy contemplation of what is eternal that Spinoza calls the intellectual love of God. To those who have once known it, it is the key of wisdom.”*

* “Principles of Social Reconstruction,” by Bertrand Russell.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AU REVOIR

OF course, I have not told the truth in this biography. Equally of course I do not mean by that statement that all the facts are not correct, and, indeed, more than correct—scrupulously correct. But what after all are the facts of life? The births, deaths, marriages, friendships and separations, travels? They are but the flotsam on the surface of the stream, they are but the quiet bays and creeks or the jutting rocks that impede its flow, or the plunge where it cascades: they tell nothing of its purpose or its meaning, its origin or its end. The facts of life are discontinuous and isolated, but the true life is a continuous whole. So far as emotions, hopes and fears, or reactions with other lives are concerned, one clearly cannot tell the whole truth about these while those still live who might be embarrassed or wounded by such frankness. While about one's self it is still more impossible to tell the truth for the simplest of all reasons, that one does not know it. "Know thyself," says the old Greek philosopher, and an excellent precept it is. But even if one tries to put away that self-deception to which we are all prone and to stand dispassionately with a cool and critical eye outside one's self, how impossible that knowledge is to attain. If then we know so little of our own selves and our own motives, how much less can we truly know of the inner life of others and the mixed motives by which they are swayed. Only Omniscience could have such knowledge, and all that we can do is to avoid the crude, harsh and stupid judgments pronounced by those who think the Universe can be weighed in their shallow brainpans. Indeed, it is arguable to what extent we have free will at all, and how far our actions are conditioned by ancestral memories which we have inherited without any volition on our part.

None the less, old age free from the trammels of passion, from the urgent desire to live and to experience, can exercise some measure of critical contemplation of the acts and motives of its youth. I could tell of eager passions to serve and help humanity, of pathetic belief that

much might be done, and of those people who helped or hindered, and how the nature of the service depended sometimes on the smallest trifles or accidents. The time is not yet, if, indeed, such time should ever be, for I have not the quality of some moderns, be it shamelessness or be it conceit, which makes them feel no embarrassment in stripping in public. What did Browning say ?

" With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart," once more !
Did Shakespeare ? If so, the less Shakespeare he !

I have always been a fighter from the time when I fought first my Uncle Rollo, then Benjamin Jowett, and then for six awful years Mabel Edith. It is my misfortune and not my fault that practically the whole of my life has been chronicled in detail in the daily Press. Few people can abhor and resent publicity in what has to do with the private life more than I do, and the result, of course, is to give the public a curiously distorted view of one's character and tastes. As the world or Jowett would judge success I have been unsuccessful in politics, in finance and in matrimony. I, however, look on the world with the eyes rather of Cyrano than of Jowett, and I have always tossed my head with impatience like his at the mere suggestion of any yoke upon my neck or cheek upon my freedom. So I have remained free with him to "*rêver, chanter, pleurer*"; and at peace with myself if not with the world.

I suspect the satisfied, I distrust the majority, I have little patience with acquiescences. For these reasons I have always been ready to support lost causes, to back the under dog, and to challenge the established order. It may seem inconsistent that in my personal habits I am as conservative as any fellow Wykehamist could be, and that I detest change in my habits or surroundings. I once went so far as to tell the House of Lords that I believed I was the only real Tory in it. That, however, is one of the external things which are of no importance : in spirit I am always a rebel.

I might, of course, say with Calverley :

Never, although three times married
Have I cared for aught but her.

but if I did, the " her " would be science, but it wouldn't be true any way, for I have cared a great deal. And yet though I have been married often—too often, Lord Halsbury thought—I have really only had one wife. Earlier in this book I have quoted a wish of my

school-days to be a consoler and a helper to the poor. For many years this life had a strong and dangerous attraction for me, but I have always resisted it because I felt that it was a life in which one would get so engrossed and absorbed that one would lose one's sense of proportion and one's balance. The other strong attraction was a life devoted to science, not applied science, but pure science, working day by day in a laboratory. Such a life would have afforded me the most complete and absolute satisfaction, and again I resisted it for that very reason. I think that people who can do so should live in the world and be of the world, rather than bury themselves in any pursuit, however absorbing.

In my passage through life I have been chiefly struck by the essential stupidity of humanity as a whole in its conduct of life. People seldom seem to stop to think what they want of life, and even if they have an idea of what they want, they generally go about the wrong way to get it. Is not the object of life happiness? And is not that only to be attained by a sound mind in a sound body, or even in the case of an exceptionally sound mind in an unsound body. And yet in the pursuit of happiness people poison their bodies without thought with alcohol or by excess of eating, destroy them by over-exertion, or render them flabby by taking no exercise at all, and then appear surprised at the natural results. The pains that they take and the devices they employ in order not to have sound minds are still more varied and amazing. One carefully empties his mind of any vestige of mental effort or thought and suffers an atrophy of that reason which alone distinguishes him from the brute creation until he has become a suitable reader for the *Daily Mail*. Another fills it with superstitions and half-baked pseudo-scientific follies until he becomes capable of appreciating *Raymond*. Another brings himself to the brink of despair and suicide because after reading many philosophers he is unable to ascertain what is the True, or how to distinguish between reality and illusion. Yet another cramps his mind with a gloomy religion, denying himself the natural joy of life and the natural physical delights of the body. I have always sympathized profoundly with Lucretius' denunciation of religion and the many evils that it brings in its train. Among our existing religions there are two at the very opposite ends of the scale which seem to give happiness to their adherents, I mean Salvationism and Roman Catholicism. The first is of an amazing crudity and the second of great subtlety, but I imagine the source of satisfaction in both cases is the same, namely the definiteness and certainty with which they

give answers to those eschatological questions which trouble the minds of man, and the complete confidence with which the believer leans upon Jesus or the priest in his trouble. This latter reason gives them the personal and human touch. Yet both involve the belief that the greater part of the human race are damned to all eternity, and it is difficult to see how this prospect can be otherwise than painful to a gentle and kindly soul.

Fortunately in modern days religious beliefs sit lightly upon most men in a world which is not too inclined to lay upon itself these burdens. That does not prevent their substituting other burdens. The curse of the itch for power, the competition for supremacy, the race for wealth, the desire to lead in any society, even if it be only the society of Little Bethel—all these are obstacles to happiness which men deliberately raise up and put between them and that which they really desire. Is not patriotism a curse when it involves hatred, jealousy, bickerings and a desire for conquest between one geographical group and another geographical group. One would have thought that life was a difficult enough affair already without the erection of artificial barriers and the stimulation of artificial hatred between one man and another to make it more difficult. One would have thought that the Great War would have done something to teach this lesson and implant a desire for solidarity rather than for division among men. Yet we see France, whom we and we alone saved from destruction, and Poland, to whom the Allies restored the status of a nation, apparently quite untaught by the lessons of experience, while Lord Curzon makes complacent speeches about the fruits of victory, quite oblivious to the fact that it is Dead Sea fruit. It is this strange blindness, this firm refusal to use the gift of reason that brings home to one the essential stupidity of human beings.

The world is also full of unkindness between man and man, though this also is, I think, the fruit of stupidity rather than of intentional vice. People are well aware, if they choose to reflect, that a kind, united family is more happy and leads a happier life than one that is always struggling, bickering and backbiting, and they should be able to recognize that a community is only an extended family, and yet they will not see that a community conducted on the Quaker basis of kindness, forgiveness, toleration and sympathy is necessarily a happier community than one where these qualities are absent. There is a readiness to condemn, an anxiety sometimes actually believed to be moral, to punish, which violates the profound truth of the French epigram *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, and forgets

that the man who makes himself judge and executioner is likely to suffer in the process as much as his victim.

This, however, is no place for moralizing, and I claim no right to inflict a sermon upon my readers. I have, however, had many adventures in many lands, and many friends, and known many things both sad and joyful, and some in regard to which, if it were desired, I should like to be permitted to dwell upon what seem to me their lessons. Meanwhile let me only say that it is not my experience that happiness depends upon possessions, or success, or eminence, but upon the contented mind, willing to enjoy temperately all the good things of the world, keeping in tune with nature and being grateful for the sun, the air, the mountains, while breathing that spirit of freedom and fidelity to one's ideals which alone can give satisfaction to the soul and avoid regrets. In this spirit of personal content and goodwill to humanity at large and to each human being as I come across him, I bring this record of my outward adventures to a close and wish my readers "Au Revoir."

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